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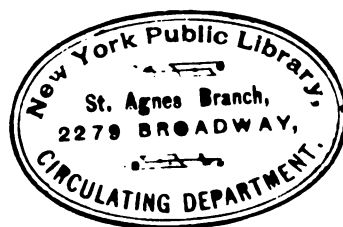
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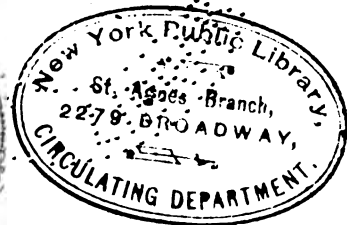
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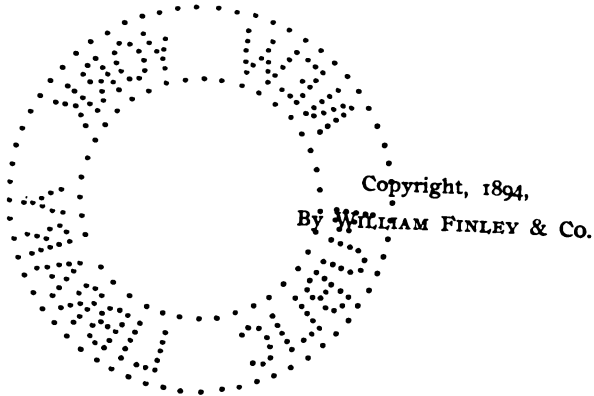
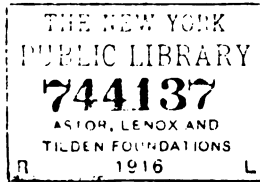
COMPLETE IN TEN VOLUMES

VOLUME II

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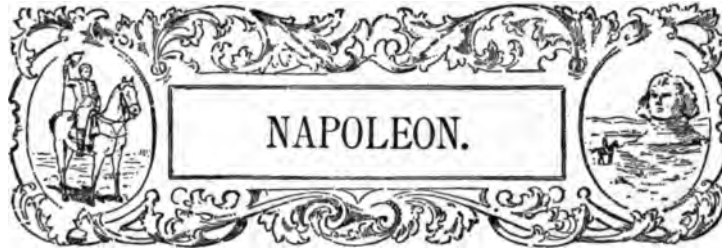
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NAPOLEON is the most prominent and best known character of the modern world. He is the complete embodiment of those qualities and tendencies which are still at work in promoting the progress of civilization. Above this representative character he adds that rude, aggressive, personal force which seems rather to belong to the early stages of emergence of any people from barbarism. He sprang from barbarous Corsica, but speedily became the accepted leader of enlightened France. He was born in an obscure rank of outcast society, and by innate genius became master of the proudest nation of Europe and almost sovereign of the civilized world. Like Alexander of the ancient world, he did not merely conquer and destroy, he gave a new impulse to civilization, he promoted arts and sciences, he established a new order which has survived his personal destiny. His career is the key-note of the nineteenth century.

Napoleon Bonaparte was born at Ajaccio, in the island of Corsica, on the 5th of February, 1768. He afterwards gave out that he was born on the 15th of August, 1769, being his saint's day, and that is usually considered as the date of his nativity; but that the former is the real date is proved in the most authentic way by the attestation of himself, his brother Joseph, and other principal members of his family, on the occasion of his marriage with Josephine, in 1795, which still exists in the Parish register in Paris, where the marriage was solemnized. In the baptismal register

of his native parish, his name is written Bonaparte, but his father generally signed himself Buonaparte. This latter spelling is more in accordance with Italian orthoepy. Napoleon, after he became general of the Army of Italy, always signed his name Bonaparte. His brothers likewise adopted the same way of writing it.

Napoleon's father's family was originally from Tuscany, but had been settled in Corsica for several generations. Charles, the father of Napoleon, was educated at Pisa for the profession of the law. Before the birth of Napoleon, his father had served under Paoli in the defence of his country against the French, to whom the Genoese had basely sold the island. The entire submission of Corsica to France took place in June, 1769, about a month before the recognized date of Napoleon's birth. In this way he claimed to be born a subject of France. The family of Bonaparte, having shown their titles, was registered among the nobility; and Charles, some years after, repaired to Paris, as a member of a deputation of his order, to Louis XVI. Yet when some Italian genealogists, in the days of Napoleon's greatness, tried to flatter him by tracing back his pedigree to the Dukes of Treviso, he cut them short by saying that his patent of nobility dated from the battle of Montenotte, his first victory over the Austrians.

Napoleon's mother, Letizia Ramolino, was a woman of great beauty, courage and ability, and these were marked qualities of her son. Napoleon ever treated her with affection and respect, and repeatedly sought her judicious advice. He received the rudiments of his education at Ajaccio, in Corsica, where Count Pozzo de Borgo, afterwards his persevering and bitter opponent through life, was also instructed. Through Count Marbœuf's interest, Napoleon was subsequently, at the age of eleven, admitted to the military school of Brienne, in Champagne, France, as a king's pensioner. At this academy, where he remained for several years, his talents, especially for mathematics and the exact sciences, attracted the attention of his instructors. The annual report of the Inspector-General of the military schools in 1784 thus describes the young Napoleon: "Distinguished in mathematics, tolerably

versed in history and geography, much behind in his Latin and in belles-lettres, and other accomplishments ; of regular habits, studious and well behaved, and enjoying excellent health." One of his preceptors said : "Keep an eye on young Bonaparte, and promote him as fast as possible, for if you do not he will make his way for himself."

Bourrienne, who was his school-fellow, says Napoleon was regarded as a foreigner ; he spoke his own Corsican dialect, until he learned French at the school ; he had no connections in France, he was comparatively poor, and yet proud ; the other boys, more fortunate or more lively in their disposition, teased him and taunted him, and therefore he kept himself distant and was often alone. But that he was susceptible of social and friendly feelings, his intimacy with Bourrienne sufficiently proves. One severe winter the boys made bastions and ravelins of snow, and Napoleon distinguished himself at the head of the storming party. After remaining five years and six months at Brienne, he went to the military school in Paris. So extravagant was the students' manner of living that Napoleon wrote to Father Berton, his superior at Brienne, a long letter in which he forcibly exposed the error of such a system of education, as luxury and comforts were a bad preparation for the hardships and privations attendant on the military profession.

Leaving school in September, 1785, Napoleon received his commission as sub-lieutenant of artillery, and was soon after promoted to a first lieutenancy in the artillery regiment of Grenoble, stationed at Valence. He engaged in authorship, but without distinction. On the outbreak of the Revolution, Napoleon took a lively interest in the proceedings of the first National Assembly. The officers of his regiment were divided into royalists and democrats ; several of the former emigrated to join the Prince of Condé. Napoleon, however, who had hitherto been distinctively a Corsican, took the Republican side, and assisted in attaching his native island to the new government. His ambition seemed still to be insular. In 1792 he became a captain in the Grenoble artillery. On the 20th of June, 1792, being in Paris, he saw the mob break into the palace without opposition, and the

king afterwards appear at one of the windows with the red cap on his head. "It is all over henceforth with that man!" he remarked to his friend Bourrienne. "How could they allow those despicable wretches to enter the palace? Why, a few discharges of grape-shot among them would have made them take to their heels; they would be running yet."

In 1793, Napoleon, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel, was sent to join the besieging army before Toulon. This city had taken part in the insurrection against the Jacobin government installed in Paris; a garrison of the allies had entered the town, and an English and Spanish fleet held the adjoining roadsteads. The Convention had sent a considerable force to lay siege to the rebel city. By the advice of Napoleon, the operations were directed against an outwork on Mount Taron. When this was taken, it gave command over the ships in the harbor, and rendered the place no longer tenable. The British commander, General O'Hara, was taken prisoner, and Napoleon himself wounded. The evacuation of the place was resolved on by the allies, and the English, Spanish and Neapolitan fleets sailed out of the harbor, carrying with them about 14,000 of the inhabitants. The few who remained in Toulon were shot down with grape-shot in the public square, by the orders of Robespierre and his associates. Napoleon said that neither he nor his men had anything to do with this butchery.

In consequence of his services at Toulon, Bonaparte was raised to the rank of Brigadier-General of artillery, in February, 1794, with the chief command of that department of the army in the South. He was employed now to inspect the defenses of the Mediterranean coast, and then proceeded to Nice, the headquarters of the army in Italy. His labor bore fruit afterwards, for on his inspection he discovered the weak points of the defenses of Genoa and Piedmont. The Revolution of the 27th and 28th of July took place; Robespierre fell, and his party was proscribed. Bonaparte was suspected of being implicated with the government of Robespierre, and he shared in the disgrace of its fall. He was arrested, and ordered to proceed to Paris under an escort to appear before the Committee of Public Safety. He wrote a remonstrance which

had the effect of obtaining his release. He joined the army under General Dumerbion, and made a campaign against the Piedmontese troops. In the battle at Cairo, in the valley of Bornida, September 21st, Napoleon greatly distinguished himself, and the French had a decided advantage. The rainy season put an end to the campaign, and he, being unemployed, went to Marseilles.

The ruling Directory, having attempted arbitrarily to perpetuate its power, was reduced to extremities by the insurrection of the Sections in October, 1795. The first day's conflict in which General Menou commanded, turned entirely to the advantage of the insurgents, who were 30,000 strong, all National Guards. In alarm the Directors sent that night for the resolute Bonaparte, and besought his aid to crush Jacobinism. They gave him the full command of their forces, which amounted to only 5,000 men, shut up in the squares of the Carrousel and Louvre. Napoleon lost not a moment; he immediately dispatched Murat, an officer destined for future glory, to the camp of Sablons, near Paris, where were fifty pieces of artillery. Murat brought the guns to the Tuileries. Napoleon loaded these with grape-shot, and mounted them at the head of the various avenues through which the National Guards must advance. Next day, October 4th, 1795, the insurgents commenced their attack from the church of St. Roch, in the Rue St. Honoré, and at the same time from the opposite side of the river. Napoleon answered them with grape-shot, and after standing several rounds, they broke and fled, leaving the victory to the regular troops. The government of the Directory was thus established.

General Bonaparte was appointed by a decree of the Convention second in command of the Army of the Interior; Barras, as leading member of the Directory, retaining the nominal chief command himself. Barras, however, soon resigned, and Bonaparte became general of the Interior. The favor of Barras, as leading member of the Directory, contributed to this elevation, as Napoleon had recently married Josephine de Beauharnais, who had been a great friend of that Director. She was amiable, elegant and accomplished, though some years older than her husband. Her intimacy

with the political leaders of that period could not but prove advantageous to Bonaparte.

After a brief honeymoon he went to Italy, and took command of the troops, whom he found in the most miserable condition, perched on the shining summits of the Maritime Alps, whither they had been driven by the united armies of Austria and Piedmont. "Famine, cold and misery," said the young general in his first proclamation to the men, "are the school of good soldiers. Here on the plains of Italy you will conquer them, and then you will find comfort and riches and glory." In April, descending like a torrent from the summit of the Alps, he soon carried everything before him. Having defeated the combined armies at Montenotte and in two other battles, he appeared before the walls of Turin and forced the Piedmontese government to conclude a separate peace with France, the condition of which was the cession of all their fortresses to the Republic. Three splendid victories, forming a brief month's work, had given the conqueror a solid footing in Italy, and secured a basis for ulterior operations against the Austrians. Having refreshed his troops with a fortnight's rest, and supplied his stores with ample contributions, he advanced to Milan, where he was received by the revolutionary party with transports of joy, which were soon cooled by the imposition of 20,000,000 francs (about \$3,896,000) on its inhabitants. After suppressing, with dreadful severity, an insurrection in Pavia, he forced the "terrible bridge of Lodi," as he himself called it, though defended by 25,000 Austrians. It was then first, as he writes in his Memoirs, that high ambition took possession of his soul; he became inspired with the idea that he was destined to do great things.

Following up his career of success, Bonaparte defeated the Austrians in several encounters, and compelled their commanders to shut themselves up within the fortifications of Mantua. Impressed with the importance of this stronghold, the bulwark of their possessions in Italy, the Austrian government made the greatest efforts for its relief. They successively collected three powerful armies to relieve it, one of which, after a series of desperate actions, succeeded under the

veteran Marshal Würmser in penetrating to the fortress, and reinforcing the garrison. But this advantage was gained only by incurring defeats in other quarters; for Napoleon, raising the siege, concentrated his forces and severely defeated the Austrians, who were incautiously advancing in two columns separated from each other by the Lake Garda. The blockade of Mantua, encumbered with 10,000 additional mouths, was now resumed. The third Austrian army assembled for its relief was defeated by Napoleon with dreadful loss on the dykes of Arcola in November. A fourth, collected in Tyrol, composed of the best troops in the monarchy, shared the same fate at Rivoli. Despairing now of being relieved and having exhausted all his means of subsistence, Würmser was obliged to capitulate. Bonaparte granted him honorable conditions, and behaved to the old marshal with the considerate regard due to his age and his bravery. The campaign closed with the French flag flying on Mantua and all the fortresses of the Adige, the Italian barrier of the Austrian monarchy.

During these hard-fought campaigns, the condition of the unfortunate inhabitants of North Italy, and especially of the Venetian provinces, was miserable in the extreme; both armies treated them as enemies. The towns were laid under a regular system of plunder by the French commissaries, by requisitions of provisions, clothes, horses and carts, and forced contributions of money. At the same time these enormous exactions contributed little to the comfort of the soldiers; but went to enrich commissaries, purveyors, contractors, and all the predatory crew that follow an invading army. Bonaparte was indignant at the prodigal waste of the resources extorted from the natives, while his soldiers were in utter destitution. Writing to the Directory, he pronounced the commissaries and contractors, with very few exceptions, thieves, and recommended the Directory to replace them by more honest men. The system of plunder, however, went on until Napoleon became First Consul, when he found means to repress, in some degree, the odious abuse.

Being now secure from the Austrians in the North, he turned his arms against the Pope, who had refused the heavy terms imposed upon him by the Directory. The papal troops,

to the number of 8,000, were posted along the river Senio; but after a short resistance they gave way before the French, who immediately occupied Ancona and the Marches. At Tolentino, Napoleon received deputies from Pius VI., who sued for peace. The conditions dictated were 15,000,000 livres, part in cash, part in diamonds, within one month, and as many again within two months, besides horses, cattle, etc., the possession of the town of Ancona till the general peace, and an additional number of paintings, statues and manuscripts. Napoleon manifested in this negotiation a considerate judgment, different from the prevalent revolutionary fanaticism. He felt the importance of religious influence over nations, and he treated the Pope's legate, Cardinal Mattei, with a courtesy that astonished the soldiers of the Republic.

Austria had meantime assembled a new army, 30,000 strong, on the frontiers of Italy. They were under the command of the Archduke Charles. The two armies met on the banks of the Tagliamento; but the star of Napoleon prevailed. He forced the passage of the river, and drove the Archduke out of the Venetian plains into the passes of the Alps. Following him up, he drove him from one pass and one position to another, till he had placed his standards on the Simmering, the last ridge of the Alps, before they melt away into the valley of the Danube, and from whence the steeples of Vienna are visible. Driven now to their last shift, the Austrians sued for peace, which Napoleon willingly accorded, for in truth his position, brilliant though it was, was full of peril from being too far advanced, with only 35,000 men, into the Austrian dominions. On this occasion Austria and France adjusted their difficulties without much trouble. In return for large concessions to the conquering Republic, Bonaparte unscrupulously handed over to them the whole dominions of the Republic of Venice, a state which at first had been neutral, and had, in the close of the conquest, been beguiled into a revolution in favor of France.

Bonaparte remained inactive now for about a year. His unbending disposition, his ambition and fame, rendered him an object of the utmost apprehension to the rulers of France. He refused to mix himself up with the political factions. To

get rid of so formidable a rival, the Directory offered him the command of a great expedition they were preparing against Great Britain, and in December he was announced as "General of the Army of England." But as he was fully aware that matters were not ripe for the revolution which he meditated in Europe, he determined on another enterprise, and the Directory acceded to his project for the conquest of Egypt, one of his earliest ambitious dreams. An expedition, the greatest that ever set sail in modern times from the shores of Europe, accordingly sailed from Toulon, having 35,000 soldiers on board, conveyed by fourteen ships of the line and about 300 transports. Napoleon embarked on the admiral's ship "L'Orient," in the night of the 19th of May, 1798, while Nelson's blockading fleet had been forced by violent winds to withdraw from that coast.

The destination of the French fleet was kept a profound secret. The fleet arrived before Malta on the 9th of June. With his usual boldness, Napoleon summoned the Order of St. John of Jerusalem to surrender on the 11th, and the Grand Master obeyed the summons. It is said that there were traitors among the knights in high offices, who forced the Grand Master to capitulate. After the usual spoliation of the churches and the establishments of the Order, the gold and silver of which were melted into bars and taken on board the French fleet, Bonaparte left a garrison at Malta under General Vaubois, and embarked on the 19th for Egypt. On the 29th of June he came in sight of Alexandria and landed his troops a few miles from that city without meeting any opposition.

Overjoyed with his good fortune in having escaped the English fleet, he pursued his advantage with the utmost alacrity. When the French were seen marching to Alexandria, the garrison shut the gates and prepared for the defense. The city, however, was easily taken; and Napoleon issued a proclamation to the inhabitants of Egypt, in which he told them he came as the friend of the Sultan to deliver them from the oppression of the Mamelukes, and that he and his soldiers respected God, Mahomet and the Koran. Advancing from Alexandria towards Cairo, his army, after undergoing terrible

hardships in the desert, arrived in sight of the Pyramids, where they were confronted with the Turkish army, 30,000 strong, one-half being splendid Mameluke cavalry. Impressed but not daunted, Napoleon said to his men, "From the summit of the Pyramids forty centuries are gazing upon you." They were not unworthy of their mission. Drawn up in squares, a deadly rolling fire issued from their ranks; a charge of cavalry completed the rout of the Turks; Cairo opened its gates, and the French dominion was established over the whole of Egypt.

Meanwhile, a dreadful reverse, apparently fatal to Napoleon's prospects, had occurred at sea. On August 1, 1798, Admiral Nelson annihilated his fleet as it lay in the Bay of Aboukir. The action began at sunset, and lasted until day-break. The French flagship "L'Orient" blew up during the engagement, with the admiral and his crew of one thousand men. Of thirteen French men-of-war, nine were taken out and two burned; and of four frigates two escaped. By this brilliant victory the army of Napoleon was imprisoned amid the sands of Egypt. Napoleon, however, did not lose heart. "We must remain here," said he, "or emerge from it great like the ancients;" and he immediately set about preparing an expedition into Syria. His plan was to rouse the Christian population of Lebanon and Asia Minor, and reinforcing by their aid his French troops, to approach Constantinople from the Asiatic side, and place himself on the throne of the East.

Surprising success in the first instance attended his efforts. Early in 1799 he led his soldiers across the desert between Egypt and Palestine. He stormed and took the town of Jaffa, and cruelly massacred 4,000 prisoners in cold blood. Then he laid siege to Acre, and pushed on to Nazareth, and defeated 40,000 Ottomans with great slaughter at Mount Tabor. But this was the summit of his success. Sir Sidney Smith landed with a party of marines from the British ships at Acre, placed himself with his forces in the breach, and infused such vigor into the defences that all the assaults of the French were repulsed, and Napoleon, abandoning all his ideas of Oriental conquest, retired. The French army retreated through Jaffa, burning everything behind them. There were some French

soldiers too sick in the hospital to be removed. To leave them behind would have exposed them to the barbarity of the Turks. Napoleon, it is said, asked Desgenettes, the head physician, whether it would not be an act of humanity to administer opium to them. The doctor replied that "his business was to cure, not to kill." A rear-guard was then left behind to protect the men. When they were compelled to leave, all the patients were dead excepting one or two, who were taken care of by the English. On the retreat Napoleon was somewhat consoled for his reverses by a victory over 20,000 Janissaries, whom the English landed in the Bay of Aboukir. The Syrian campaign lasted little more than three months, and had cost France about 4,000 men.

Alarming news from France caused Bonaparte to leave his soldiers in Egypt, and hurry to his adopted country. People were tired of the Directory, which had shown both incapacity and corruption. Popular opinion attributed to it all the late misfortunes of France. On arriving at Paris, Napoleon found himself courted by the various parties. The daring general, Suwarrow, at the head of a combined Austrian and Russian Army, had defeated the French in several pitched battles on the plains of Lombardy, regained all the fortresses, surmounted the Maritime Alps, and appeared on the shores of the Var, on the frontiers of Provence. The Republicans had been entirely driven out of Germany, and Masséna, shut up in Genoa with 50,000 men, with difficulty maintained himself against the superior army of the Archduke Charles and Korsakow. Under these circumstances all eyes were turned to Bonaparte as the only man capable of saving his country. Barras strove to maintain the power of the Directory, of which till then he had been the most influential member. But his party was small and in bad odor with the people. Sieyès, one of the Directors, with a majority of the Council of Ancients, wished for a new constitution, less democratic.

Napoleon determined on joining Sieyès, and giving him his military support. Indeed, he decided on a *coup d'état*. The Council of Ancients met on the 9th of October, 1799, and adopted a resolution by which Napoleon was appointed

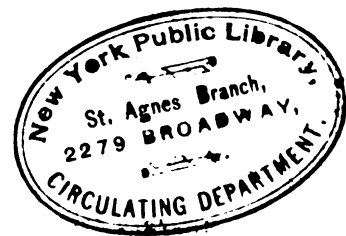
commander-in-chief of the military division in Paris. He was summoned to appear before the Ancients. He told them that they represented the wisdom of the nation, and that he and his soldiers would support them, and he swore this in his and their names. On the 10th of November, the councils met at St. Cloud. Napoleon appeared at the bar, and complained bitterly of having been calumniated. He charged them boldly with breaking the Constitution, and threatened, should any interfere with him, to call the troops to his aid. The Council of Five Hundred also assembled, and, on Napoleon presenting himself before them, received him with cries, "We will have no Dictator, no soldier in the sanctuary of laws." "Let him be outlawed!" "He is a traitor!" Napoleon attempted to speak; but his voice was drowned in the tumult. A party of soldiers rushed in shouting, "Let us save our General!" Murat, at the head of a detachment of grenadiers, with fixed bayonets, cleared the hall. On the same night, the 18th of November, 1799, the Ancients assembled and agreed that a provisional executive of three consuls should be appointed. Napoleon was to be the head of the new régime with the title of First Consul. At 1 A.M. he took the oath of office. By this he acquired all but absolute power. Every part of the Executive government was placed unreservedly in his hands.

The Provisional Government formed by the *coup d' état*, consisted of Napoleon, Sieyès and Ducos. Sieyès had long been ambitious to frame a new Constitution for France, and now was in position to do so. In a few weeks this Constitution was produced; but by Napoleon's manipulation, the First Consul became by law, the real master and head of France. His Dictatorship was hardly veiled by associating with him a Second and Third Consul, mere satellites who could only advise. Then Sieyès and Ducos refused to accept these posts, and Napoleon gave them to Cambacérès and Lebrun; the one a wise and learned jurist, and the other a servant of the old monarchy. They were both good men of affairs, but yet mere creatures to the will of the First Consul. Sieyès accepted a senatorship. He, with Ducos, Cambacérès and Lebrun, appointed the majority of the Senate, who them-

selves appointed the remainder. The Senate next named the 100 tribunes and the 300 members of the legislative body.

The finances had been left by the Directory in a wretched state. Forced loans arbitrarily assessed had been, until then, the chief resource of the Government. To improve this state of affairs, the First Consul availed himself of the administrative skill of Gaudin, another functionary of the Bourbon régime. By the skillful measures of this very able man, a financial position which appeared desperate, ere long assumed a promising aspect. Confidence being restored, the merchants and bankers of Paris supplied a loan of 12,000,000 francs, the taxes were paid without difficulty, and money was no longer wanting for the expenses of the State. Twenty-thousand priests who had been banished were allowed to return to France. Public worship was once more allowed, and Sunday recognized as a day of rest.

France was still at war with Austria, England and the Porte. Napoleon wrote a letter to the King of England, expressing his desire of peace between the two nations. But this overture elicited only an evasive reply. Napoleon now turned all his attention to the war against Austria, being determined to expel them from Italy. His plan was laid with great skill and secrecy. Pretending to assemble an army of reserve at Dijon, in the heart of France, he suddenly led the real army from Switzerland across the St. Bernard, a pass 8,000 feet high, deemed impassable for artillery or carriages. The cannons were dismounted, put into hollow trunks of trees, and dragged by the soldiers; the carriages were taken to pieces and carried on mules. He overcame the Fort of Bard, on the southern declivity of the mountain, entered Milan in triumph, defeated the Austrian advance guard of 10,000 men, at Stradilla, and encountered their main body, 30,000 strong, on the plain of Marengo, on the river Bormida, on the 14th of June, 1800. Melas led the Austrians. It was an obstinate conflict, and at 4 P.M. the battle seemed lost to the French, when Desaix, arriving with a fresh division, attacked the advancing column, while Kellermann, with a body of heavy horse, charged it in the flank. The Austrian column broke and fled. General Zach, their second officer in com-



mand, and his staff were taken prisoners. That old and gallant officer, Melas, being overcome with fatigue, and thinking the battle won, had just left the field and returned to Alessandria, hence his escape. Desaix, who, with Kellermann, had changed the fate of this battle, was shot through the breast in the charge. The official Austrian report states their loss in this battle in killed, wounded and prisoners, at 9,069 men, and 1,423 horses. The French lost about 7,000. An armistice was concluded on the 16th of June between the two armies, by which Melas was allowed to withdraw his troops to the line of Mantua and the Mincio, while the French held Lombardy as far as the River Oglio, Piedmont and the Genoese territory, with all their fortresses, including Genoa and Alessandria.

Napoleon, having established provisional governments at Milan, Turin and Genoa, returned to Paris, where he arrived July 3d, and was received with the greatest enthusiasm. The First Consul, however, checked the exulting acclaim which greeted him on his return; he was aware of the tenacity of Austria, and though that Empire was glad to accept an armistice, he made great preparations to renew hostilities. Austria refused to treat for peace without England. Moreau defeated the Austrians commanded by the Archduke John, in the great battle of Hohenlinden, and advanced toward Vienna. The French in Italy drove the Austrians beyond the Adige and the Brenta. Austria was now compelled to make a separate peace at Lunéville, February 9th, 1801. Austria retained the Venetian territories; but Tuscany was taken away from the Grand Duke Ferdinand and bestowed upon Louis, son of the Duke of Parma, who had married a princess of Spain. Through the mediation of the Czar of Russia, with whom Napoleon was now friendly, the King of Naples also obtained peace. Pius VII. was likewise acknowledged by Napoleon, and left in full possession of all his territories, except the Legations which had been annexed to the Cisalpine Republic.

The First Consul, however, underwent a deep mortification by the successful result of an English expedition to Egypt, under Sir Ralph Abercrombie. Through this expedition

Napoleon lost the grasp of his conquests on the banks of the Nile. His projects for the destruction of England were blasted about the same time by Nelson's victory at Copenhagen, which destroyed the Northern Coalition. The sudden death of the Czar, who was murdered in his sleep through an intrigue of the palace, caused a complete change in Russian policy. His successor, Alexander, though friendly to France, refused to take part in a contest with England, which would have been ruinous to the trade of his Empire. Negotiations were now begun with England by the French, and the preliminaries of peace were signed at Paris on the 10th of October, 1801. The definite treaty was signed at Amiens, 27th of March, 1802. The principal conditions were, that Malta should be restored to the Knights of St. John, Egypt to the Sultan, the Cape of Good Hope to Holland, and the French West India Islands to France; England retained the Island of Ceylon.

During the refreshing period of peace which ensued, Napoleon did great things for the reconstruction of France. Finding no fewer than four hundred systems of administering the law in vogue, he assembled the ablest lawyers in France under the presidency of Cambacérès to bring the conflicting systems into harmony. The result was the production of several codes, civil, commercial, criminal, the whole of which are known as the Code Napoléon, perhaps the most glorious monument to his memory. 7

The judicial system had also been carefully revised, and a strongly centralized system of local government established. Another act of supreme importance was the restoration of the Catholic Church as the National Church by the Concordat made with the Pope. Though the Church had lost much of its ancient wealth, it was to receive an annual subsidy of ten million dollars. To the same period belongs the establishment of certain institutions which have remained essential parts of the organization of France. The University, which took the place of the twenty-one universities swept away by the iconoclastic Revolution, and united the whole teaching profession of the country into one body; the Bank of France, which has preserved its credit through the shocks of succes-

sive revolutions ; and the Legion of Honor, perhaps the most characteristic of his creations.

Napoleon was now at the summit of his career. He was the restorer of public order in France, the reformer of its laws and institutions, the asserter of its military glory. To the world he appeared no longer as the fierce and ruthless zealot of armed Democracy, but as the pacificator of Europe. It was time that he should be formally recognized and declared an imperial sovereign.

NAPOLEON'S FIRST ITALIAN CAMPAIGN.

Napoleon arrived at Nice on the 27th of March, 1796, and gave indications of the great designs which he was meditating, by the following striking proclamation to his troops : "Soldiers ! you are almost naked, half starved : the government owes you much, and can give you nothing. Your patience, your courage in the midst of these rocks are admirable, but they reflect no splendor on your arms. I am about to conduct you into the most fertile plains on the earth. Fertile provinces, opulent cities, will soon be in your power : there you will find rich harvests, honor and glory. Soldiers of Italy, will you fail in courage?"

The plan of the young general was to penetrate into Piedmont by the Col de Cadibone, the lowest part of the ridge which divides France from Italy, and separate the Austrian from the Piedmontese armies, by pressing with the weight of his forces on the weak cordon which united them. For this purpose it was necessary that the bulk of the troops should assemble on the extreme right : a delicate and perilous operation in the presence of a superior enemy, but which was rendered comparatively safe by the snow which encumbered the lofty ridges that separated the two armies. Early in April, the whole French columns were in motion towards Genoa, while the French minister demanded from the Senate of that city leave to pass the Bocchetta and the keys of Gavi, that being the chief route from the maritime coasts to the interior of Piedmont. At the same time the Austrian, Beaulieu, in obedience to the directions of the Aulic Council, was,

on his side, resuming the offensive, and directing his columns also towards his own left at Genoa, with a view to establish a connection with that important city and the English fleet. He left his right wing at Dego, pushed his centre, under D'Argenteau, to the ridge of Montenotte, and himself advanced with his left, by Bocchetta and Genoa, towards Voltri, along the seacoast.

The two armies respectively defiling towards the seacoast through the higher Alps, came into contact at Montenotte: the Austrian general having advanced his centre to that place, in order to cut asunder the French force, by falling on its left flank, and intercept, by occupying Savona, the road by the Cornice, which they were pursuing, from Provence to Genoa. The Imperialists, ten thousand strong, encountered at Montenotte only Colonel Rampon, at the head of twelve hundred men, whom they forced to retire to the Monte Prato and the old redoubt of Monte Legino; but this brave officer, feeling the vital importance of this post to the whole army, which, if lost, would have been cut in two, defended the fort with heroic courage, repeatedly repulsed the impetuous attacks of the Austrians, and, in the midst of the fire, made his soldiers swear to conquer or die. With great difficulty he maintained his ground till nightfall, and by his heroism saved the French army. The brave Roccavina, who commanded the Imperialists, was severely wounded in the last assault, and had to be removed to Montenotte. Before retiring, he strenuously urged his successor, D'Argenteau, to renew the attack during the night, and gain possession of the fort before the distant aid of the Republicans could advance to its relief; but this advice that officer, not equally penetrated with the value of time and the vital importance of that position, declined to follow. If he had adopted it, and succeeded, the fate of the campaign and of the world might have been changed.

When this attack was going forward, Napoleon was at Savona; but no sooner did he receive intelligence of it than he resolved to envelop the Austrian force, which had thus pushed into the centre of his line of march. With this view, having stationed Cervoni to make head against Beaulieu in

front of Voltri, he himself set out after sunset from Savona with the divisions of Masséna and Serrurier, and, having crossed the ridge of Cadibone, occupied the heights in rear of Montenotte. The night was dark and tempestuous, which entirely concealed their movements from the Austrians. At daybreak the latter found themselves surrounded on all sides. La Harpe and Rampon attacked them in front, while Masséna and Joubert pressed their rear; they resisted long and bravely, but were at length broken by superior force, and completely routed, with the loss of five pieces of cannon, two thousand prisoners, and above one thousand killed and wounded. This great success paralyzed the movements of Beaulieu, who had advanced unopposed beyond Voltri: he hastened back with the bulk of his forces to Millesimo, but such was the circuit they were obliged to take, that it was two days before he arrived at that place to support the ruined centre of his line.

This victory, by opening to the French the plains of Piedmont, and piercing the centre of the allies, completely separated the Austrian and Sardinian armies; the former concentrated at Dego to cover the road to Milan, and the latter around Millesimo, to protect the entrance into Piedmont. Napoleon, in possession of a central position, resolved to attack them both at once, although, by drawing together their detachments from all quarters, they had more than repaired the losses of Montenotte. On the 13th, Augereau, on the left, assailed the forces of Millesimo, where the Piedmontese were posted, while the divisions of Masséna and La Harpe descended the valley and moved towards Dego. With such fury was the attack on the Piedmontese conducted, that the passes were forced, and General Provera, who commanded, was driven, with two thousand men, into the ruins of the old castle of Cossaria. He was immediately assaulted there by superior forces; but the Piedmontese, skilled in mountain warfare, poured down upon their adversaries such a shower of stones and rocks, that whole companies were swept away at once. Joubert, who was at the front, animating the soldiers, was severely wounded. After many ineffectual efforts, the Republicans desisted on the approach of night,

and intrenched themselves at the foot of the eminence on which the castle was situated, to prevent the escape of the garrison. The following day was decisive ; Colli and the Piedmontese on the left made repeated efforts to disengage Provera, but their exertions were in vain ; and after seeing all their columns repulsed, that brave officer, destitute of provisions and water, was compelled to lay down his arms, with fifteen hundred men. Meanwhile, Napoleon himself, with the divisions of Masséna and La Harpe, attacked and carried Dego after an obstinate resistance, while Joubert made himself master of the heights of Biestro. The retreat of the Austrians was obstructed by the artillery, which blocked up the road in the defile of Spegno, and the soldiers had no other resource but to disperse and seek their safety on the mountains. Thirteen pieces of artillery and three thousand prisoners fell into the hands of the victors. No sooner was this success achieved, than the indefatigable conqueror moved forward the division of Augereau, now disengaged by the surrender of Provera, to the important heights of Monte Zemolo, the occupation of which completed the separation of the Austrian and Piedmontese armies. Beaulieu retired to Acqui, on the road to Milan, and Colli towards Ceva, to cover Turin.

Meanwhile the brave Wukassowich, at the head of six thousand Austrian grenadiers, made a movement which, if supported, might have completely re-established the affairs of the allies. Separated from the body of the imperial forces, he advanced to Dego, with the intention of forming a junction with D'Argenteau, who he imagined still occupied that place. Great was his surprise when he found it in the hands of the enemy; but instantly taking his resolution, like a brave man, he attacked and carried the place, making prisoners six hundred French, and regaining all the artillery lost on the preceding day. But this success, not being supported by the other divisions of the Austrian army, which were in full retreat, only led to the destruction of the brave men who had achieved it. Napoleon instantly returned to the spot, and commenced a vigorous attack with superior forces. They were received with such gallantry by the Austrians, that the

Republican columns were in the first instance repulsed in disorder, and the general-in-chief hastened to the spot to restore the combat ; but at length General Lanusse, putting his hat on the point of his sword, led them back to the charge and carried the place, with the loss of fifteen hundred men to the Imperialists, who escaped with difficulty by the road to Acqui, after abandoning all the artillery they had retaken. In this action Napoleon was particularly struck by the gallantry of a young chief of battalion, whom he made a colonel on the spot, and who continued ever after the companion of his glory. His name was Lannes, afterward Duke of Montebello, and one of the most heroic marshals of the Empire.

After the battle of Dego, La Harpe's division was placed to keep the shattered remains of Beaulieu's forces in check, while the weight of the army was moved against the Sardinian troops. Augereau drove the Piedmontese from the heights of Monte Zemolo, and soon after the main body of the army arrived upon the same ridge. From thence the eye could discover the immense and fertile plains of Piedmont. The Po, the Tanaro, the Stura and a multitude of smaller streams, were descried in the distance, while a glittering girdle of snow and ice, of a prodigious elevation, surrounded from afar the promised land. It was a sublime spectacle when the troops arrived on this elevated point, and the soldiers, exhausted with fatigue, and overwhelmed with the grandeur of the sight, paused and gazed on the plains beneath. These gigantic barriers, apparently the limits of the world, which nature had rendered so formidable, and on which art had lavished its treasures, had fallen as if by enchantment. "Hannibal," said Napoleon, fixing his eyes on the mountains, "forced the Alps, but we have turned them." Soon after the troops descended the ridge, passed the Tanaro, and found themselves in the Italian plains.

Serrurier was now detached by the bridge of St. Michael to turn the right of Colli, who occupied the entrenched camp of Ceva, while Masséna passed the Tanaro to turn his left. The Piedmontese, who were about eight thousand strong, defended the camp in the first instance with success ; but finding their communications on the point of being lost, they

retired in the night, and took a position behind the deep and rapid torrent of the Cursaglia. There they were assailed, on April 19, by Serrurier, who forced the bridge of St. Michael; while Joubert, who had waded through the torrent farther up, in vain endeavored to induce his followers to pass, and was obliged, after incurring the greatest risks, to retire. Relieved now from all anxiety about his flank, Colli fell, with all his forces, on Serrurier, and, after a severe action, drove him back again over the bridge, with the loss of six hundred men.

This check exposed Napoleon to imminent danger. Colli occupied a strong position at Mondovi in his front, while Beaulieu, with an army still formidable, was in his rear, and might easily resume offensive operations. A council of war was held in the night, at which it was unanimously resolved, notwithstanding the fatigue of the troops, to resume the attack on the following day. All the dispositions, accordingly, were made for a renewed assault on the bridge, with increased forces; but, on arriving at the advanced posts at daybreak, they found them abandoned by the enemy, who had fought only in order to gain time for the evacuation of the magazines in his rear, and had retired in the night to Mondovi. He was overtaken, however, in his retreat, near Mondovi, by the indefatigable victor, who had seized a strong position, where he hoped to arrest the enemy. The Republicans immediately advanced to the assault, and though Serrurier was defeated in the centre by the brave grenadiers of Dichat, yet that courageous general having been struck dead by a cannon ball at the moment when his troops, somewhat disordered by success, were assailed in flank by superior forces, the Piedmontese were thrown into confusion, and Serrurier, resuming the offensive, attacked and carried the redoubt of Bicoque, the principal defence of the position, and completed the victory. Colli retired to Cherasco, with the loss of two thousand men, eight cannon and eleven standards. Thither he was followed by Napoleon, who occupied that town, which, though fortified and important by its position at the confluence of the Stura and the Tanaro, was not armed, and incapable of resistance; and, by so doing, not only acquired a firm footing in

the interior of Piedmont, but made himself master of extensive magazines.

This important success speedily changed the situation of the French army. Having descended from the sterile and inhospitable summits of the Alps, they found themselves, though still among the mountains, in communication with the rich and fertile plains of Italy; provisions were obtained in abundance, and with the introduction of regularity in the supplies, the pillage and disorders consequent upon prior privations disappeared. The soldiers, animated with success, speedily recovered from their fatigues; the stragglers, and those left behind in the mountains, rejoined their colors; and the bands of conscripts from the depots in the interior eagerly pressed forward to share in the glories and partake the spoils of the Italian army. In a short time the Republicans, notwithstanding all their losses, were as strong as at the commencement of the campaign; while the allies, besides having been driven from the ridge of the Alps, the barrier of Piedmont, were weakened by the loss of above twelve thousand men and forty pieces of cannon.

The court of Turin was now in the utmost consternation, and opinions were violently divided as to the course which should be pursued. The ministers of Austria and England urged the King, who was by no means deficient in firmness, to imitate the glorious example of his ancestors, and abandon his capital. Cardinal Costa persuaded him to throw himself into the arms of the French, and Colli was authorized to open negotiations. This was one of the numerous instances in the history of Napoleon in which his audacity not only extricated him from the most perilous situations, but gave him the most splendid triumphs; for at this period, by his own admission, the French army was in very critical circumstances. He had neither heavy cannon nor a siege equipage to reduce Turin, Alessandria, or the other numerous fortresses of Piedmont, without the possession of which it would have been extremely hazardous to have penetrated farther into the country: the allied armies, united, were still superior to the French, and their cavalry, of such vital importance in the plains, had not at all suffered; while his own troops, confounded at their own

achievements, and as yet unaccustomed to his rapid success, were beginning to hesitate as to the expediency of any farther advance. "The King of Sardinia," says Napoleon, "had still a great number of fortresses left, and in spite of the victories which had been gained, the slightest check, one caprice of fortune, would have undone everything."

It was, therefore, with the most lively satisfaction that Napoleon received the advances of the Sardinian government; but he insisted that as a preliminary to any armistice, the fortresses of Coni, Tortona and Alessandria should be put into his hands. The Piedmontese commissioners were at first disposed to resist this demand; but Napoleon sternly replied, "It is for me to impose conditions—your ideas are absurd: listen to the laws which I impose upon you, in the name of the government of my country, and obey, or to-morrow my batteries are erected, and Turin is in flames." These words so intimidated the Piedmontese, that they returned in consternation to their capital, where every opposition speedily gave way.

The armistice was followed, a fortnight after, by the treaty of peace between the King of Sardinia and the French Republic. By it his Sardinian Majesty finally renounced the coalition; ceded to the Republic Savoy, Nice, and the whole possessions of Piedmont to the westward of the highest ridge of the Alps (extending from Mount St. Bernard by Mount Geneva to Roccabarbonæ near Genoa), and granted a free passage through his dominions to all the troops of the Republic. The importance of this accommodation may be judged by the letter of Napoleon to the Directory the day the armistice was signed: "Coni, Ceva and Alessandria are in the hands of our army; if you do not ratify the convention, I will keep these fortresses, and march upon Turin. Meanwhile, I shall march to-morrow against Beaulieu, and drive him across the Po; I shall follow close at his heels, overrun all Lombardy, and in a month be in the Tyrol, join the army of the Rhine, and carry our united forces into Bavaria. That design is worthy of you, of the army, and of the destinies of France. If you continue your confidence in me, I shall answer for the results, and Italy is at your feet.

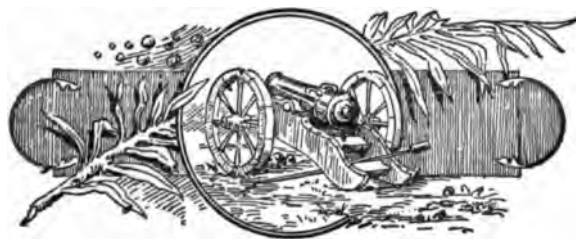
This treaty was of more service to the French general than many victories. It gave him a firm footing in Piedmont ; artillery and stores for the siege of Turin, if the final conditions should not be agreed to by the Directory ; stores and magazines in abundance, and a direct communication with Genoa and France for the future supplies of the army. Napoleon, from the solid base of the Piedmontese fortresses, was enabled to turn his undivided attention to the destruction of the Austrians, and thus commence, with some security, that great career of conquest which he already meditated in the imperial dominions. Nevertheless, a large proportion of his troops and officers openly condemned the conclusion of any treaty of peace with a monarchical government, and insisted that the opportunity should not have been suffered to escape of establishing a revolutionary government in the frontier state of Italy. But Napoleon—whose head was too strong to be carried away by the fumes of Democracy, and who already gave indications of that resolution to detach himself from the cause of revolution by which he was ever after so strongly distinguished—replied, that the first duty of the army was to secure a firm base for future operations ; that it was on the Adige that the French standard must be established to protect Italy from the Imperialists ; that it was impossible to advance thus far without being secured in their rear ; that a revolutionary government in Piedmont would require constant assistance, scatter alarm through Italy, and be a source of weakness rather than strength ; whereas the Sardinian fortresses at once put the Republicans in possession of the keys of the Peninsula.

At the same time, he dispatched his aid-de-camp, Murat, with the standards taken, to Paris, and addressed to his soldiers one of those exaggerated but eloquent proclamations, which contributed as much as his victories, by captivating the minds of men, to his astonishing success. "Soldiers! you have gained, in fifteen days, six victories, taken one-and-twenty standards, fifty-five pieces of cannon, many strong places, and conquered the richest part of Piedmont ; you have made fifteen thousand prisoners, killed or wounded ten thousand men. Hitherto you have fought on sterile rocks, illus-

trious, indeed, by your courage, but of no avail to your country; now you rival, by your services, the armies of the Rhine and the North. Destitute at first, you have supplied everything. You have gained battles without cannon; passed rivers without bridges; made forced marches without shoes; bivouacked without bread! The phalanxes of the Republic—the soldiers of Liberty—were alone capable of such sacrifices. But, soldiers, you have done nothing while anything remains to do. Neither Turin or Milan is in your hands; the ashes of the conqueror of Tarquin are still trampled on by the assassins of Basseville! I am told that there are some among you whose courage is giving way—who would rather return to the summits of the Alps and the Apennines. No—I cannot believe it. The conquerors of Montenotte, of Millesimo, of Dego, of Mondovi, burn to carry still farther the glories of the French name!”

When these successive victories, these standards, these proclamations, arrived day after day at Paris, the joy of the people knew no bounds. The first day the gates of the Alps were opened; the next, the Austrians were separated from the Piedmontese; the third, the Sardinian army was destroyed and the fortresses surrendered. The rapidity of the success, the number of the prisoners, exceeded all that had yet been witnessed. Every one asked who was this young conqueror whose fame had burst forth so suddenly, and whose proclamations breathed the spirit of ancient glory? Three times the councils decreed that the Army of Italy had deserved well of their country, and appointed a fête to Victory in honor of the commencement of the campaign.

—SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.





NAPOLEON'S rule as First Consul began on the 25th of December, 1799. He at once sent notice of his accession to all the foreign powers, and to all the French diplomatic agents abroad. He also addressed a letter personally to George III., King of England, making proposals for a peace. But, by the direction of William Pitt, an answer was returned that the hope of a solid peace, under the existing circumstances, was impracticable. Napoleon, however, proceeded to exercise sovereign power, and to surround himself with the insignia of royalty. At the same time he mingled with his kingly acts others which conciliated the Republicans. Thus, when the news of the death of Washington was received, Napoleon at once issued an order to his army, eulogizing "the great man who fought against tyranny and consolidated his country's freedom." A memorial service was held, and the oration pronounced was published in the *Moniteur* on the 18th of February, 1800, the day of the First Consul's occupation of the palace of the Tuileries.

While Napoleon sought by reconstruction of social order to establish his rule in the affections of the people of France, he lost no opportunity of gratifying the passion for military glory. The brilliant campaign of Marengo gave new lustre to his fame, and after Moreau's victory at Hohenlinden, Austria agreed to the treaty of Lunéville February 9th, 1801. Just a year before, Louis XVIII., seeing that Napoleon was reviving some old usages, addressed to him an autograph letter thanking him for his work and requesting him to restore the king. When this remained unanswered, a

second was sent; at last on September 14, 1800, Napoleon wrote a brief reply, thanking him for the personal compliments, but adding emphatically, "You must not seek to return to France. To do so, you must trample over a hundred thousand dead bodies."

Napoleon, in his efforts to extinguish the Jacobins and restore the old social order, gave renewed encouragement to the monarchists. Finding their hopes disappointed, they took to intrigues and formed a conspiracy which failed of its object. In the reaction which ensued, the army, by Napoleon's inspiration, called upon the "General-Consul" to assume the imperial crown, as Charlemagne had done. The Council of State acquiesced. On the 30th of April, 1804, it was officially proposed to convert the Consulate into an Empire, and on the 18th of May Napoleon was decreed by the Senate to be the Emperor of the French. The etiquette and ceremony of the old monarchy were revived. Pope Pius VII. was induced to go to Paris to consecrate the new Emperor. The magnificent ceremony of the coronation of Napoleon and Josephine took place on the 2d of December, 1804, in the Church of Notre Dame. In the following May, in still further imitation of Charlemagne, Napoleon was crowned in the Cathedral of Milan with the iron crown of Lombardy, taking the title of King of Italy.

At the end of June he returned to Paris, his great political designs having been fully accomplished. He now turned his attention again to the invasion of England. He had long matured a project for assembling 70 sail of the line in the Channel, who were to transport 130,000 men into England and 30,000 into Ireland, on board of 2,000 gun-boats, which he had prepared at Boulogne for their conveyance across the Channel. Vast as the plan was, and precarious as were the combinations on which it depended, it was on the point of proving successful. The Toulon fleet set sail from Cadiz, and decoyed Nelson into the West Indies; speedily returning, it encountered Sir R. Calder, off Finisterre, who, with fifteen sail of the line, defeated their twenty-seven, and took two sail of the line. This action proved fatal to the whole design. Villeneuve, who commanded the combined squadron, returned

to Ferrol, instead of proceeding to Brest, where Admiral Ganteaume was ready with twenty-one sail of the line to join him. Then he sailed still further out of the way and turned to Cadiz. Lord Nelson defeated him off Cape Trafalgar, October 21, 1805, capturing nineteen ships out of thirty-three. This victory, however, cost England the life of Nelson, who fell, mortally wounded, during the action. Thenceforward the maritime war was at an end, and Napoleon had to trust solely to Continental victories to subdue England.

Russia had joined Austria, and the army of the latter, 80,000 strong, had advanced to Ulm, in Bavaria. Crossing France and the north of Germany with incredible rapidity, Napoleon defeated the Austrians in several actions, and at length shut up 30,000 in Ulm, where they were forced to capitulate the very day before the battle of Trafalgar. Advancing, on the 2d of December, 1805, Napoleon defeated at Austerlitz the combined forces of Russia and Austria, under the command of their respective emperors. This fight is known as "the battle of the Three Emperors." The French army amounted to 70,000 men; the allied army to 95,000. Russia lost 21,000 killed and wounded, Austria 6,000, and France 6,800. This catastrophe drove Austria to a separate peace, which she only purchased by great cessions of territory; and the Russians, weakened by their great loss, withdrew to their own dominions.

Next year the Prussians, with infatuated hardihood, rushed into the field. Napoleon encountered them at Jena, 14th of October, 1806. Jena is applied as a collective name to two distinct engagements; one being fought at Jena, and the other at Auerstadt. In the former, Napoleon led 90,000 men in person, and defeated 70,000 Prussians under the Prince of Hohenlohe. At Auerstadt, 30,000 French, under Davoust, routed 48,000 Prussians, led by the Duke of Brunswick. Prussia was now speedily overrun, Berlin taken, and the remnant of their armies driven back to the Vistula, where they were supported by the Russians, who now came up in great strength. Several sanguinary actions took place during the depth of winter. On the 8th of February, the great bat-

tle of Eylau was fought between the two grand armies. General Benningsen commanded the Russians. The French made repeated and furious attacks on the Russian infantry, which stood like walls of brass, and Napoleon was at last obliged to desist. The loss on both sides was dreadful, and has been roughly estimated at 50,000 men. But ere long he had his revenge. Having gathered up all his reserves, and collected 150,000 men round his standard, he attacked the Russians in June, 1807, and, after several bloody actions, defeated them in a pitched battle at Friedland, on July 14th. The result of this triumph was the treaty of Tilsit, which, virtually destroying all lesser powers, in effect divided the whole continent of Europe between Napoleon and Alexander.

Insatiable in ambition, Napoleon had no sooner achieved that great victory over his Northern enemies than he turned his eyes to the Spanish Peninsula, seized on Portugal, without a shadow of a pretext, and decoyed the king, queen and heir apparent of Spain to Bayonne, where, between threats, treachery and cajolery, he succeeded in extracting from them all a renunciation of the throne of Spain, upon which he immediately placed his own brother, Joseph, while he gave the throne of Naples to his brother-in-law, Murat. About the same time were promulgated the famous Berlin and Milan decrees, intended to exclude the English permanently from the whole trade of Continental Europe. The treachery to the Spanish royal family kindled a frightful war in the Peninsula, which at first was attended with surprising success for the Spaniards. Dupont surrendered with 25,000 men to Castanos, in Andalusia. Portugal was recovered by Wellington, and the French were obliged to retire behind the Ebro.

But Napoleon was at hand to repair the disaster. Summoning his whole reserves from Germany to Spain, he entered Navarre at the head of 200,000 men, defeated the Spaniards in several battles, retook Madrid, and pursued the English, under Sir John Moore, into Galicia. The English here gained a victory at Corunna, over Soult and Ney; but Sir John Moore was killed in the battle, and they were forced to embark and return to England, weakened by a third of their number, and having lost the whole object of the campaign.

Austria deemed the moment favorable, when the chief forces of Napoleon were employed in the Peninsula, to endeavor to regain some of her lost provinces. She declared war accordingly in May, 1809, and advanced with 100,000 men into Bavaria, when the Archduke Charles at first gained considerable success. Napoleon hastened to the spot, defeated the Austrians in three pitched battles, and treacherously obtaining possession of the bridge of Vienna, made himself master of that capital. He sustained, however, a severe check soon after from the Archduke Charles at the battle of Aspern, May 21 and 22, 1809. In this engagement the French lost 30,000 men, and the Austrians 24,000. Napoleon recovered himself, and having collected 150,000 men in Vienna, threw six bridges in one night over the Danube, and defeated, on July 6th, the Austrians in a pitched battle which lasted two days, on the field of Wagram.

This triumph won for France the Peace of Presburg, which deprived Austria of a fourth of her dominions. Napoleon himself obtained by this victory the hand of the Archduchess Maria Louisa, daughter of the Emperor of Austria. In the Spring of 1810 he had divorced the Empress Josephine, in order to make way for this splendid alliance. The Empress Josephine had borne him no offspring; and though she had been a devoted wife, he resolved to part with her, in the hope of securing, by another marriage, an heir for himself. The discarded Empress hid her sorrows in a retreat which magnificence, and even affection, could not render happy.

Napoleon's second marriage, however, proved not only the limit of his good fortune, but the direct cause of the commencement of his decline. The Emperor Alexander was personally hurt by the Austrian marriage, for Napoleon had proposed for his own sister, and he never forgave the affront. This, coupled with the rapid strides of the French Emperor in Northern Europe, who had halved Prussia and incorporated Holland, the Hanse towns, and nearly the whole of Northern Germany with his dominions, led to a rupture with Russia in 1812. The whole of 1810 and 1811 was spent by both parties in preparing for the contest, which every one saw was

approaching; and at length, his preparations being complete, Napoleon crossed the Niemen, and invaded Russia in May, 1812, at the head of 500,000 men. The Russians had not half the force, and Napoleon was able speedily to penetrate to the heart of the vast territories of the Czar. Smolensko was stormed by Napoleon in person, and in a desperate battle fought at Borodino, on September 6th, when 30,000 men fell on both sides, the Russians were so far worsted that they were obliged to abandon Moscow to the conqueror.

This was the supreme point of the French Emperor's success. On the 14th of September the French entered Moscow, and found it deserted, except by the convicts and some of the lower class, who lingered behind for the sake of plunder. On the evening of this day a fire broke out; but it was extinguished in the night. On the next day Napoleon took up his residence in the Kremlin, the ancient palace of the Czars. On the following night the fire burst out again in different quarters of the city, the wind spread the flames all over the city, and Napoleon had to leave the Kremlin. The fire continued until the 19th, when it abated, after destroying 7,682 houses. Napoleon lingered among the ruins of Moscow for five weeks; but on the 19th of October his retreat began. In the history of the world there is nothing more appalling than the narrative of this retreat. His army dwindled away apace through fatigue, privations and the constant attacks of the Russians and Cossacks. The bitter frosts of the nights killed thousands. When the winter snow melted, the bones of 400,000 men lay white from Moscow to the Niemen. Those who did escape across this river were in the last stage of exhaustion and misery. Napoleon left these in charge of Murat, and himself made his escape to Paris on a sledge, accompanied only by a single attendant.

This terrible and unexampled reverse was strongly contrasted with the victorious career of the Duke of Wellington, during the same year, in Spain. The British General had defeated the French in a pitched battle at Salamanca, recovered Madrid, and liberated all the Southern provinces of Spain from their oppressors. These startling events produced a general agitation in Europe. Prussia took up arms together

with Alexander; the allies advanced as far as the Elbe. On the 2d of May, 1813, Napoleon fought and won the battle of Lützen from the Russians and Prussians united. On the 21st he attacked them again at Bautzen, and obliged them to retire. But these victories led to no decisive results. A series of battles raged around Dresden on the 24th, 25th and 27th of August, wherein the French had the advantage. Napoleon now made a last stand at Leipsic. This has been called "the battle of the Giants." It began on the 18th of October, 1813. The Germans and Russians, numbering 300,000, commenced the attack, which 100,000 French resisted. The slaughter was terrible, and after a sanguinary conflict of two days' duration, Napoleon was totally defeated with the loss of 40,000 men and 250 guns, and with difficulty brought back about 70,000 men of his vast army across the Rhine.

Wellington, who had totally defeated King Joseph in person at Vittoria, crossed the Pyrenees, and was now besieging Bayonne, so that the French Empire was threatened on all sides. Early in the following spring the allies invaded France along the whole course of the Rhine, while Wellington pursued his career of success in the south of France. Driven to extremities, Napoleon exerted himself to the utmost, and displayed his astonishing genius for military combinations, fertility of resources and quickness of movements. For more than two months he held at bay the various armies of the allies, now beating one corps and then flying to attack another. But the odds against him were too great. Paris capitulated, and the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia entered the French capital on the 31st of March, 1814.

Napoleon met, near Fontainebleau, the columns of the garrison, which were evacuating the city. His old generals told him that he ought now to abdicate. After much reluctance he signed the act of abdication at Fontainebleau on the 4th of April, 1814. The Emperor Alexander generously proposed that he should retain the title of Emperor, with the sovereignty of the island of Elba, and a revenue of 6,000,000 francs, to be paid by France. This was agreed to by Prussia and Austria; and England, though no party to the treaty, after-

wards acceded to it. On the 20th of April, Napoleon, after taking an affectionate leave of his generals and his guards, left Fontainebleau, and on the 4th of May landed on Elba. His wife had returned to her father. Napoleon resided on the island about ten months. But his restless mind and ambitious spirit could not long remain in this state of forced seclusion.

Having ascertained that discontent was universal in the French army, Napoleon set out from Elba accompanied only by about a thousand of the guard who had shared his exile. Landing at Cannes on the 1st of March, 1815, he marched to Paris without opposition. His marshals hastened to his side. French soldiers, disgusted with the government of the Bourbons, flocked in thousands round his banner. Napoleon arrived at the Tuileries on the 20th of March, Louis XVIII. having left the capital early in the morning. All Europe was alarmed and enraged at his daring disregard of treaties and oaths. Blücher marshalled 110,000 Prussians for the campaign. Austria and Russia prepared to invade France on the eastern frontier with enormous armies. All offers of negotiation from Napoleon were unheeded. The British Parliament voted £110,000,000 for his overthrow, and placed in the field 80,000 troops, under the Duke of Wellington.

Napoleon assembled an army of about 125,000 men, of whom 25,000 were cavalry, and 350 pieces of cannon, with which he advanced upon Charleroi on the 15th of June. Ney, Soult and Grouchy held commands under him. On the 16th he attacked the Prussians, 80,000 strong, under Blücher, at Ligny, and drove them back with great loss. At the same time he sent Ney against Wellington's advanced guard at Quatre Bras, which, after sustaining a severe attack, retained possession of the field. The Duke of Wellington, in consequence of Blücher's retreat, fell back with his army to the position of Waterloo, about fourteen miles from Brussels. Napoleon followed him, after despatching Grouchy, with a body of 35,000 men, to follow the retreating Prussians.

The battle of Waterloo was fought on Sunday, June 18, 1815. Blücher was distant from Wellington at least a day's march. The army of Wellington numbered 75,000 men; that

of Napoleon about 80,000. The battle began about 10 A.M. Napoleon kept close to one plan of action—a storm of shot and shell upon the British ranks, and then a rapid charge of cavalry. Again and again the baffled lancers and cuirassiers of France recoiled with many an empty saddle. The British squares grew every moment smaller, as soldier after soldier stepped silently into the place of his fallen comrade. At 6 P.M., Bulow's Prussian corps appeared on the field, and soon after came Blücher in person with two more corps. Napoleon then made the grandest effort of the day. He directed the Old Guard of France, unconquered veterans of Austerlitz and Jena, who had not yet taken part in the action, to advance in two columns against the English. They were received with a tremendous fire of artillery and musketry. The French columns wavered. Napoleon, who was watching the battle through his glass, exclaimed, "Tout est perdu. Sauve qui peut!" and galloped off the field. During the three days, 40,000 French, 16,000 Prussians, 13,000 British and Germans were slain.

The victory was absolutely decisive. Napoleon's second Empire had lasted but one hundred days. He fled to Paris, and on the 22d of June signed an abdication in favor of his son. But the allies, who entered Paris on the 7th of July, refused to recognize his right to abdicate. On the following day Louis XVIII. resumed the government. Napoleon, now at Rochefort, finding that he had no chance of escaping by sea, threw himself on the protection of England. On board the "Bellerophon," he gave himself up to Captain Maitland, with the remark, "I come to place myself under the protection of your Prince and your laws." On the 24th of July the "Bellerophon" cast anchor at Torbay, England. Seven days later the final resolution of the British government was announced to Napoleon, namely, that he should be banished to St. Helena. He protested against this determination; but the peace of Europe compelled this severe measure. He was conveyed to that island on board the "Northumberland," landing there on the 16th of October, 1815.

St. Helena is but a small, lonely rock, ten by four miles, in the South Atlantic Ocean, and to such a mind as Napo-

leon's the location itself must have been terrible. The very appearance of St. Helena strikes one as a place of captivity. Its high rocks rise, like prison walls, perpendicularly to an immense height from the ocean. The only opening is occupied by Jamestown, a small walled and garrisoned town, whose gates are closed nightly. The stillness of the whole island is at times remarkable and depressing. The captivity of Napoleon was thus made a martyrdom. His sword was demanded from him ; he was uniformly addressed as General Bonaparte, and a guard was placed near the one-storied house which he occupied at Longwood, about two and a half miles from Jamestown. Among the friends who followed him to this dreary exile, the names of Las Cases, Montholon, Gourgaud and Bertrand have a place in history.

Napoleon wrote or dictated some interesting memoirs of the events of his astonishing career. These writings, however, are so crowded with misrepresentations of facts, that they cannot be said to have contributed to his colossal fame.

The English government expended £12,000 a year on his private establishment ; but his ardent spirit could not brook indignity and inactivity. In September, 1818, Napoleon's health began to be visibly affected. He refused to take exercise, as advised, because he would not submit to the attendance of a British officer. In September, 1819, Dr. Antonomarchi, of the University of Pisa, went to St. Helena as physician to Napoleon. Two clergymen arrived also from Italy to act as his chaplains. In April, 1821, the disease assumed an alarming character. It was then Napoleon said he believed that he was suffering from the same ailment which killed his father ; and he desired his physician to make an examination after death. He made his will, leaving large bequests to his friends and adherents. One bequest was, however, unworthy of so great a man ; he left a small sum of money to an officer who had attempted the life of the Duke of Wellington. He declared "that he believed in God, and was of the religion of his father ; that he was born a Catholic, and would fulfill all the duties of the Catholic church." On the 5th of May he became delirious. A terrible storm of wind and rain arising, must have recalled to his mind the

roar of battle; for his last words were "Tête d'armée"—"Desaix"—"Mon fils." He expired about 6 P.M. The following day a post-mortem examination was made, and a large ulcer was found to occupy the greater part of the stomach. On the 8th of May his remains were interred with military honors in Slane's Valley, near a fountain, overhung by weeping willows. This had been Napoleon's favorite retreat. Twenty years later the remains were removed to Paris, where, on the 15th of December, 1841, they were interred in a mausoleum under the dome of the Invalides.

THE BATTLE OF AUSTERLITZ.

On the evening of the 1st of December, 1805, the eve of the anniversary of his coronation, Napoleon, after passing some time with his marshals at the bivouac, resolved to visit his soldiers, and judge for himself of their disposition. The first soldiers who perceived him, eager to light him on his way, picked up the straw of their bivouac and made it into torches, which they placed blazing on the top of their muskets. In a few minutes this example was followed by the whole army, and along the vast front of our position was displayed this singular illumination. The soldiers accompanied the steps of Napoleon with shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" promising to prove on the morrow that they were worthy of him and of themselves. Enthusiasm pervaded all the ranks. They went as men ought to go into danger, with hearts full of content and confidence. Napoleon retired to oblige his soldiers to take some rest, and awaited in his tent the dawn of that day which was to be one of the most glorious of his life, one of the most glorious in history.

By 4 A.M. Napoleon had left his tent, to judge with his own eyes if the Russians were committing the blunder into which he had been so dexterously leading them. He descended to the village of Puntowitz, situated on the bank of the brook which separated the two armies, and perceived the fires of the Russians nearly extinguished on the heights of Pratzen. A very distinguishable sound of cannon and horses indicated a march from left to right towards the ponds, the very way that he wished the Russians to take. Great was

his joy on finding his foresight so fully justified ; he returned and placed himself on the high ground where he had bivouacked, and where the eye embraced the whole extent of that field of battle. His marshals were on horseback at his side. Day began to dawn. A wintry fog covered the country to a distance, the most prominent points only being visible and rising above the mist like islands out of the sea. The different corps of the French army were in motion, and were descending from the position which they had occupied during the night to cross the rivulet which separated them from the Russians. But they halted in the bottom, where they were concealed by the fog and kept by the Emperor till the opportune moment for the attack.

A very brisk fire was already heard at the extremity of the line towards the ponds. The movement of the Russians against our left was evident. Marshal Davoust had gone in haste to direct Friant's division from Gross Raigern upon Telnitz, and to support the 3d of the line and the Corsican chasseurs, who would soon have upon their hands a considerable portion of the enemy's army. Marshals Lannes, Murat and Soult, with their aides-de-camp, surrounded the Emperor, awaiting his order to commence the combat at the centre and on the left. Napoleon moderated their ardor, wishing to let the Russians consummate the fault which they were committing on our right. The sun at length burst forth and dispelling the fog, poured a flood of radiance upon the vast field of battle. It was the sun of Austerlitz, a sun the recollections of which have been so frequently recited, that assuredly they will not be forgotten by future generations. The heights of Pratzen were cleared of troops. The Russians, in execution of the plan agreed upon, had descended to the bed of the Goldbach, to gain possession of the villages of Telnitz and Sokolnitz, situated along that rivulet. Napoleon then gave the signal for the attack, and his marshals galloped off to put themselves at the head of their respective corps d'armée.

The three Russian columns directed to attack Telnitz and Sokolnitz, had broken up at 7 A.M. They were under the immediate command of Generals Doctorow, Langeron and Pribyschewski, and under the superior command of General

Buxhövdén, an officer of inferior abilities, inactive, puffed up by the favor which he owed to a court marriage, and who no more commanded the left of the Russian army than General Kutusof commanded the whole. He himself marched along with General Doctorow's column, forming the extremity of the Russian line.

Doctorow's column had bivouacked, like the others, on the height of Pratzen. At the foot of this height, in the bottom which separated it from our right, there was a village called Augezd, and in that village an advanced guard under the command of General Kienmayer, composed of five Austrian battalions and fourteen squadrons. This advanced guard was to sweep the plain between Augezd and Telnitz while Doctorow's column was descending from the heights. The Austrians, eager to show the Russians that they could fight, attacked the village of Telnitz with great resolution. It was necessary to cross at once the rivulet running here in channels, and then a height covered with vines and houses. We had in this place, besides the 3d of the line, the battalion of the Corsican chasseurs, concealed from view by the nature of the ground. These skillful marksmen, coolly taking aim at the hussars who had been sent forward, picked off a great number of them. They received in the same manner the Szekler regiment (infantry), and in half an hour strewed the ground with part of that regiment. The Austrians, tired of a destructive combat, and one that was productive of no result, attacked *en masse* the village of Telnitz, with their five united battalions, but were not able to penetrate into it, owing to the firmness of the 3d of the line, which received them with the vigor of a tried band. While Kienmayer's advanced guard was thus exhausting itself in impotent efforts, Doctorow's column, twenty-four battalions strong, led by General Buxhövdén, made its appearance, an hour later than was expected, and proceeded to assist the Austrians to take Telnitz. The bed of the stream was crossed, and General Kienmayer threw his fourteen squadrons into the plain beyond Telnitz, against the light cavalry of General Margaron. The latter bravely stood several charges, but could not maintain its ground against such a mass of cavalry. Friant's division, conducted

by Marshal Davoust, having not yet arrived from Gross Raignern, our right was greatly overmatched.

But General Buxhövdén, after being long waited for, was obliged in his turn to wait for the second column, commanded by General Langeron. This latter having at length arrived before Sokolnitz, commenced an attack on it. But meanwhile General Friant had come up in the utmost haste, with his division, composed of five regiments of infantry and six regiments of dragoons. The 1st regiment of dragoons, attached for this occasion to Bourcier's division, was dispatched at full trot upon Telnitz. The Austro-Russians, already victorious at this point, began to cross the Goldbach, and to press the 3d of the dragoons as well as Margaron's light cavalry. The dragoons of the first regiment, on approaching the enemy, broke into a gallop, and drove back into Telnitz all who had attempted to debouch from it. Generals Friant and Heudelet, arriving with the 1st Brigade, composed of the 108th of the line and the voltigeurs of the 15th Light, entered Telnitz with bayonets fixed, expelled the Austrians and Russians, and drove them pell-mell beyond the channels which form the bed of the Goldbach, and remained masters of the ground, after they had strewed it with dead and wounded.

Unluckily, the fog, dispersed nearly everywhere, prevailed in the bottoms. It enveloped Telnitz as in a sort of cloud. The 26th Light, of Legrand's division, which had come to the assistance of the 3d of the line, perceiving indistinctly masses of troops on the other side of the stream, without being able to discern the color of their uniform, fired upon the 108th, under the impression that it was the enemy. This unexpected attack staggered the 108th, which fell back, for fear of being turned. Taking advantage of this circumstance, the Russians and Austrians, having twenty-nine battalions at this point, resumed the offensive, and dislodged Heudelet's brigade from Telnitz, while General Langeron, attacking with twelve Russian battalions the village of Sokolnitz, situated on the Goldbach, a little above Telnitz, had penetrated into it. The two hostile columns of Doctorow and Langeron then began to debouch, the one from Telnitz, the other from Sokolnitz. At the same time General Pribyschewski's column

had attacked and taken the château of Sokolnitz, situated above the village of that name. At this sight General Friant, who on that day, as on so many others, behaved like a hero, flung General Bourcier, with his six regiments of dragoons, upon Doctorow's column, at the moment when the latter was deploying beyond Telnitz. The Russians presented their bayonets to our dragoons; but the charges of our horse, repeated with the utmost fury, prevented them from extending themselves, and supported Heudelet's brigade, which was opposed to them. General Friant afterwards put himself at the head of Locket's brigade, composed of the 18th and the 111th of the line, and rushed upon Langeron's column, which was already beyond the village of Sokolnitz, drove it back to that place, entered it at its heels, expelled it again, and hurled it to the other side of the Goldbach.

Having occupied Sokolnitz, General Friant committed it to the guard of the 48th, and marched with the 3d brigade, that of Kister, composed of the 33d of the line and the 15th Light, to recover the château of Sokolnitz from Pribyschewski's column. He forced it to fall back, but while he was engaged with Pribyschewski's troops, in front of the château of Sokolnitz, Langeron's column, attacking anew the village dependent on this château, well nigh overwhelmed the 48th, which, retiring into the houses of the village, defended itself with admirable gallantry. General Friant returned and extricated the 48th. That brave general and his illustrious chief, Marshal Davoust, hastened incessantly from one point to another, on this line of the Goldbach, so warmly disputed, and with seven or eight thousand foot and 2,800 horse, engaged 35,000 Russians. Indeed, Friant's division was reduced, by a march of thirty-six hours which it had performed, to 6,000 men at most, and with the 3d of the line formed no more than eight thousand combatants. But the men who had lagged behind, arriving every moment at the report of the cannon, successively filled up the gaps made by the enemy's fire in its ranks.

During this obstinate combat towards our right, Marshal Soult, at the centre, had attacked the position on which depended the issue of the battle. At a signal given by Napoleon, the two divisions of Vandamme and St. Hilaire,

formed into close column, ascended at a rapid pace the acclivities of the plateau of Pratzen. Vandamme's division had proceeded to the left, St. Hilaire's to the right of the village of Pratzen, which is deeply imbedded in a ravine that terminates at the Goldbach rivulet, near Puntowitz. While the French were pushing forward, the centre of the enemy's army of Kollowrath's Austrian infantry and the Russian infantry of Miloradovich, twenty-seven battalions strong, under the immediate command of General Kutusof and the two Emperors, had come and deployed on the plateau of Pratzen, to take the place of Buxhövdén's three columns, which had descended into the bottoms. Our soldiers, without returning the fire of musketry which they sustained, continued to climb the height, surprising by their nimble and resolute step the enemy's generals, who expected to find them retreating.

On reaching the village of Pratzen they passed on without halting there. General Morand, putting himself at the head of the 10th Light, went and drew up on the plateau. General Thiébault followed him with his brigade, composed of the 14th and 36th of the line, and, while he was advancing, suddenly received in rear a volley of musketry which proceeded from two Russian battalions concealed in the ravine, at the bottom of which the village of Pratzen is situated. General Thiébault halted for a moment, returned at point-blank range the volley which he had received, and entered the village with one of his battalions. He dispersed and took the Russians who occupied it, and then returned to support General Morand, deployed on the plateau. Varé's brigade, the second of St. Hilaire's division, passing on its part to the left of the village, drew up facing the enemy, while Vandamme, with his whole division, took a position still further to the left, near a small knoll, called Stari Winobradi, which commands the plateau of Pratzen. Upon this knoll the Russians had posted five battalions and a numerous artillery.

The Austrian infantry of Kollowrath and the Russian infantry of Miloradovich were drawn up in two lines. Marshal Soult, without loss of time, brought forward St. Hilaire's and Vandamme's divisions. General Thiébault,

forming, with his brigade, the right of St. Hilaire's division, had a battery of twelve pieces. He ordered them to be charged with ball and grape, and opened a destructive fire upon the infantry opposed to them. This fire, kept up briskly and directed with precision, soon threw the Austrian ranks into disorder, and they hurried in confusion to the back of the plateau. Vandamme immediately attacked the enemy drawn up opposite to him. His brave infantry coolly advanced, halted, fired several murderous volleys, and marched upon the Russians with the bayonet. It flung back their first line upon the second, put both to flight, and obliged them to retreat to the back of the plateau of Pratzen, leaving their artillery behind them. In this movement Vandamme had left the knoll of Stari Winobradi, defended by several Russian battalions and bristling with artillery, on his left. He went back to it, and, directing General Schiner to turn it with the 24th Light, he ascended it himself with the 4th of the line. In spite of a downward fire he climbed the knoll, overcame the Russians who guarded it, and took their cannon.

Thus in less than an hour the two divisions of Marshal Soult's Corps had made themselves masters of the plateau of Pratzen, and were pursuing the Russians and Austrians, hurled pell-mell down the declivities of that plateau, which inclines towards the château of Austerlitz.

The two Emperors of Austria and Russia, witnesses of this rapid action, strove in vain to rally their soldiers. They were scarcely listened to amidst that confusion, and Alexander could already perceive that the presence of a sovereign is not, in such circumstances, worth that of a good general. Miloradovich, always conspicuous in the fire, traversed on horseback that field of battle, ploughed with balls, and strove to bring back the fugitives. General Kutusof, wounded on the cheek by a musket-ball, beheld the realization of the disaster which he had foreseen, and which he had not the firmness to prevent. He had hastened to send for the Russian Imperial Guard, which had bivouacked in advance of Austerlitz, in order to rally his routed centre behind it. If this commander of the Austro-Russian army, whose merit was limited to great astuteness disguised by great indolence, had been capable of

just and prompt resolutions, he would have hurried at this moment to his left, engaged with our right, drawn Buxhövdén's three columns from the bottoms into which they had been plunged, brought them back to the plateau of Pratzen, and with a collected force of 50,000 men have made a decisive effort to recover a position, without which the Russian army must be cut in two. If even he had not succeeded, he might at least have retired in order upon Austerlitz by a safe road, and not have left his left backed upon an abyss. But, content to parry the evil of which he was an eye-witness, he did nothing more than rally his centre upon the Russian Imperial Guard, 10,000 strong, while Napoleon, on the contrary, with his eyes riveted on the plateau of Pratzen, was bringing forward to the support of Marshal Soult, already victorious, the corps of Bernadotte, the Guard, and Oudinot's grenadiers, 25,000 choice troops.

While our right was thus disputing the line of the Goldbach with the Russians, and our centre was wresting from them the plateau of Pratzen, Lannes and Murat, on our left, were engaged with the Prince Bagration and all the cavalry of the Austro-Russians. Lannes, with Suchet's and Caffarelli's divisions, deployed on both sides of the Olmütz road, was to march straight forward. On the left of the road, near which rose the Santon, the ground, as it approached the wooded heights of Moravia, was very uneven, sometimes hilly, sometimes intersected by deep ravines. There Suchet's division was placed. On the right, more level ground was connected by very gentle rises with the plateau of Pratzen. Caffarelli marched on that side, protected by Murat's cavalry, against the mass of the Austro-Russian cavalry.

At this point a sort of Egyptian battle was anticipated, for here were seen eighty-two Russian and Austrian squadrons, drawn up in two lines, commanded by Prince John of Lichtenstein. For this reason Suchet's and Caffarelli's divisions presented several battalions deployed, and behind the intervals of these battalions, other battalions in close column, to support and flank the former. The artillery was spread over the front of the two divisions. General Kellermann's light cavalry, as also the divisions of dragoons, were on the right in the

plain, Nansouty's and d'Hautpoul's heavy cavalry in reserve in rear. In this imposing order Lannes moved off as soon as he heard the cannon at Pratzen, and traversed at a foot pace, as though it had been a parade ground, that plain illumined by a bright winter's sun.

Prince John of Lichtenstein had not arrived upon the ground till late, owing to a mistake which had caused the Austro-Russian cavalry to run from the right to the left of the field of battle. In his absence, Alexander's Imperial Guard had filled the gap left between the centre and the right of the combined army. When he at length arrived, perceiving the movement of Lannes' corps, he directed the Grand Duke Constantine's Uhlans against Caffarelli's division. The bold horsemen rushed on that division, before which Kellermann was placed with his brigade of light cavalry. General Kellermann, one of our ablest cavalry officers, judging that he should be flung back upon the French infantry, and perhaps throw it into confusion, if he awaited, without moving, that formidable charge, drew back his squadrons, and making them pass through the intervals of Caffarelli's battalions, drew them up again on the left, in order to seize a favorable opportunity for charging. The Uhlans, coming up at a gallop, no longer found our light cavalry, but encountered in its stead a line of infantry, which was not to be broken, and which, even without forming into square, received it with a murderous fire of musketry. Four hundred of these assailants were soon stretched on the ground in front of the division. The Russian General Essen was mortally wounded, fighting at their head. The others dispersed in disorder to the right and left. Kellermann, who had reformed his squadrons on the left of Caffarelli, seizing the opportune moment, charged the Uhlans, and cut in pieces a considerable number of them. Prince John of Lichtenstein sent a fresh portion of his squadrons to the assistance of the Uhlans. Our division of dragoons dashed off in their turn upon the enemy's cavalry, and for awhile nothing was to be seen but an awful fray, in which all the combatants were fighting hand to hand. This cloud of horsemen at length dispersed, and each rejoined his line of battle, leaving

the ground covered with dead and wounded, mostly Russians and Austrians.

Our two masses of infantry then advanced with firm and measured step upon the ground abandoned by the cavalry. The Russians opposed to them forty pieces of cannon, which poured forth a shower of projectiles. One discharge swept away the whole group of drummers of Caffarelli's first regiment. This fierce cannonade was returned by the fire of all our artillery. In this combat with great guns, General Valhabert had a thigh fractured by a ball. Some soldiers would have carried him away. "Remain at your post," said he, "I shall know how to die all alone; six men must not be taken away for the sake of one." The French then marched for the village of Blaziowitz, situated on the right of the plain, where the ground begins to rise toward Pratzen. Of this village, seated like all those of the country, in a deep ravine, nothing was to be seen but the flames that were consuming it. A detachment of the Russian Imperial Guard had occupied it in the morning, till Prince Lichtenstein's cavalry should arrive. Lannes ordered the 13th Light to take it. Colonel Castex, who commanded the 13th, advanced with the first battalion in column of attack, and as soon as he arrived before the village, he was struck by a ball in the forehead. The battalion rushed forward, and revenged with the bayonet the death of its colonel. Blaziowitz was carried, and some hundreds of prisoners, picked up there, were sent to the rear.

At the other wing of Lannes' corps, the Russians, led by Prince Bagration, strove to take the little eminence, called by our soldiers the Santon. They had descended into a valley which skirts the foot of this eminence, taken the village of Bosenitz, and exchanged balls to no purpose with the numerous artillery planted on the height. But the Russians did not care to encounter the musketry of the 17th of the line, too advantageously posted for them to dare to approach too near.

Prince Bagration had drawn up the rest of his infantry on the Olmütz road, facing Suchet's division. Being obliged to fall back, he retired slowly before the corps of Lannes, which marched without precipitation, but with imposing compactness, and kept constantly gaining ground. Blaziowitz being

carried, Lannes caused the villages of Holubitz and Kruch, situated on the Olmütz road, to be taken also, and at length came upon Bagration's infantry. At this moment he broke the line formed by his two divisions. He directed Suchet's division obliquely to the left, Caffarelli's division obliquely to the right. By this diverging movement, he separated Bagration's infantry from Prince Lichtenstein's cavalry, and threw back the first to the left of the Olmütz road, the second to the right, toward the slopes of the plateau of Pratzen.

That cavalry then determined to make a last effort, and rushed in a mass upon Caffarelli's division, which received it with its usual firmness, and brought it to a stand by the fire of its musketry. Numerous squadrons of Lichtenstein's, at first dispersed, then rallied by their officers, were led back against our battalions. By order of Lannes, the cuirassiers of Generals d'Hautpoul and Nansouty, who followed Caffarelli's infantry, fled away at full trot behind the ranks of that infantry, formed upon its right, deployed there, and dashed off at a gallop. The earth quaked under those four thousand horsemen cased in iron. They rushed sword in hand upon the mass of the new-formed Austro-Russian squadrons, overthrew them by the shock, dispersed and obliged them to flee towards Austerlitz, whither they retired, to appear no more during the engagement.

Meanwhile, Suchet's division had attacked Prince Bagration's infantry. After pouring upon the Russians those quiet and sure volleys which our troops, not less intelligent than inured to war, executed with extreme precision, Suchet's division had advanced upon them with the bayonet. The Russians, giving way to the impetuosity of our battalions, had retired, but unbroken and without surrendering. They formed a confused mass bristling with muskets, which the French could only drive before them, without being able to take them prisoners. Lannes, having got rid of Prince Lichtenstein's eighty-two squadrons, had hastened to bring back General d'Hautpoul's heavy cavalry from the right to the left of that plain, and directed it upon the Russians in order to decide their retreat. The cuirassiers, charging on all sides those obstinate foot-soldiers who were retiring in large bodies,

had obliged some thousands of them to lay down their arms. Thus, on our left, Lannes had fought a real battle by himself. He had taken 4,000 prisoners. The ground around him was strewn with 4,000 Russians and Austrians dead or wounded.

But, on the plateau of Pratzen, the conflict was renewed between the enemy and the corps of Marshal Soult, reinforced by all the reserves, which Napoleon brought up in person. General Kutusof, without having any idea, as we have observed, of calling to him the three columns of Doctorow, Langeron, and Pribyschewski, posted in the bottoms, thought only of rallying his centre upon the Imperial Russian Guard. The single brigade of Kamenski, belonging to Langeron's corps, hearing a very brisk fire on its rear, had halted, and then spontaneously fallen back, in order to return to the plateau of Pratzen. General Langeron, apprised of the circumstance, had come up to put himself at the head of his brigade, leaving the rest of his column at Sokolnitz.

The French, in this renewed combat at the centre, were about to find themselves engaged with Kamenski's brigade, with the infantry of Kollowrath and Miloradovich, and with the Imperial Russian Guard. Thiébault's brigade, occupying the extreme right of Marshal Soult's corps, and separated from Varé's brigade by the village of Pratzen, found itself amid a square of fires, for it had in front the reformed line of the Austrians, and on its right part of Langeron's troops. This brigade, consisting of the 10th Light, and of the 14th and 36th of the line, was soon exposed to the most serious danger. As it was deploying and forming itself into a square to face the enemy, Adjutant Labadie, fearing that his battalion, under a fire of musketry and grape, discharged at the distance of thirty paces, might be staggered in its movement, seized the colors, and, planting himself upon the ground, cried, "Soldiers, here is your line of battle!" The battalion deployed with perfect steadiness. The others imitated it, the brigade took position, and for some moments exchanged a destructive fire of musketry at half-range. These three regiments, however, would soon have sunk under a mass of cross-fires, had the conflict been prolonged. General St. Hilaire,

admired by the army for his chivalrous valor, was conversing with Generals Thiébault and Morand on the course proper to pursue, when Colonel Pouzet, of the 10th, said, "General, let us advance with the bayonet, or we are undone." "Yes, forward!" replied General St. Hilaire. The bayonets were immediately crossed, and the men, falling on Kamenski's Russians on the right and on Kollowrath's Austrians in front, precipitated the first into the bottoms of Sokolnitz and Telnitz, and the second down the back of the plateau of Pratzen, towards the Austerlitz road.

While Thiébault's brigade, left for some time unsupported, extricated itself with such valor and success, Varé's brigade and Vandamme's division, placed on the other side of the village of Pratzen, had not near so much trouble to repulse the offensive return of the Austro-Russians, and had soon flung them to the foot of the plateau, which they strove in vain to ascend. In the ardor that hurried away our troops, the first battalion of the 4th of the line, belonging to Vandamme's division, had yielded to the temptation to pursue the Russians over the sloping ground covered with vines. The Grand-Duke Constantine had immediately sent a detachment of the cavalry of the guard, which, surprising that battalion among the vines, had overthrown it before it could form into square. In this confusion the color-bearer of the regiment had been killed. A subaltern, in endeavoring to save the eagle, had also been killed. A soldier had then snatched it out of the hands of the officer, and, being himself put *hors de combat*, had not been able to prevent Constantine's horse from carrying off the trophy.

Napoleon, who had come to reinforce the centre with the infantry of his guard, the whole corps of Bernadotte, and Oudinot's grenadiers, witnessed the rash proceeding of this battalion from the height on which he was posted. "They are in disorder yonder," said he to Rapp; "that must be set to rights." At the head of the Mamelukes and the horse chasseurs of the guard, Rapp instantly flew to the succor of the compromised battalion. Marshal Bessières followed Rapp with the horse grenadiers. Drouet's division of Bernadotte's corps, formed of the 94th and 95th regiments and of the 27th

Light, advanced in second line, headed by Colonel Gérard, Bernadotte's aide-de-camp, and an officer of great energy, to oppose the infantry of the Russian guard.

Rapp, on making his appearance, drew upon him the enemy's cavalry, who were slaughtering our foot soldiers extended on the ground. This cavalry turned against him with four unhorsed pieces of cannon. In spite of a discharge of grape, Rapp rushed forward and broke through the Imperial cavalry. He pushed on, and passed beyond the ground covered by the wrecks of the battalion of the 4th. The soldiers of that battalion immediately rallied, and formed anew to revenge the check which they had received. Rapp, on reaching the lines of the Russian guard, was assailed with a second charge of cavalry. These were Alexander's horse-guards, who, headed by their colonel, Prince Repnin, fell upon him. The brave Morland, colonel of the chasseurs of the French Imperial Guard, was killed; the chasseurs were driven back. But at this moment the horse-grenadiers, led by Marshal Bessières, came up at a gallop to the assistance of Rapp. This splendid body of men, mounted on powerful horses, was eager to measure its strength with the horse-guards of Alexander. A conflict of several minutes ensued between them. The infantry of the Russian guard, witnessing this fierce encounter, durst not fire, for fear of slaughtering its own countrymen. At length Napoleon's horse-grenadiers, veterans tried in a hundred battles, triumphed over the young soldiers of Alexander, dispersed them, after extending a number of them upon the ground, and returned conquerors to their master. Napoleon, who was present at this engagement, was delighted to see the Russian youth punished for their boasting. Surrounded by his staff, he received Rapp, who returned wounded, covered with blood, followed by Prince Repnin a prisoner, and gave him signal testimonies of satisfaction.

Meanwhile, the three regiments of Drouet's division, brought by Colonel Gérard, pushed the infantry of the Russian guard upon the village of Kreznowitz, carried that village and took many prisoners. It was one o'clock; victory appeared no longer doubtful, for, Lannes and Murat being masters of the plain on the left, Marshal Soult, supported by

the whole of the reserve, being master of the plateau of Pratzen, there was nothing left to be done but to fall upon the right, and fling Buxhövden's three Russian columns, which had so vainly striven to cut us off from the road to Vienna, into the ponds.

Napoleon, then leaving Bernadotte's corps on the plateau of Pratzen, and turning to the right with Marshal Soult's corps, the guard and Oudinot's grenadiers, resolved himself to seize the prize of his profound combinations, and proceed by the route which Buxhövden's three columns had taken when descending from the plateau of Pratzen, to attack them in rear. It was high time for him to arrive, for Marshal Davoust and his Lieutenant-General Friant, hurrying incessantly from Kobelnitz to Telnitz to prevent the Russians from crossing the Goldbach, were almost knocked up. The brave Friant had had four horses killed under him in the fight. But, while he was making the last efforts, Napoleon suddenly appeared at the head of an overwhelming mass of forces. Prodigious confusion then took place among the surprised and despairing Russians. Pribyschewski's entire column, and half of Langeron's left before Sokolnitz, found themselves surrounded without any hope of escape, for the French were coming upon their rear by the routes which they had themselves pursued in the morning. These two columns dispersed; part were made prisoners in Sokolnitz; others fled towards Kobelnitz, and were enveloped near the marshes of that name. Lastly, a third portion made off towards Brünn, but was obliged to lay down its arms near the Vienna road, the same which the Russians had appointed for rendezvous in the hope of victory.

General Langeron, with the relics of Kamenski's brigade and some battalions which he had withdrawn from Sokolnitz before the disaster, had fled towards Telnitz and the ponds, near to the spot where Buxhövden was with Doctorow's column. The silly commander of the left wing of the Russians, quite proud of having, with twenty-nine battalions and twenty-two squadrons, disputed the village of Telnitz against five or six French battalions, continued motionless, awaiting the success of Langeron's and Pribyschewski's column. His

face, according to an eye-witness, exhibited evidence of the excess in which he was accustomed to indulge. Langeron, hastening to this point, related to him with warmth what was passing. "You see nothing but enemies everywhere," was the brutal answer of Buxhövden. "And you," replied Langeron, "are not in a state to see them anywhere." At this instant Marshal Soult's column appeared on the slope of the plateau towards the ponds, advancing towards Doctorow's column to drive it into them. It was no longer possible to doubt the danger. Buxhövden, with four regiments, which he had most unskillfully left inactive about him, endeavored to regain the route by which he had come, and which ran through the village of Augezd, between the foot of the plateau of Pratzen and the pond of Satschau. Thither he proceeded precipitately, ordering General Doctorow to save himself as he best could. Langeron joined him with the remains of his column. Buxhövden was passing through Augezd at the very moment when Vandamme's division, descending from the height, arrived there on its side. He sustained in his flight the fire of the French, and succeeded in gaining a place of safety with a portion of his troops. The greater part, accompanied by Langeron's wrecks, was stopped short by Vandamme's division, which was in possession of Augezd. Then all together rushed towards the frozen ponds and strove to clear themselves a way there. The ice which covered these ponds, weakened by the warmth of a fine day, could not bear the weight of men, horses and cannon. It gave way at some points beneath the Russians, who were engulfed; at others it was strong enough to afford a retreat to the fugitives who thronged across it.

Napoleon, having reached the slopes of the plateau of Pratzen, towards the ponds, perceived the disaster which he had so skillfully prepared. He ordered a battery of the guard to fire with ball upon those parts of the ice which still held firm, and completed the destruction of those who were upon it. Nearly 2,000 perished beneath the broken ice.

Between the French army and these impassable ponds was still left Doctorow's unfortunate column, one detachment of which had escaped with Buxhövden, and another found a

grave under the ice. General Doctorow, left in this cruel situation, behaved with the noblest courage. The ground, in approaching the lakes, rose so as to offer a kind of support. General Doctorow, backing himself against this rising ground, formed his troops in three lines, placing the cavalry in the first line, the artillery in the second and the infantry in the third. Thus deployed, he opposed a bold face to the French, while he sent a few squadrons in search of a route between the pond of Satschau and that of Menitz.

A last severe combat ensued on this ground. The dragoons of Beaumont's division, borrowed from Murat, and brought from the left to the right, charged Kienmayer's Austrian cavalry, which, after doing its duty, retired under the protection of the Russian artillery. The latter, sticking close to its guns, poured a shower of grape upon the dragoons, who endeavored in vain to take it. Marshal Soult's infantry marched up, in its turn, to this artillery, in spite of a fire at point-blank range, took it, and drove the Russian infantry towards Telnitz. Marshal Davoust, on his part, with Friant's division, was entering Telnitz. The Russians, therefore, had no other retreat but a narrow pass between Telnitz and the ponds. Some rushed upon them pell-mell, and shared the fate of those who had preceded them. Others found means to escape by a route which had been discovered between the ponds of Satschau and Menitz. The French cavalry pursued them along this track, and harassed them in their retreat. The sun in the daytime had converted the clayey soil of these parts from ice into thick mud, into which men and horses sunk. The artillery of the Russians stuck fast in it. Their horses, fitted rather for speed than for draught, being unable to extricate the guns, were obliged to leave them there. Amidst this rout, our horses picked up 3,000 prisoners and a great number of cannon. "I had previously seen some lost battles," says an eye-witness of this frightful scene, General Langeron; "but I had no conception of such a defeat."

In fact, from one wing to the other of the Russian army, no part of it was in order but the corps of Prince Bagration, which Lannes had not ventured to pursue, being ignorant of what was passing on the right of the army. All the rest was

in a state of frightful disorder, setting up wild shouts, and plundering the villages scattered upon its route, to procure provisions. The two sovereigns of Russia and Austria fled from that field of battle upon which they heard the French crying "*Vive l' Empereur!*" Alexander was deeply dejected. The Emperor Francis, more tranquil, bore the disaster with great composure. Under the common misfortune, he had at least one consolation: the Russians could no longer allege that the cowardice of the Austrians constituted all the glory of Napoleon. The two princes retreated precipitately over the plains of Moravia, amidst profound darkness, separated from their household, and liable to be insulted, through the barbarity of their own soldiers. The Emperor Francis, seeing that all was lost, took it upon him to send Prince John of Lichtenstein to Napoleon, to solicit an armistice, with a promise to sign a peace in a few days. He commissioned him, moreover, to express to Napoleon his wish to have an interview with him at the advanced posts.

Prince John, who had well performed his duty in the engagement, could appear with honor before the conqueror. He repaired with the utmost expedition to the French headquarters. The victorious Napoleon was engaged in going over the field of battle, to have the wounded picked up. He would not take rest himself till he had paid to his soldiers those attentions to which they had such good right. In obedience to his orders, none of them had quitted the ranks to carry away the wounded. The ground was, in consequence, strewed with them for a space of more than three leagues. It was covered more especially with Russian corpses. The field of battle was an awful spectacle. But this sight affected the old soldiers of the Revolution very slightly. Accustomed to the horrors of war, they regarded wounds and death as a natural sequence of battles, and as trifles in the presence of victory. They were intoxicated with joy, and raised boisterous acclamations when they perceived the group of officers which marked the presence of Napoleon. His return to the headquarters, which had been established at the post-house of Posoritz, had the appearance of a triumphal procession.

That spirit, in which such bitter pangs were one day to succeed such exquisite joys, tasted at that moment the delights of the most magnificent and the most deserved success; for, if victory is frequently a pure favor of chance, it was in this instance the reward of admirable combinations. Napoleon, in fact, guessing with the penetration of genius, that the Russians designed to wrest the Vienna road from him, and that they would then place themselves between him and the ponds, had, by his very attitude, encouraged them to come thither; since, weakening his right, reinforcing his centre, he had thrown himself upon the heights of Pratzen, abandoned by them, cut them thus in two, and flung them into a gulf, from which they could not escape. The greater part of his troops, kept in reserve, had scarcely been brought into action, so strong did a just conclusion render his position, and so well also did the valor of his soldiers permit him to bring them forward in inferior number before the enemy. It may be said that, out of 65,000 French, 45,000 at most had been engaged; for Bernadotte's corps, the grenadiers, and the infantry of the guard had exchanged only a few musket-shots. Thus 45,000 French had beaten 90,000 Austro-Russians.

The results of the battle were immense: 15,000 killed or wounded, about 20,000 prisoners, among whom were ten colonels and eight generals, 180 pieces of cannon, an immense quantity of artillery and baggage-wagons—such were the losses of the enemy and the trophies of the French. The latter had to regret about 7,000 men killed and wounded.

Napoleon, having returned to his headquarters at Posoritz, there received Prince John of Lichtenstein. He treated him as a conqueror full of courtesy, and agreed to an interview with the Emperor of Austria on the day after the next, at the advanced posts of the two armies; but an armistice was not to be granted till the two Emperors of France and Austria had met and explained themselves.

On the morrow, Napoleon transferred his headquarters to Austerlitz, a mansion belonging to the family of Kaunitz. There he established himself, and determined to give the name of that mansion to the battle which the soldiers already called "the battle of the Three Emperors." It has borne and

will bear for ages the name which it received from the immortal captain who won it. He addressed to his soldiers the following proclamation:

“AUSTERLITZ, 12 Frimaire.

“Soldiers, I am satisfied with you: in the battle of Austerlitz you have justified all that I expected from your intrepidity. You have decorated your eagles with immortal glory. An army of one hundred thousand men, commanded by the Emperors of Russia and Austria, has been in less than four hours either cut in pieces or dispersed. Those who escaped your weapons are drowned in the lakes.

“Forty colors, the standards of the imperial guard of Russia, one hundred and twenty pieces of cannon, more than thirty thousand prisoners, are the result of this ever-celebrated battle. That infantry, so highly vaunted and superior in number, could not withstand your shocks, and henceforward you have no rivals to fear. Thus, in two months, the third coalition has been vanquished and dissolved. Peace cannot now be far distant; but as I promised my people before I passed the Rhine, I will make only such a peace as gives us guarantees and insures rewards to our allies.

“Soldiers, when all that is necessary to secure the welfare and the prosperity of our country is accomplished, I will lead you back to France: there you will be the object of my tenderest concern. My people will see you again with joy, and it will be sufficient to say, I was at the battle of Austerlitz, for them to reply, There is a brave man.

“NAPOLÉON.”

The two vanquished monarchs were very cool towards each other. The Emperor Francis wished to confer with the Emperor Alexander before he went to the interview agreed upon with Napoleon. Both thought that they ought to solicit an armistice and peace, for it was impossible to continue the struggle. Alexander was desirous, though he did not acknowledge it, that himself and his army should be saved as soon as possible from the consequences of an impetuous pursuit, such as might be apprehended from Napoleon. As for the conditions, he left his ally to settle them as he pleased.

The Emperor Francis accordingly set out for Nasiedlowitz, a village situated midway to the mansion of Austerlitz, and there, near the mill of Paleny, between Nasiedlowitz and Urschitz, amidst the French and Austrian advanced posts, he found Napoleon waiting for him before a bivouac fire kindled by his soldiers. Napoleon had had the politeness to arrive first. He went to meet the Emperor Francis, received him

as he alighted from his carriage, and embraced him. The Austrian monarch, encouraged by the welcome of his all-powerful foe, had a long conversation with him. The principal officers of the two armies, standing aside, beheld with great curiosity the extraordinary spectacle of the successor of the Cæsars vanquished and soliciting peace of the crowned soldier, whom the French Revolution had raised to the pinnacle of human greatness.

Napoleon apologized to the Emperor Francis for receiving him in such a place. "Such are the palaces," said he, "which your Majesty has obliged me to inhabit for these three months."—"The abode in them," replied the Austrian monarch, "makes you so thriving, that you have no right to be angry with me for it."—The conversation then turned upon the general state of affairs, Napoleon insisting that he had been forced into the war against his will, at a moment when he least expected it, and when he was exclusively engaged with England; the Emperor of Austria affirming that he had been urged to take arms solely by the designs of France in regard to Italy. Napoleon declared that, on the conditions already specified to M. de Giulay, and which he had no need to repeat, he was ready to sign a peace. The Emperor Francis, without explaining himself on this subject, wished to know how Napoleon was disposed in regard to the Russian army. Napoleon first required that the Emperor Francis should separate his cause from that of the Emperor Alexander, and that the Russian army should retire by regulated marches from the Austrian territories, and promised to grant him an armistice on this condition. As for peace with Russia, he added, that would be settled afterwards, for this peace concerned him alone.—"Take my advice," said Napoleon to the Emperor Francis, "do not mix up your cause with that of the Emperor Alexander. Russia alone can now wage only a *fancy war* in Europe. Vanquished, she retires to her deserts, and you, you pay with your provinces the costs of the war." The forcible language of Napoleon expressed but too well the state of things in Europe between that great empire and the rest of the continent. The Emperor Francis pledged his word as a man and a sovereign not to renew the

war, and above all to listen no more to the suggestions of powers which had nothing to lose in the struggle. He agreed to an armistice for himself and for the Emperor Alexander, an armistice, the condition of which was that the Russians should retire by regulated marches, and that the Austrian cabinet should immediately send negotiators empowered to sign a separate peace with France.

Napoleon proceeded from the mansion of Austerlitz to Brünn, to which place he had required M. de Talleyrand to repair, in order to settle the conditions of the peace which could be no longer doubtful, since the resources of Austria were exhausted; and Russia, eager to obtain an armistice, was drawing off her army in the utmost haste into Poland. While the war of the first coalition had lasted five years, that of the second coalition, two; the war raised by the third had lasted three months, so irresistible had become the power of revolutionary France, concentrated in a single hand, and so able and prompt was that hand to strike those whom it proposed to reach. The course of events had actually been such as Napoleon had marked out beforehand in his cabinet at Boulogne. He had taken the Austrians at Ulm almost without striking a blow; he had crushed the Russians at Austerlitz, and extricated Italy by the mere effect of his offensive march upon Vienna, and reduced the attacks on Hanover and Naples to sheer acts of imprudence. The latter, in particular, after the battle of Austerlitz, was but a disastrous folly for the house of Bourbon. Europe was at the feet of Napoleon, and Prussia was soon destined to find herself at the mercy of the captain whom she had offended and betrayed.

—L. A. THIERS.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

Napoleon re-entered Paris on the 20th of March, and by the end of May, besides sending a force into La Vendée to put down the armed risings of the Royalists in that province, and besides providing troops under Masséna and Suchet for the defense of the southern frontiers of France, he had an army assembled in the northeast for active operations under his own command, which amounted to between 120,000

and 130,000 men, with a superb park of artillery, and in the highest possible state of equipment, discipline and efficiency. The approach of the many Russians, Austrians, Bavarians, and other foes of the French Emperor, to the Rhine was necessarily slow; but the two most active of the allied powers had occupied Belgium with their troops while Napoleon was organizing his forces. Marshal Blücher was there with 116,000 Prussians, and the Duke of Wellington was there also with about 106,000 troops, either British or in British pay. Napoleon determined to attack these enemies in Belgium.

The triple chain of strong fortresses which the French possessed on the Belgian frontier formed a curtain, behind which Napoleon was able to concentrate his army, and to conceal till the very last moment the precise line of attack which he intended to take. On the other hand, Blücher and Wellington were obliged to canton their troops along a line of open country of considerable length, so as to watch for the outbreak of Napoleon from whichever point of his chain of strongholds he should please to make it. Blücher, with his army, occupied the banks of the Sambre and the Meuse, from Liége on his left, to Charleroi on his right; and the Duke of Wellington covered Brussels, his cantonments being partly in front of that city, and between it and the French frontier, and partly on its west; their extreme right being at Courtray and Tournay, while their left approached Charleroi and communicated with the Prussian right.

On the 15th of June the French army was suddenly in motion, and crossed the frontier in three columns, which were pointed upon Charleroi and its vicinity. The French line of advance upon Brussels, which city Napoleon resolved to occupy, thus lay right through the centre of the allies. The Prussian general rapidly concentrated his forces, calling them in from the left, and the English general concentrated his, calling them in from the right toward the menaced centre of the combined position. On the morning of the 16th, Blücher was in position at Ligny, to the northeast of Charleroi, with 80,000 men. Wellington's troops were concentrating at Quatre Bras, which lies due north of Charleroi, and is about nine miles from Ligny. On the 16th, Napoleon in person

attacked Blücher, and, after a long and obstinate battle, defeated him, and compelled the Prussian army to retire northward toward Wavre. On the same day, Marshal Ney, with a large part of the French army, attacked the English troops at Quatre Bras, and a very severe engagement took place, in which Ney failed in defeating the British, but succeeded in preventing their sending any help to Blücher, who was being beaten by the Emperor at Ligny. On the news of Blücher's defeat at Ligny reaching Wellington, he foresaw that the Emperor's army would now be directed upon him, and he accordingly retreated, in order to restore his communications with his ally. During the 17th, therefore, Wellington retreated, being pursued, but little molested by the main French army, over about half the space between Quatre Bras and Brussels. This brought him again parallel, on a line running from west to east, with Blücher, who was at Wavre. Having ascertained that the Prussian army, though beaten on the 16th, was not broken, and having received a promise from its general to march to his assistance, Wellington determined to halt, and to give battle to the French Emperor in the position, which, from a village in its neighborhood, has received the ever-memorable name of the field of WATERLOO.

When, after a very hard-fought and a long-doubtful day, Napoleon had succeeded in driving back the Prussian army from Ligny, and had resolved on marching himself to assail the English, he sent, on the 17th, Marshal Grouchy with 30,000 men to pursue the defeated Prussians, and to prevent their marching to aid the Duke of Wellington. Great recriminations passed afterward between the Marshal and the Emperor as to how this duty was attempted to be performed, and the reasons why Grouchy failed on the 18th to arrest the lateral movement of the Prussian troops from Wavre toward Waterloo. It may be sufficient to remark that Grouchy was not sent in pursuit of Blücher till late on the 17th, and that the force given to him was insufficient to make head against the whole Prussian army; for Blücher's men, though they were beaten back, and suffered severe loss at Ligny, were neither routed nor disheartened; and they were joined at Wavre by a large division of their comrades under General Bülow, who

had taken no part in the battle of the 16th, and who were fresh for the march to Waterloo against the French on the 18th. But the failure of Grouchy was in truth mainly owing to the indomitable heroism of Blücher himself, who, though severely injured in the battle at Ligny, was as energetic and active as ever in bringing his men into action again, and who had the resolution to expose a part of his army, under Thielmann, to be overwhelmed by Grouchy at Wavre on the 18th, while he urged the march of the mass of his troops upon Waterloo. "It is not at Wavre, but at Waterloo," said the old field-marshal, "that the campaign is to be decided;" and he risked a detachment and won the campaign accordingly. Wellington and Blücher trusted each other as cordially, and co-operated as zealously, as formerly had been the case with Marlborough and Eugene. It was in full reliance on Blücher's promise to join him that the Duke stood his ground and fought at Waterloo.

The strength of the army under the Duke of Wellington was 49,608 infantry, 12,402 cavalry, and 5,645 artillery-men, with 156 guns. But of this total of 67,655 men, scarcely 24,000 were British, a circumstance of very serious importance if Napoleon's own estimate of the relative value of troops of different nations is to be taken. In the Emperor's own words, speaking of this campaign, "A French soldier would not be equal to more than one English soldier, but he would not be afraid to meet two Dutchmen, Prussians, or soldiers of the Confederation." There were about 6,000 men of the old German Legion with the duke; these were veteran troops, and of excellent quality. But the rest of the army was made up of Hanoverians, Brunswickers, Nassauers, Dutch, and Belgians, many of whom were tried soldiers, and fought well; but many had been lately levied, and not a few were justly suspected of a strong wish to fight under the French eagles rather than against them.

Napoleon's army at Waterloo consisted of 48,950 infantry, 15,765 cavalry, 7,232 artillery-men, being a total of 71,947 men and 246 guns. They were the *élite* of the national forces of France; and of all the numerous gallant armies which that martial land has poured forth, never was there one

braver, or better disciplined, or better led, than the host that took up its position at Waterloo on the morning of the 18th of June, 1815.

The field of battle was a valley, two or three miles long, of various breadths at different points, but generally not exceeding half a mile. On each side of the valley there is a winding chain of low hills, running somewhat parallel with each other. The declivity from each of these ranges of hills to the intervening valley is gentle but not uniform, the undulations of the ground being frequent and considerable. The English army was posted on the northern, and the French army occupied the southern ridge. The artillery of each side thundered at the other from their respective heights throughout the day, and the charges of horse and foot were made across the valley that has been described. The village of Mont St. Jean is situated a little behind the centre of the northern chain of hills, and the village of La Belle Alliance is close behind the centre of the southern ridge. The high road from Charleroi to Brussels runs through both these villages, and bisects, therefore, both the English and the French positions. The line of this road was the line of Napoleon's intended advance on Brussels.

The strength of the British position did not consist merely in the occupation of a ridge of high ground. A village and ravine, called Merk Braine, on the Duke of Wellington's extreme right, secured him from having his flank turned on that side; and on his extreme left, two little hamlets, called La Haye and Papillote, gave a similar though slighter protection. It was, however, less necessary to provide for this extremity of the position, as it was on this (the eastern) side that the Prussians were coming up. Behind the whole British position is the great and extensive forest of Soignies. As no attempt was made by the French to turn either of the English flanks, and the battle was a day of straightforward fighting, it is chiefly important to see what posts there were in front of the British line of hills of which advantage could be taken either to repel or facilitate an attack; and it will be found that there were two, and that each was of very great importance in the action. In front of the British right, on the northern slope

of the valley toward its western end, there stood an old-fashioned Flemish farm-house, called Hougoumont, with out-buildings and a garden, and with a copse of beech-trees of about two acres in extent around it. This was strongly garrisoned by the allied troops; and so long as it was in their possession, it was difficult for the enemy to press on and force the British right wing. Almost immediately in front of the British centre, and not so far down the slope as Hougoumont, there was another farm-house, of a smaller size, called La Haye Sainte, which was also held by the British troops, and the occupation of which was found to be of very serious consequence.

With respect to the French position, the principal feature was the village of Planchenoit, which lay a little in the rear of their right, on the eastern side, and which proved to be of great importance in aiding them to check the advance of the Prussians.

The Prussians, on the morning of the 18th, were at Wavre, about twelve miles to the east of the field of battle at Waterloo. The junction of Bülow's division had more than made up for the loss sustained at Ligny; and leaving Thielmann, with about 17,000 men, to hold his ground as he best could against the attack which Grouchy was about to make on Wavre, Bülow and Blücher moved with the rest of the Prussians upon Waterloo. It was calculated that they would be there by three o'clock; but the extremely difficult nature of the ground which they had to traverse, rendered worse by the torrents of rain that had just fallen, delayed them long on their twelve miles' march.

The night of the 17th was wet and stormy; and when the dawn of the memorable 18th of June broke, the rain was still descending heavily. The French and British armies rose from their dreary bivouacs and began to form, each on the high ground which it occupied. Toward nine the weather grew clearer, and each army was able to watch the position and arrangements of the other on the opposite side of the valley.

The Duke of Wellington drew up his infantry in two lines, the second line being composed principally of Dutch and Bel-

gian troops, whose fidelity was doubtful, and of those regiments of other nations which had suffered most severely at Quatre Bras on the 16th. The second line was posted on the northern declivity of the hills, so as to be sheltered from the French cannonade. The cavalry was stationed at intervals along the line in the rear, the largest force of horse being collected on the left of the centre, to the east of the Charleroi road. On the opposite heights the French army was drawn up in two general lines, with the entire force of the Imperial Guards, cavalry as well as infantry, in rear of the center, as a reserve. English military critics have highly eulogized the admirable arrangement which Napoleon made of his forces of each arm, so as to give him the most ample means of sustaining, by an immediate and sufficient support, any attack, from whatever point he might direct it, and of drawing promptly together a strong force, to resist any attack that might be made on himself in any part of the field. When his troops were all arrayed, he rode along the lines receiving everywhere the most enthusiastic cheers from his men, of whose entire devotion to him his assurance was now doubly sure. On the northern side of the valley the duke's army was also arrayed, and ready to meet the menaced attack.

The two armies were now fairly in presence of each other, and their mutual observation was governed by the most intense interest and the most scrutinizing anxiety. In a still greater degree did these feelings actuate their commanders, while watching each other's preparatory movements, and minutely scanning the surface of the arena on which tactical skill, habitual prowess, physical strength, and moral courage were to decide, not alone their own, but, in all probability, the fate of Europe. Apart from national interests and considerations, and viewed solely in connection with the opposite characters of the two illustrious chiefs, the approaching contest was contemplated with anxious solicitude by the whole military world. Need this create surprise when we reflect that the struggle was one for mastery between the far-famed conqueror of Italy and the victorious liberator of the Peninsula: between the triumphant vanquisher of Eastern Europe, and the bold and successful invader of the south of France?

Never was the issue of a single battle looked forward to as involving consequences of such vast importance—of such universal influence.

It was approaching noon before the action commenced. Napoleon, in his Memoirs, gives as the reason for this delay, the miry state of the ground through the heavy rain of the preceding night and day, which rendered it impossible for cavalry or artillery to manœuvre on it till a few hours of dry weather had given it its natural consistency. It has been supposed, also, that he trusted to the effect which the sight of the imposing array of his own forces was likely to produce on the part of the allied army. The Belgian regiments had been tampered with; and Napoleon had well-founded hopes of seeing them quit the Duke of Wellington in a body, and range themselves under his own eagles. The duke, however, who knew and did not trust them, had guarded against the risk of this by breaking up the corps of Belgians, and distributing them in separate regiments among troops on whom he could rely.

At half-past eleven o'clock, Napoleon began the battle by directing a powerful force from his left wing under his brother, Prince Jerome, to attack Hougoumont. Column after column of the French now descended from the west of the southern heights, and assailed that post with fiery valor, which was encountered with the most determined bravery. The French won the copse around the house; but a party of the British Guards held the house itself throughout the day. Amid shell and shot, and the blazing fragments of part of the buildings, this obstinate contest was continued. But still the English held Hougoumont, though the French occasionally moved forward in such numbers as enabled them to surround and mask this post with part of their troops from their left wing, while others pressed onward up the slope, and assailed the British right.

The cannonade, which commenced at first between the British right and the French left, in consequence of the attack on Hougoumont, soon became general along both lines; and about one o'clock Napoleon directed a grand attack to be made under Marshal Ney upon the center and left wing of

the allied army. For this purpose four columns of infantry, amounting to about 18,000 men, were collected, supported by a strong division of cavalry under the celebrated Kellermann, and seventy-four guns were brought forward ready to be posted on the ridge of a little undulation of the ground in the interval between the two main ranges of heights, so as to bring their fire to bear on the duke's line at a range of about seven hundred yards. By the combined assault of these formidable forces, led on by Ney, "the bravest of the brave," Napoleon hoped to force the left center of the British position, to take La Haye Sainte, and then, pressing forward, to occupy also the farm of Mont St. Jean. He then could cut the mass of Wellington's troops off from their line of retreat upon Brussels, and from their own left, and also completely sever them from any Prussian troops that might be approaching.

The columns destined for this great and decisive operation descended majestically from the French range of hills, and gained the ridge of the intervening eminence, on which the batteries that supported them were now ranged. As the columns descended again from this eminence, the seventy-four guns opened over their heads with terrible effect upon the troops of the allies that were stationed on the heights to the left of the Charleroi Road. One of the French columns kept to the east, and attacked the extreme left of the allies; the other three continued to move rapidly forward upon the left center of the allied position. The front line of the allies here was composed of Bylandt's brigade of Dutch and Belgians. As the French columns moved up the southward slope of the height on which the Dutch and Belgians stood, and the skirmishers in advance began to open their fire, Bylandt's entire brigade turned and fled in disgraceful and disorderly panic; but there were men more worthy of the name behind.

The second line of the allies here consisted of two brigades of English infantry, which had suffered severely at Quatre Bras. But they were under Picton, and not even Ney himself surpassed in resolute bravery that stern and fiery spirit. Picton brought his two brigades forward, side by side, in a thin two-deep line. Thus joined together, they were not

3,000 strong. With these Picton had to make head against the three victorious French columns, upward of four times that strength, and who, encouraged by the easy rout of the Dutch and Belgians, now came confidently over the ridge of the hill. The British infantry stood firm ; and as the French halted and began to deploy into line, Picton seized the critical moment : a close and deadly volley was thrown in upon them, and then with a fierce hurrah the British dashed in with the bayonet. The French reeled back in confusion ; and as they staggered down the hill, a brigade of the English cavalry rode in on them, cutting them down by whole battalions, and taking 2,000 prisoners. The British cavalry galloped forward and sabered the artillerymen of Ney's seventy-four advanced guns ; and then cutting the traces and the throats of the horses, rendered these guns totally useless to the French throughout the remainder of the day. In the excitement of success, the English cavalry continued to press on, but were charged in their turn, and driven back with severe loss by Milhaud's cuirassiers.

This great attack (in repelling which the brave Picton had fallen) had now completely failed ; and, at the same time, a powerful body of French cuirassiers, who were advancing along the right of the Charleroi road, had been fairly beaten, after a close hand-to-hand fight, by the heavy cavalry of the English household brigade. Hougoumont was still being assailed, and was successfully resisting. Troops were now beginning to appear at the edge of the horizon on Napoleon's right, which he too well knew to be Prussian, though he endeavored to persuade his followers that they were Grouchy's men coming to aid them. It was now about half-past three o'clock ; and though Wellington's army had suffered severely by the unremitting cannonade and in the late desperate encounter, no part of the British position had been forced. Napoleon next determined to try what effect he could produce on the British center and right by charges of his splendid cavalry, brought on in such force that the duke's cavalry could not check them. Fresh troops were at the same time set to assail La Haye Sainte and Hougoumont, the possession of these posts being the Emperor's unceasing object. Squad-

ron after squadron of the French cuirassiers accordingly ascended the slopes on the duke's right, and rode forward with dauntless courage against the batteries of the British artillery in that part of the field. The artillerymen were driven from their guns, and the cuirassiers cheered loudly at their supposed triumph. But the duke had formed his infantry in squares, and the cuirassiers charged in vain against the impenetrable hedges of bayonets, while the fire from the inner ranks of the squares told with terrible effect on their own squadrons. Time after time they rode forward with invariably the same result; and as they receded from each attack, the British artillerymen rushed forward from the centers of the squares, where they had taken refuge, and plied their guns on the retiring horsemen. Nearly the whole of Napoleon's magnificent body of heavy cavalry was destroyed in these fruitless attempts upon the British right. But in another part of the field fortune favored him for a time. Donzelot's infantry took La Haye Sainte between six and seven o'clock, and the means were now given for organizing another formidable attack on the center of the allies.

There was no time to be lost: Blücher and Bülow were beginning to press upon the French right; as early as five o'clock, Napoleon had been obliged to detach Lobau's infantry and Domont's horse to check these new enemies. This was done for a time; but, as large numbers of the Prussians came on the field, they turned Lobau's left, and sent a strong force to seize the village of Planchenoit, which, it will be remembered, lay in the rear of the French right. Napoleon was now obliged to send his Young Guard to occupy that village, which was accordingly held by them with great gallantry against the reiterated assaults of the Prussian left under Bülow. But the force remaining under Napoleon was now numerically inferior to that under the Duke of Wellington, which he had been assailing throughout the day, without gaining any other advantage than the capture of La Haye Sainte. It is true that the duke was obliged to rely exclusively on his English and German soldiers, and the ranks of these had been fearfully thinned; but the survivors stood their ground heroically, and still opposed

a resolute front to every forward movement of their enemies. Napoleon had then the means of effecting a retreat. His Old Guard had yet taken no part in the action. Under cover of it, he might have withdrawn his shattered forces and retired upon the French frontier. But this would only have given the English and Prussians the opportunity of completing their junction; and he knew that other armies were fast coming up to aid them in a march upon Paris, if he should succeed in avoiding an encounter with them, and retreating upon the capital. A victory at Waterloo was his only alternative from utter ruin, and he determined to employ his Guard in one bold stroke more to make that victory his own.

Between seven and eight o'clock the infantry of the Old Guard was formed into two columns, on the declivity near La Belle Alliance. Ney was placed at their head. Napoleon himself rode forward to a spot by which his veterans were to pass; and as they approached he raised his arm, and pointed to the position of the allies, as if to tell them that their path lay there. They answered with loud cries of "*Vive l'Empereur!*" and descended the hill from their own side into that "valley of the shadow of death," while their batteries thundered with redoubled vigor over their heads upon the British line. The line of march of the columns of the Guard was directed between Hougomont and La Haye Sainte, against the British right center; and at the same time, Donzelot and the French, who had possession of La Haye Sainte, commenced a fierce attack upon the British center, a little more to its left. This part of the battle has drawn less attention than the celebrated attack of the Old Guard; but it formed the most perilous crisis for the allied army; and if the Young Guard had been there to support Donzelot, instead of being engaged with the Prussians at Planchenoit, the consequences to the allies in that part of the field must have been most serious. The French tirailleurs, who were posted in clouds in La Haye Sainte, and the sheltered spots near it, completely disabled the artillerymen of the English batteries near them; and taking advantage of the crippled state of the English guns, the French brought some field-pieces up to La Haye Sainte, and commenced firing grape from them on

the infantry of the allies, at a distance of not more than a hundred paces. The allied infantry here consisted of some German brigades, who were formed in squares, as it was believed that Donzelot had cavalry ready behind La Haye Sainte to charge them with, if they left that order of formation. In this state the Germans remained for some time with heroic fortitude, though the grape-shot was tearing gaps in their ranks, and the side of one square was literally blown away by one tremendous volley which the French gunners poured into it. The Prince of Orange in vain endeavored to lead some Nassau troops to their aid. The Nassauers would not or could not face the French; and some battalions of Brunswickers, whom the Duke of Wellington had ordered up as a re-enforcement, at first fell back until the duke in person rallied them and led them on. The Duke then galloped off to the right to head his men who were exposed to the attack of the Imperial Guard. He had saved one part of his center from being routed; but the French had gained ground here, and the pressure on the allied line was severe, until it was relieved by the decisive success which the British in the right center achieved over the columns of the Guard.

The British troops on the crest of that part of the position which the first column of Napoleon's Guards assailed, were Maitland's brigade of British Guards, having Adam's brigade on their right. Maitland's men were lying down, in order to avoid, as far as possible, the destructive effect of the French artillery, which kept up an unremitting fire from the opposite heights, until the first column of the Imperial Guard had advanced so far up the slope toward the British position that any further firing of the French artillerymen would endanger their own comrades. Meanwhile, the British guns were not idle; but shot and shell plowed fast through the ranks of the stately array of veterans that still moved imposingly on. Several of the French superior officers were at its head. Ney's horse was shot under him; but he still led the way on foot, sword in hand. The front of the massy column now was on the ridge of the hill. To their surprise, they saw no troops before them. All they could discern through the smoke was a small band of mounted officers. One of them was the Duke

himself. The French advanced to about fifty yards from where the British Guards were lying down, when the voice of one of the band of British officers was heard calling, as if to the ground before him, "Up, Guards, and at them!" It was the Duke who gave the order; and at the words, as if by magic, up started before them a line of the British Guards, four deep, and in the most compact and perfect order. They poured an instantaneous volley upon the head of the French column, by which no less than three hundred of those chosen veterans are said to have fallen. The French officers rushed forward, and, conspicuous in front of their men, attempted to deploy them into a more extended line, so as to enable them to reply with effect to the British fire. But Maitland's brigade kept showering in volley after volley with deadly rapidity. The decimated column grew disordered in its vain efforts to expand itself into a more efficient formation. The right word was given at the right moment to the British for the bayonet charge, and the brigade sprang forward with a loud cheer against their dismayed antagonists. In an instant the compact mass of the French spread out into a rabble, and they fled back down the hill, pursued by Maitland's men, who, however, returned to their position in time to take part in the repulse of the second column of the Imperial Guard.

This column also advanced with great spirit and firmness under the cannonade which was opened on it, and, passing by the eastern wall of Hougoumont, diverged slightly to the right as it moved up the slope toward the British position, so as to approach the same spot where the first column had surmounted the height and been defeated. This enabled the British regiments of Adam's brigade to form a line parallel to the left flank of the French column, so that while the front of this column of French Guards had to encounter the cannonade of the British batteries, and the musketry of Maitland's Guards, its left flank was assailed with a destructive fire by a four-deep body of British infantry, extending all along it. In such a position all the bravery and skill of the French veterans were vain. The second column, like its predecessor, broke and fled, taking at first a lateral direction along the front of the British line toward the rear of La Haye Sainte, and so

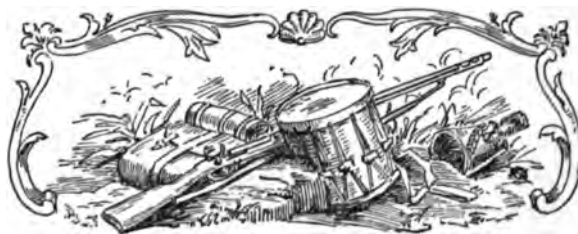
becoming blended with the divisions of French infantry, which, under Donzelot, had been pressing the allies so severely in that quarter. The sight of the Old Guard, broken and in flight, checked the ardor which Donzelot's troops had hitherto displayed. They, too, began to waver. Adam's victorious brigade was pressing after the flying Guard, and now cleared away the assailants of the allied center.

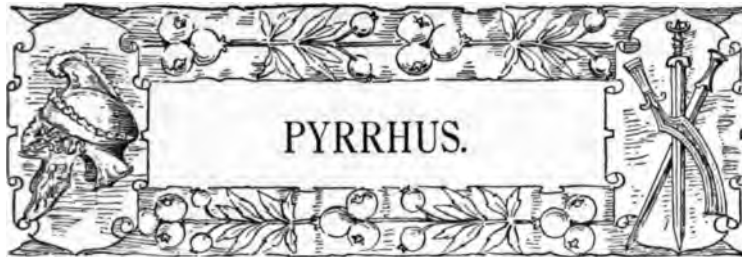
But the battle was not yet won. Napoleon had still some battalions in reserve near La Belle Alliance. He was rapidly rallying the remains of the first column of his Guards, and he had collected into one body the remnants of the various corps of cavalry which had suffered so severely in the earlier part of the day. The Duke instantly formed the bold resolution of now himself becoming the assailant, and leading his successful though enfeebled army forward, while the disheartening effect of the repulse of the Imperial Guard on the French army was still strong, and before Napoleon and Ney could rally the beaten veterans themselves for another and a fiercer charge. As the close approach of the Prussians now completely protected the Duke's left, he had drawn some reserves of horse from that quarter, and he had a brigade of Hussars under Vivian fresh and ready at hand. Without a moment's hesitation he launched these against the cavalry near La Belle Alliance. The charge was as successful as it was daring; and as there was now no hostile cavalry to check the British infantry in a forward movement, the Duke gave the long-wished-for command for a general advance of the army along the whole line upon the foe.

It was now past eight o'clock, and for nine deadly hours had the British and German regiments stood unflinching under the fire of artillery, the charge of cavalry, and every variety of assault that the compact columns or the scattered tirailleurs of the enemy's infantry could inflict. As they joyously sprung forward against the discomfited masses of the French, the setting sun broke through the clouds which had obscured the sky during the greater part of the day, and glittered on the bayonets of the allies, while they in turn poured down into the valley and toward the heights that were held by the foe. Almost the whole of the French host was now in

irretrievable confusion. The Prussian army was coming more and more rapidly forward on their right, and the Young Guard, which had held Planchenoit so bravely, was at last compelled to give way. Some regiments of the Old Guard in vain endeavored to form in squares. They were swept away to the rear; and then Napoleon himself fled from the last of his many fields, to become in a few weeks a captive and an exile. The battle was lost by France past all recovery. The victorious armies of England and Prussia, meeting on the scene of their triumph, continued to press forward and overwhelm every attempt that was made to stem the tide of ruin. The British army, exhausted by its toils and suffering during that dreadful day, did not urge the pursuit beyond the heights which the enemy had occupied. But the Prussians drove the fugitives before them throughout the night. And of the magnificent host which had that morning cheered their Emperor in confident expectation of victory, very few were ever assembled again in arms. Their loss, both in the field and in the pursuit, was immense; and the greater number of those who escaped dispersed as soon as they crossed the frontier.

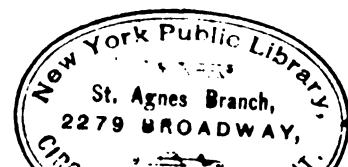
The army under the Duke of Wellington lost nearly 15,000 men in killed and wounded on this terrible day of battle. The loss of the Prussian army was nearly 7,000 more. At such a fearful price was the deliverance of Europe purchased.—SIR E. S. CREASY.





PYRRHUS, King of Epirus, occupies an interesting place in history as having been the first to bring Greece into actual contact and conflict with Rome. He was born about the year 318 B.C., and through his father claimed descent from Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles. He was a nephew of Olympias, the mother of Alexander the Great. Æacides, having excited the discontent of his subjects on account of the constant wars that he waged against the Macedonians, was driven from his kingdom. Pyrrhus, then but two years of age, was carried to Glaucias, King of the Illyrians, who cared for him and had him educated with his own children. There Pyrrhus remained for ten years, when Glaucias, with an armed force, took him back to Epirus. The Epirotes gladly received the young prince as their King, his father having been slain in battle, fighting against Cassander. A regency was appointed to govern the kingdom in the name of Pyrrhus.

For five years all had remained quiet, and Pyrrhus went to Illyria to attend the wedding festivities of the son of Glaucias. During his absence a revolution took place, his treasure was seized and his friends killed or put to flight. Cassander had induced the Molossians to expel their King. The banished Pyrrhus, now seventeen years of age, joined Demetrius against Cassander, and received a command. In the great battle of Ipsus, 301 B.C., which terminated so unhappily for Demetrius, Pyrrhus gave the first proofs of his impetuous courage. After the battle he went over from Asia to Greece, and endeavored



to save the remnant of the forces of Demetrius. When Ptolemy, King of Egypt, made peace with him, Pyrrhus, whose sister Deidamia had been married to Demetrius, went as a hostage to Alexandria. Here he won the esteem of Berenice, the King's favorite wife, who gave him her daughter Antigone in marriage. She also persuaded Ptolemy to provide Pyrrhus with a fleet and money to enable him to regain his kingdom.

Pyrrhus, on his arrival, agreed to share the throne with Neoptolemus, whom the Molossians, during his absence, had raised to the throne. But Neoptolemus, through jealousy, attempted the life of Pyrrhus, and the latter had him put to death, 295 B.C. When Deidamia died, Demetrius ruthlessly seized Lanassa, the second wife of Pyrrhus. Upon this a war broke out between these two kings, lately intimate friends and both able generals. On the march the two armies passed each other without being aware of the fact; and whilst Demetrius ravaged Epirus, Pyrrhus entering Ætolia, encountered an army under Pantauchus, by far the most skillful of the generals of Demetrius. Pantauchus challenged Pyrrhus to single combat, in which the Macedonian received two severe wounds; and was conquered. The Epirotes, encouraged by this victory, slaughtered many of the Macedonians, took 5,000 prisoners and drove the remainder from the country. Pyrrhus now invaded Macedonia, and by his mild conduct succeeded in winning over nearly the whole of the army of Demetrius. In 287 B.C., he was proclaimed King of Macedonia. Demetrius fled into Asia. Pyrrhus divided the kingdom with Lysimachus; but soon a quarrel arose. Lysimachus induced the Macedonians to desert the King of Epirus, and the latter, without offering any resistance, withdrew from Macedonia about 283 B.C.

Pyrrhus now enjoyed two years of peace; but in 281 B.C., he was requested by the people of Tarentum, on the southern coast of Italy, to assist them against the Romans. The Tarentines had intercepted and destroyed some Roman vessels, and when Rome sent an envoy to demand reparation, had recklessly insulted him. To secure the help of Pyrrhus the Tarentines held out extravagant inducements. Cineas, a

trusted diplomatist, was sent first with 3,000 soldiers, and Pyrrhus followed in Tarentine vessels of transport with an army of 3,000 horse, 2,000 foot, 2,500 bowmen and slingers, and 20 elephants. He left his son Ptolemæus, then only fifteen years of age, as guardian of his kingdom. The transports were caught in a terrific storm, many were wrecked, only a few horsemen escaped, and 2,000 foot and two elephants were lost. Pyrrhus, on arriving at Tarentum, assumed dictatorial power, so that the Tarentines were soon weary of his rule, and the allies which they had promised failed to make appearance. Meantime the Roman Consul Lævinus entered Lucania with a large army. Pyrrhus marched to meet him. Wishing, however, to defer a battle until the arrival of his Greek allies, he sent to the Roman Consul offering to act as mediator between the Romans and the Italian Greeks. The haughty answer of Lævinus at once put a stop to all negotiation. The Romans, who were encamped on the left bank of the river Siris, offered battle.

For the first time in history, Greeks and Romans met in battle at Heraclea, and it was more from the terror inspired by a charge of elephants than by the Macedonian phalanx that the Romans were disconcerted. The battle, however, lasted the whole day, and ended in the flight of the remnant of the Roman army. They lost, according to one historian, 15,000 men, whilst Pyrrhus purchased his success with the loss of 13,000 men; another historian makes these losses 7,000 and 4,000 respectively. "Another such victory," said Pyrrhus, "would be worse than a defeat." Although Pyrrhus now offered terms of peace which he thought the Romans would accept, the republic, undaunted by defeat, refused to treat with an enemy in arms. Pyrrhus took up his winter quarters at Tarentum, after ravaging all the country as far as Anagnia. During the winter the Romans sent an embassy to negotiate for an exchange of prisoners. Pyrrhus refused their proposal unless they at the same time accepted his terms of peace, yet he allowed the prisoners to go to Rome to celebrate the Saturnalia, with the understanding that if peace was not concluded they should return after the festival. The Senate persisted in the refusal to negotiate peace with him, and such

was the Roman sense of honor, that all the captives were sent back to Pyrrhus, at the conclusion of the festival.

In 279 B.C., Pyrrhus again defeated the Roman army, under the command of the Consuls P. Sulpicius and P. Decius, in the neighborhood of Asculum in Apulia. The Romans lost 6,000 and Pyrrhus 3,500 soldiers. Although victorious, he at once fell back on Tarentum, and is said to have exclaimed, "One more such victory and I am undone!" In 278 B.C., a physician in the retinue of Pyrrhus proposed to the Roman Consul, C. Fabricius, to destroy his lord by poison. The Consul apprised Pyrrhus of his danger, and he in gratitude sent Cineas to their camp laden with rich presents and returned all the prisoners. The Romans sent back all the Tarentine prisoners and other allies of Pyrrhus, and a truce was concluded. But the position of the invader at last became untenable.

Pyrrhus, leaving a small force at Tarentum for its defence, sailed to Sicily to aid the Greeks in that island against the Carthaginians. Almost all the towns of Sicily received him joyfully. He besieged and took Eryx and subdued the Mamertines, exacting from them heavy tributes. He finally drove the Carthaginians from Sicily, and was about to make a descent upon Africa, when he offended the Sicilian Greeks by forcing them to man his vessels. The two leading men among them excited his suspicions. One of these he put to death; and their compatriots threw themselves again under the protection of the Carthaginians and called in the Mamertines to assist them. Pyrrhus at once quitted the island, sailing to Italy. On the voyage he was attacked by the Carthaginian fleet, which destroyed seventy of his ships. When he landed in Italy he was compelled to rob the Temple of Proserpine of the sacred treasures in order to pay his soldiers. On his march towards Tarentum, he was attacked by large bodies of Mamertines, who had come over from Sicily before him. A huge barbarian here again challenged him to single combat, and Pyrrhus, accepting the challenge, cut him in two with a stroke of his sword. This proof of his courage put an end to the attacks of the Mamertines, and he at length reached Tarentum.

While Pyrrhus had been in Sicily, the Roman legions had quickly reduced his allies on the peninsula. The Republic had sent out two consular armies, one under Manius Curius, who marched to meet Pyrrhus; the other under L. Cornelius Lentulus, who took up his position in Lucania, 275 B.C. Pyrrhus sent part of his army to separate these two forces. Curius attacked the army of the King near Beneventum. The legionaries had now learned to turn the elephants against their own masters. These animals, frightened and infuriated by burning arrows, which the Romans showered on them, put the King's army in disorder, and were the cause of a complete defeat. The Romans seized his camp; Pyrrhus escaped with only a few horsemen to Tarentum. Shortly he sailed for Epirus with the greater part of his troops. Milo he left behind with the garrison at Tarentum, and also his son Helenus.

Pyrrhus now invaded Macedonia, and conquered nearly the whole of that country; but before he had firmly established his power in Macedonia, he was invited by Cleonymus, a worthless Spartan, to aid in a revolt against the King Areus. Pyrrhus acquiesced and marched with an army to Sparta, ravaging and plundering the whole country as he went. King Areus was in Crete; but a determined resistance was offered by the brave inhabitants. Although Pyrrhus succeeded in forcing his way into the city of Sparta, he was driven out by the united exertions of the men, aided by their courageous women. Areus arrived; but Pyrrhus for a time avoided him, contenting himself with ravaging the country. When he marched towards Argos, Areus lay in ambush and cut off the rear of his army. Ptolemæus, who had been left behind to oppose Areus, fell in a fierce battle. Pyrrhus turned back and avenged his death, by slaying with his own hand Enalcus, who had killed his son.

Through treachery Pyrrhus was admitted into Argos, and his army took possession of the market place in the dead of night. The Argives, awakened from their sleep, sent to Antigonus, who advanced to their relief. Areus at the same time arrived. A desperate conflict ensued, and at daybreak Pyrrhus, finding that the fortified parts of the city were occu-

pied by the enemy, attempted to leave. Whilst passing through the streets, an Argive opposed his progress. The man's mother, seeing her son in danger, hurled a tile at the King, which, striking him on the head, killed him. Thus fell Pyrrhus, B.C. 273.

Pyrrhus was declared by Hannibal to be the greatest general of his time. He was a brilliant and dashing soldier in battle, but did not know how to make use of a victory. With all his marching and fighting he really accomplished nothing. Impulsively he followed any project, without thinking of the result. To his subjects he was grateful, and owned that he was indebted to them for all he possessed. From experience in war with him the Romans learned to fortify their camps, and to arrange the legion, which became even more formidable than the Macedonian phalanx.

CINEAS AND FABRICIUS.

There was at the court of Pyrrhus a Thessalian named Cineas, a man of sound sense, who, having been a disciple of Demosthenes, was the only orator of his time that presented his hearers with a lively image of the force and spirit of that great master. This man had devoted himself to Pyrrhus, and in all the embassies he was employed in, confirmed that saying of Euripides—

The gates that steel exclude, resistless eloquence shall enter.

This made Pyrrhus say, "That Cineas had gained him more cities by his address than he had won by his arms;" and he continued to heap honors and employments upon him. Cineas, now seeing Pyrrhus intent upon his preparations for Italy, took an opportunity, when he saw him at leisure, to draw him into the following conversation: "The Romans have the reputation of being excellent soldiers, and have the command of many warlike nations. If it please heaven that we conquer them, what use, sir, shall we make of our victory?" "Cineas," replied the King, "your question answers itself. When the Romans are once subdued, there is no town, whether Greek or barbarian, in all the country that will dare oppose us; but we shall immediately be masters of all Italy, whose

greatness, power and importance, no man knows better than you." Cineas, after a short pause, continued: "But after we have conquered Italy, what shall we do next, sir?" Pyrrhus, not yet perceiving his drift, replied: "There is Sicily very near, and stretches out her arms to receive us; a fruitful and populous island, and easy to be taken. For Agathocles was no sooner gone, than faction and anarchy prevailed among her cities, and everything is kept in confusion by her turbulent demagogues." "What you say, my prince," said Cineas, "is very probable; but is the taking of Sicily to conclude our expeditions?" "Far from it," answered Pyrrhus; "for if heaven grant us success in this, that success shall only be the prelude to greater things. Who can forbear Libya and Carthage, then within reach, which Agathocles, even when he fled from Syracuse, and crossed the sea with a few ships only, had almost made himself master of? And when we have made such conquest, who can pretend to say that any of our enemies, who are now so insolent, will think of resisting us?" "To be sure," said Cineas, "they will not; for it is clear that so much power will enable you to recover Macedonia, and to establish yourself uncontested sovereign of Greece. But when we have conquered all, what are we to do then?" "Why, then, my friend," said Pyrrhus, laughing, "we will take our ease, and drink and be merry." Cineas, having brought him thus far, replied: "And what hinders us from drinking and taking our ease now, when we have already those things in our hands at which we propose to arrive through seas of blood, through infinite toils and dangers, through innumerable calamities, which we must both cause and suffer?"

This discourse of Cineas gave Pyrrhus pain, but produced no reformation. He saw the certain happiness which he gave up, but was not able to forego the hopes that flattered his desires. In the first place, therefore, he sent Cineas to Tarentum with 3,000 foot, from whence there arrived, soon after, a great number of galleys, transports and boats, on board of which he put 20 elephants, 3,000 horse, 20,000 foot, 2,000 archers, and 500 slingers. When all was ready he set sail; but as soon as he was got into the midst of the Ionian Sea, he

was attacked by a violent wind, which was unusual at that season. The storm raged terribly; but by the skill and extraordinary efforts of his pilots and mariners, his ships made the Italian shore, with infinite labor and beyond all expectation. The rest of the fleet could not hold their course, but were dispersed far and wide. Some of the ships were quite beaten off from the coast of Italy, and driven into the Libyan and Sicilian sea; others, not being able to double the Cape of Iapygia, were overtaken by the night; and a great and boisterous sea driving them upon a difficult and rocky shore, they were all in the utmost distress. The King's ship, indeed, by its size and strength, resisted the force of the waves while the wind blew from the sea: but when it blew directly from the shore, the ship, as she stood with her head against it, was in danger of opening by the shocks she received. And yet to be driven off again into a tempestuous sea, while the wind continually shifted from point to point, seemed the most dreadful case of all. In this extremity Pyrrhus threw himself overboard, and was immediately followed by his friends and guards, who strove which should give him the best assistance. But the darkness of the night, and the roaring and resistance of the waves, rendered it extremely difficult to save him. At last, by daybreak, the wind being considerably fallen, with much trouble he got ashore, greatly weakened in body, but with a strength and firmness of mind which bravely combatted the distress. At the same time the Messapians, on whose coast he was cast, ran down to give him all the succor in their power. They also met with some other of his vessels that had weathered the storm, in which were a small number of horse, not quite 2,000 foot, and two elephants. With these Pyrrhus marched to Tarentum.

When Cineas was informed of this, he drew out his forces and went to meet him. Pyrrhus, upon his arrival at Tarentum, did not choose to have recourse to compulsion at first, nor to do anything against the inclination of the inhabitants, till his ships were safely arrived, and the greatest part of his forces collected. But, after this, seeing the Tarentines, so far from being in a condition to defend others, that they would not even defend themselves, except they were driven to it by

necessity ; and that they sat still at home, and spent their time about the baths or in feasting and idle talk, as expecting that he would fight for them ; he shut up the places of exercise and the walks, where they used, as they sauntered along, to conduct the war with words. He also put a stop to their unseasonable entertainments, revels and diversions. Instead of these, he called them to arms, and in his musters and reviews was severe and inexorable ; so that many of them quitted the place ; for, being unaccustomed to be under command, they called that a slavery which was not a life of pleasure.

He now received intelligence that Lævinus, the Roman Consul, was coming against him with a great army, and ravaging Lucania by the way. And though the confederates were not come up, he took the field with the troops he had. But first he sent a herald to the Romans, with proposals, before they came to extremities, to terminate their differences amicably with the Greeks in Italy, by taking him for the mediator and umpire. Lævinus answered, "that the Romans neither accepted Pyrrhus as a mediator nor feared him as an enemy." Whereupon, he marched forward, and encamped upon the plain between the cities of Pandosia and Heraclea ; and having notice that the Romans were near, and lay on the other side of the river Siris, he rode up to the river to take a view of them. When he saw the order of their troops, the appointment of their watches, and the regularity of their whole encampment, he was struck with admiration, and said to a friend who was by, "Megacles, the disposition of these barbarians has nothing of the barbarian in it ; we shall see whether the rest will answer it." He now became anxious about the result, and determining to wait for the allies, set a guard at the river to oppose the Romans if they should endeavor to pass it. The Romans, on their part, hastening to prevent the coming up of those forces which he had resolved to wait for, attempted the passage. The infantry took to the fords, and the cavalry got over wherever they could ; so that the Greeks were afraid of being surrounded, and retreated to their main body.

Pyrrhus, greatly concerned at this, ordered his foot-officers

to draw up the forces, and to stand to their arms; while he advanced with the horse, who were about 3,000, in hopes of finding the Romans yet busied in the passage, and dispersed without any order. But when he saw a great number of shields glittering above the water, and the horse preserving their ranks as they passed, he closed his own ranks and began the attack. Besides his being distinguished by the beauty and lustre of his arms, which were of very curious fabric, he performed acts of valor worthy the great reputation he had acquired. For, though he exposed his person in the hottest of the engagement, and charged with the greatest vigor, he was never in the least disturbed, nor lost his presence of mind; but gave his orders as coolly as if he had been out of the action, and moved to this side or that, as occasion required, to support his men where he saw them maintaining an unequal fight.

Leonatus of Macedon observed an Italian horseman very intent upon Pyrrhus, changing his post as he did, and regulating all his motions by his. Whereupon he rode up, and said to him, "Do you see, sir, that barbarian upon the black horse with white feet? He seems to meditate some dreadful design. He keeps you in his eye, full of fire and spirit; he singles you out, and takes no notice of anybody else. Therefore be on your guard against him." Pyrrhus answered, "It is impossible, Leonatus, to avoid our destiny. But neither this nor any other Italian shall have much satisfaction in engaging with me." While they were yet speaking, the Italian leveled his spear and spurred his horse against Pyrrhus. He missed the King, but ran his horse through, as Leonatus did the Italian's the same moment, so that both horses fell together. Pyrrhus was carried off by his friends, who gathered round him and killed the Italian, who fought to the very last.

This made Pyrrhus more cautious. And now seeing his cavalry give ground, he sent his infantry orders to advance, and formed them as soon as they came up. Then giving his robe and his arms to Megacles, one of his friends, he disguised himself in his, and proceeded to the charge. The Romans received him with great firmness, and the success of the battle

remained long undecided. It is even said that each army was broken and gave away seven times, and rallied as often. He changed his arms very seasonably, for that saved his life; but at the same time it had nearly ruined his affairs and lost him the victory. Many aimed at Megacles; but the man who first wounded him and brought him to the ground was named Dexous. Dexous seized his helmet and his robe, and rode up to Lævinus, showing the spoils, and crying out that he had slain Pyrrhus. The spoils having passed from rank to rank, as it were in triumph, the Roman army shouted for joy, while that of the Greeks was struck with grief and consternation. This continued until Pyrrhus, learning what had happened, rode about the army uncovered, stretching out his hand to his soldiers, and begging them to know him by his voice. At last the Romans were worsted, chiefly by means of the elephants. For the horses, before they came near them, were frightened, and ran back with their riders; and Pyrrhus commanding his Thessalian cavalry to fall upon them while in this disorder, they were routed with great slaughter. Dionysius writes that nearly 15,000 Romans fell in this battle; but Hieronymus makes the number only 7,000. On Pyrrhus's side, Dionysius says there were 13,000 killed, Hieronymus not quite 4,000. Among these, however, were the most valuable of his friends and officers, whose services he had made great use of, and in whom he had placed the highest confidence.

Pyrrhus immediately entered the Roman camp, which he found deserted. He gained over many cities which had been in alliance with Rome, and laid waste the territories of others; nay, he advanced to within 37 miles of Rome itself. The Lucanians and the Samnites joined him after the battle, and were reprovèd for their delay; but it was plain that he was greatly elevated and delighted with having defeated so powerful an army of Romans with the assistance of the Tarentines only.

The Romans, on this occasion, did not take the command from Lævinus, though Caius Fabricius is reported to have said, "That the Romans were not overcome by the Epirots, but Lævinus by Pyrrhus;" intimating that the defeat was owing to the inferiority of the general, not of his troops.

Then, raising new levies, filling up their legions, and talking in a lofty and menacing tone about the war, they struck Pyrrhus with amazement. He thought proper, therefore, to send an embassy to them first, to try whether they were disposed to peace ; being satisfied that to take the city, and make an absolute conquest, was an undertaking of too much difficulty to be effected by such an army as his was at that time; whereas, if he could bring them to terms of accommodation, and conclude a peace with them, it would be very glorious for him after such a victory.

Cineas, who was sent with this commission, applied to the great men, and sent them and their wives presents in his master's name. But they all refused them, the women as well as the men declaring, "That when Rome had publicly ratified a treaty with the King, they should then on their parts be ready to give him every mark of their friendship and respect." And though Cineas made a very engaging speech to the Senate, and used many arguments to induce them to close with him, yet they lent not a willing ear to his propositions, notwithstanding that Pyrrhus offered to restore without ransom the prisoners he had made in the battle, and promised to assist them in the conquest of Italy, desiring nothing in return but their friendship for himself and security for the Tarentines. Some, indeed, seemed inclined to peace, urging that they had already lost a great battle, and had a still greater to expect, since Pyrrhus was joined by several nations in Italy. There was then an illustrious Roman, Appius Claudius by name, who, on account of his great age and the loss of his sight, had declined all attendance to public business. But when he heard of the embassy from Pyrrhus, and the report prevailed that the Senate was going to vote for the peace, he could not contain himself, but ordered his servants to take him up, and carry him in his chair through the forum to the Senate-house. When he was brought to the door, his sons and son-in-law received him, and led him into the Senate. A respectful silence was observed by the whole body on his appearance ; and he delivered his sentiments.

"Hitherto I have regarded my blindness as a misfortune ; but now, Romans, I wish I had been as deaf as I am blind.

For then I should not have heard of your shameful counsels and decrees, so ruinous to the glory of Rome. Where now are your speeches so much echoed about the world, that if Alexander the Great had come into Italy when we were young, and your fathers in the vigor of their age, he would not now be celebrated as invincible, but either by his flight or his fall would have added to the glory of Rome? You now show the vanity and folly of that boast, while you dread the Chaonians and Molossians, who were ever a prey to the Macedonians, and tremble at the name of Pyrrhus, who has all his life been paying his court to one of the guards of that Alexander. At present he wanders about Italy, not so much to succor the Greeks here, as to avoid his enemies at home; and he promises to procure us the empire of this country with those forces which could not enable him to keep a small part of Macedonia. Do not expect, then, to get rid of him by entering into alliance with him. That step will only open a door to many invaders. For who is there that will not despise you, and think you an easy conquest, if Pyrrhus not only escapes unpunished for his insolence, but gains the Tarentines and Samnites as a reward for insulting the Romans?"

Appius had no sooner done speaking, than they voted unanimously for the war, and dismissed Cineas with this answer,—
"That when Pyrrhus had quitted Italy, they would enter upon a treaty of friendship and alliance with him if he desired it; but while he continued there in a hostile manner, they would prosecute the war against him with all their force, though he should have defeated a thousand Lævinuses."

Cineas, while he was upon this embassy, took great pains to observe the manners of the Romans, and to examine into the nature of their government. And when he had learned what he desired by conversing with their great men, he made a faithful report of all to Pyrrhus; and told him, among the rest, "That the Senate appeared to him an assembly of kings; and as to the people, they were so numerous, that he was afraid that he had to do with a Lernæan hydra. For the Consul had already an army on foot twice as large as the former, and had left multitudes behind in Rome of a proper age for enlisting, and sufficient to form many such armies."

After this, Fabricius came ambassador to Pyrrhus to treat about the ransom and exchange of prisoners. Fabricius, as Cineas informed Pyrrhus, was highly valued by the Romans for his probity and martial abilities; but he was extremely poor. Pyrrhus received him with particular distinction, and privately offered him gold, not for any base purpose, but he begged him to accept of it as a pledge of friendship and hospitality. Fabricius refusing the present, Pyrrhus pressed him no further; but the next day, wanting to surprise him, and knowing that he had never seen an elephant, he ordered the biggest he had to be armed and placed behind a curtain in the room where they were to be in conference. Accordingly this was done, and, upon a sign given, the curtain drawn; and the elephant, raising his trunk over the head of Fabricius, made a horrid and frightful noise. Fabricius turned about without being in the least discomposed, and said to Pyrrhus smiling, "Neither your gold yesterday, nor your beast to-day, has made any impression upon me."

Pyrrhus, from admiration of the noble sentiments and principles of Fabricius, was more desirous than ever of establishing friendship with Rome, instead of continuing the war. And taking Fabricius aside, he pressed him to mediate a peace, and then go and settle at his court, where he should be his most intimate companion, and the chief of his generals. Fabricius answered in a low voice, "That, sir, would be no advantage to you; for those who now honor and admire you, should they once have experience of me, would rather choose to be governed by me than you."

Pyrrhus, far from being offended at this answer, or taking it like a tyrant, made his friends acquainted with the magnanimity of Fabricius, and entrusted the prisoners to him, only on condition that if the Senate did not agree to a peace, they should be sent back after they had embraced their relations and celebrated the Saturnalia.

After this, when Fabricius was Consul (B.C. 278), an unknown person came to his camp, with a letter from the King's physician, who offered to destroy Pyrrhus by poison, and so end the war without any further hazard to the Romans, provided that they gave him a proper compensation for his ser-

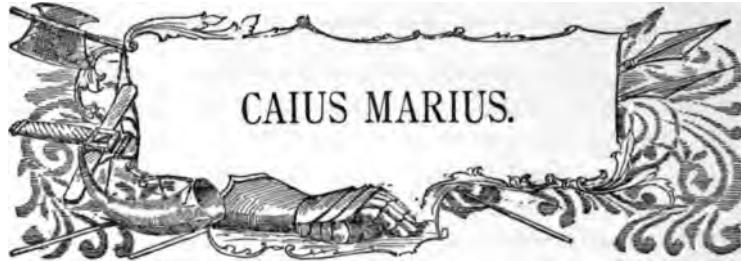
vices. Fabricius detested the man's villainy; and, having brought his colleague into the same sentiments, sent dispatches to Pyrrhus without losing a moment's time, to caution him against the treason. The letter ran thus:—

“Caius Fabricius and Quintus Æmilius, Consuls, to King Pyrrhus, health.—It appears that you judge very ill both of your friends and enemies; for you will find by this letter which was sent to us, that you are at war with men of virtue and honor, and trust knaves and villains. Nor is it out of kindness that we give you this information; but we do it lest your death should bring a disgrace upon us, and we should seem to have put an end to the war by treachery when we could not do it by valor.”

Pyrrhus having read the letter, and detected the treason, punished the physician; and to show his gratitude to Fabricius and the Romans, he delivered up the prisoners without ransom, and sent Cineas again to negotiate a peace. The Romans, unwilling to receive a favor from an enemy, or a reward for not consenting to an ill thing, did indeed receive the prisoners at his hands, but sent him an equal number of Tarentines and Samnites. As to peace and friendship, they would not hear any proposals about it till Pyrrhus should have laid down his arms, drawn his forces out of Italy, and returned to Epirus in the same ships in which he came.

—PLUTARCH.





THE history of Republican Rome consisted internally of the struggles between the Patricians and the Plebeians. In spite of many triumphs of the latter, the Patricians long and tenaciously held all the important offices. The first requisite for a public career came to be powerful

family connections. Wherever the eye turned, it encountered abuse of power and decay of constitutional rights. At such a time arose Caius Marius, the most determined opponent of the Patrician order, yet one who could more easily defeat hosts of barbarians than overcome the relentless persecution of the ruling class.

Caius Marius was born B.C. 157, at the village of Careatæ, near Arpinum, the birth-place of Cicero. He was of obscure and illiterate parents. At one time he worked as a hired peasant, but forsook agriculture to follow a military career. He first served in Spain, at the siege of Numantia, under Scipio, B.C. 134. Here he gained that general's approval as much by his ready submission to discipline as by his prowess in the field. When Scipio was asked where Rome should find another general when he was gone, he is said to have touched Marius on the shoulder and remarked, "Possibly here." Marius, though of humble descent, married Julia, who was of the family of the Cæsars. During the campaign of Zama he had saved his division from a sudden attack, and had successfully scattered the Numidian cavalry which enveloped it. The readiness with which he shared the toils of the common soldiers, working in the same trenches with them, endeared him to their hearts. His praises were in

every mouth. In B.C. 119, he was raised to the Tribune. The general conduct of Marius in his Tribune earned for him the good-will of the people and the hatred of the aristocracy. He gained with great difficulty his election to the Prætorship, and was even prosecuted for bribery; but he was acquitted, simply by the votes of the judges being equal.

At the age of forty-eight, Marius became a candidate for the Consulship. This office had of late been confined to a few of the most illustrious families. Marius was bitterly opposed, especially by Metellus and the nobles. Marius observed, "I can display in my halls no ancestral images and ensigns of honor; but with my own hand I have won the trophies of war." Despite all opposition he carried his election, B.C. 107, and was appointed by the people to finish the war against Jugurtha. This was in defiance of the Senate, who proposed to prolong the command of Metellus. Jugurtha was at last betrayed into the hands of the Romans. Marius remained in Africa to regulate the conditions of his conquests. When he returned, 104 B.C., he received a splendid triumph. Jugurtha, loaded with chains, was led in the procession, after which, he was cast into the dungeons under the Capitol, where in six days he died of cold and hunger.

When the provinces of northern Italy were invaded by an army of 300,000 barbarians, Marius was the only general whose activity and boldness could resist so powerful an enemy. He was again elected Consul and sent against these Teutons. In two battles he slew 200,000 of the barbarians, and 80,000 were taken prisoners. The Cimbri then invaded central Italy; but in the fierce battle of *Campi Raudii* they were completely overthrown. Marius now entered Rome, and, with his colleague Catulus, shared a most brilliant triumph. He was now eager to obtain for the sixth time the Consulship. In order to secure his election, he employed two of Rome's worst demagogues, Saturninus and Glaucia. By their means and by bribing the tribes he won the election.

In the year B.C. 99, Marius set sail for Cappadocia and Galatia, under the pretence of offering sacrifices, but really to endeavor to stir up Mithridates to make war on the Romans. He feared that he was getting unpopular, and

hoped by fresh victories to regain influence. Marius had a powerful rival in Sulla, a general of renown, who had been his lieutenant in the war against Jugurtha.

Rome had never been exposed to greater danger than at this time. Those Italian tribes who had been her bravest defenders now rose against her. The nations which composed this formidable conspiracy against Rome were eight in number, the Marsians being chief. This conflict, called the Social or Marsian war, opened B.C. 90, and lasted for three campaigns. Both Marius and Sulla were engaged in this strife; but the former seems not to have been trusted with extensive command. He was now in his sixty-seventh year, incapable of enduring the fatigue of very active service. He intrenched himself in a fortified camp, and when the enemy taunted him with the words, "If you are a great general, Marius, come down and fight." He replied, "Nay; do you, if you are a great general, compel me to fight against my will." Marius quitted the camp at the most critical moment of the war, and Sulla brought the contest to a close. The arrangements for peace were hastened by threats of a war with Mithridates, King of Pontus.

While the nobles complained of their want of influence, the commonalty were dissatisfied with the paltry price their suffrages commanded. Marius, availing himself of this dissatisfaction, offered the Italians the means of acquiring a predominating influence in the tribes, and recommenced his old device of popular agitation. With the aid of a demagogue, he raised a violent tumult in the city, and got himself nominated to the Eastern command in place of his rival, Sulla. Sulla refused to give up the command, and determined to put down force by force. At the head of six legions he marched on Rome. Marius had not expected such a step; he sent two unarmed prætors to require them to halt; but Sulla slew the prætors, and the Civil War actually began. Sulla entered the city without much difficulty, and Marius fled.

The Plebeian leader first retired to his private farm at Solonium. Then he went to Campania, where he was discovered in a marsh, taken before the magistrates in the town of Minturnæ, and sentence of death was passed on him. A

Gaul was commanded to cut off his head in the prison. The room in which the old general was confined was dark ; and to the frightened barbarian the eyes of Marius seemed to dart forth fire, whilst from the darkness a terrible voice shouted, "Wretch, dare you slay Caius Marius?" The barbarian fled in terror exclaiming, "I cannot kill Caius Marius!" Marius was released, and made good his escape to Africa. Landing near the site of Carthage, he beheld with keen emotion the ruins of a once powerful city, which, like himself, had been exposed to calamity, and felt the cruel vicissitude of fortune. The place of his retreat was soon known, and the Governor of Africa compelled him to flee to the island of Cercina.

During this time a revolution had occurred in Rome. The Consuls for the year B.C. 87 were Cn. Octavius and L. Cornelius Cinna. Octavius belonged to the aristocratical party, and Cinna to the Marians. The latter was deprived of the Consulship, for again bringing forward the Sulpician law, by which the Italians were to be distributed among the thirty-five tribes. Marius now set sail to Africa and joined Cinna, who had fled thither. They cut off the supplies from Rome, reducing that city to famine. The citizens sent a deputation to Marius and Cinna begging for peace. The two exiles now returned to the city, and a most dreadful scene of carnage followed. Octavius was seized and beheaded. Marius gave instruction to his guards to spare those only whom he saluted. His old comrade in arms, Catulus, on his knees, begged that his life might be spared ; but Marius sternly replied, "You must die," and this brave man was compelled to suffocate himself with charcoal. The slaughter was fearful; the swords of the assassins being directed against the adherents of Sulla and the aristocratic party. Marius and Cinna proclaimed themselves Consuls, B.C. 86; but the veteran general, who had become the grim butcher of his fellow-citizens, did not long enjoy the honor, which he now held for the seventh time. After seven days' illness, in the eighteenth day of his Consulship, and the seventy-first year of his life, Caius Marius succumbed to an attack of pleurisy.

Caius Marius, in his military position, administered justice impartially, disposed of the spoil with rare honesty, and

was thoroughly incorruptible. He was a skillful organizer, who brought the military system once more into a state of efficiency ; an able general who kept the soldiers under discipline, but won their affection by comrade-like intercourse. But as a ruler of the Republic, Marius, though full of wily stratagems to gain his object, dashed from him every hard-won advantage by his reckless brutality.

THE CIMBRI AND TEUTONES INVADE ITALY.

The Romans had no sooner received the news that Jugurtha was taken, than reports were spread of an invasion from the Teutones and the Cimbri. Although the account of the number and strength of their armies seemed at first incredible, it afterwards appeared short of the truth. For 300,000 well-armed warriors were upon the march, and the women and children, whom they had brought with them, were said to be much more numerous. This vast multitude wanted lands on which they might subsist, and cities wherein to settle; as they had heard the Celtæ, before them, had expelled the Tuscans, and possessed themselves of the best part of Italy. As for these, who now hovered like a cloud over Gaul and Italy, it was not known who they were, or whence they came, on account of the small commerce which they had with the rest of the world, and the length of way they had marched. It was conjectured, indeed, from the largeness of their stature and the blueness of their eyes, as well as because the Germans call banditti *cimbri*, that they were some of those German nations who dwell by the Northern Sea.

Most historians agree that their numbers, instead of being less, were rather greater than we have related. As to their courage, their spirit, and the force and vivacity with which they made an impression, we may compare them to a devouring flame. Nothing could resist their impetuosity; all that came in their way were trodden down, or driven before them like cattle. Many armies and generals employed by the Romans to guard the Transalpine Gaul were shamefully routed; and the feeble resistance they made to the first efforts of the barbarians, was the chief thing that drew them towards Rome. For, having beaten all they met, and loaded themselves with plunder, they

determined to settle nowhere, till they had destroyed Rome and laid waste all Italy.

The Romans, alarmed from all quarters with this news, called Marius to the command, and elected him a second time Consul. It was, indeed, unconstitutional for any one to be chosen who was absent, or who had not waited the regular time between a first and second Consulship; but the people overruled all that was said against him.

On this occasion, it was a very fortunate circumstance for Marius that the barbarians, turning their course, like a reflux of the tide, first invaded Spain. For this gave him time to strengthen his men by exercise, and to raise and confirm their courage; and what was still of greater importance, to show them what he himself was. His severe behavior, and inflexibility in punishing, when it had once accustomed them to guard their conduct and be obedient, appeared both just and salutary. When they were a little used to his hot and violent spirit, to the harsh tone of his voice and the fierceness of his countenance, they no longer considered him as terrible to themselves, but to the enemy. Above all, the soldiers were charmed with his integrity in judging; and this contributed not a little to procure Marius a third Consulate. Besides, the barbarians were expected in the spring, and the people were not willing to meet them under any other general. They did not, however, come so soon as they were looked for, and the year expired without his getting a sight of them. The time of a new election coming on, and his colleague being dead, Marius left the command of the army to Manius Aquilius, and went himself to Rome. Several persons of great merit stood for the Consulate; but the people, considering that the present juncture required both his capacity and good fortune, created him Consul a fourth time, and appointed Lutetius Catulus his colleague.

Marius being informed of the enemy's approach, passed the Alps with the utmost expedition; and having marked out his camp by the River Rhone, fortified it and brought into it a large supply of provisions: that the want of necessaries might never compel him to fight at a disadvantage. But as the carriage of provisions by sea was tedious and very expen-

sive, he found a way to make it easy and very expeditious. The mouth of the Rhone was at that time choked up with mud and sand, which the beating of the sea had lodged there; so that it was very dangerous, if not impracticable, for vessels of burden to enter it. Marius, therefore, set his army, now quite at leisure, to work there; and having caused a cut to be made capable of receiving large ships, he turned a great part of the river into it; thus drawing it to a coast, where the opening to the sea is easy and secure. This cut still retains his name.

The barbarians dividing themselves into two bodies, the Cimbri marched the upper way through Noricum against Catulus; while the Teutones and Ambrones took the road through Liguria along the sea-coast, in order to reach Marius. The Cimbri spent some time in preparing for their march: but the Teutones and Ambrones set out immediately and pushed forward with great expedition; so that they soon traversed the intermediate country, and presented to the view of the Romans an incredible number of enemies, terrible in their aspect, and in their voice and shouts of war different from all other men. They spread themselves over a vast extent of ground near Marius, and when they had encamped, they challenged him to battle.

The Consul, for his part, kept his soldiers within the trenches, rebuking the vanity and rashness of those who wanted to be in action, and calling them traitors to their country. He told them, "Their ambition should not now be for triumphs and trophies, but to dispel the dreadful storm that hung over them, and to save Italy from destruction." These things he said privately to his chief officers and men of the first rank. As for the common soldiers, he made them mount guard by turns upon the ramparts, to accustom them to bear the dreadful looks of the enemy, and to hear their savage voices without fear, as well as to make them acquainted with their arms and their way of using them. The daily sight of the barbarians not only lessened the fears of the soldiers, but the menacing behavior and intolerable vanity of the enemy provoked their resentment, and inflamed their courage. For they not only plundered and ruined the adjacent country,

but advanced to the very trenches with the greatest insolence and contempt.

Marius at last was told that the soldiers vented their grief in such complaints as these: "What effeminacy has Marius discovered in us, that he thus keeps us locked up, like so many women, and restrains us from fighting? Come on; let us, with the spirit of freemen, ask him if he waits for others to fight for the liberties of Rome, and intends to make use of us only as the vilest laborers, in digging trenches, in carrying out loads of dirt and turning the course of rivers?"

Marius, delighted with these speeches, talked to them in a soothing way. He told them, "It was not from any distrust of them that he sat still, but that, by order of certain oracles, he waited both for the time and place which were to ensure him the victory." For he had with him a Syrian woman, named Martha, who was said to have the gift of prophecy. She was carried about in a litter with great respect and solemnity, and the sacrifices he offered were all by her direction. When she went to sacrifice, she wore a purple robe, and held in her hand a spear adorned with ribbons and garlands. When they saw this pompous scene, many doubted whether Marius was really persuaded of her prophetic abilities, or only pretended to be so.

Marius still keeping close, the Teutones attempted to force his entrenchments; but being received with a shower of darts from the camp, by which they lost a number of men, they resolved to march forward, concluding that they might pass the Alps in full security. They packed up their baggage, therefore, and marched by the Roman camp. Then it was that the immensity of their numbers appeared from the length of their train, and the time they took up in passing; for, it is said, that though they moved on without intermission, they were six days in going by Marius' camp. Indeed, they went very near it, and asked the Romans by way of insult, "Whether they had any commands to their wives, for they should be shortly with them?" As soon as the barbarians had all passed by, Marius likewise decamped, and followed; always taking care to keep near them, and choosing strong places at some small distance for his camp, which he also for-

tified, in order that he might pass the nights in safety. Thus they moved on till they came to *Aquæ Sextiæ*, from whence there is but a short march to the Alps.

There Marius prepared for battle ; having pitched upon a place for his camp, which was unexceptionable in point of strength, but afforded little water. By this circumstance he wanted to excite the soldiers to action ; and when many of them complained of thirst, he pointed to a river which ran close by the enemy's camp, and told them, "They must purchase water with their blood." "Why, then," said they, "do you not lead us thither immediately, before our blood is quite parched up?" To which he answered in a softer tone, "I will lead you thither, but first let us fortify our camp."

The soldiers obeyed, though with some reluctance. But the servants of the army, being in great need of water, both for themselves and their cattle, ran in crowds to the stream. These at first were encountered by a small party of the enemy, when some having bathed were engaged at dinner, and others were still bathing in the hot wells. This gave the Romans an opportunity of cutting off a number of them, and the cry of those brought others to their assistance, so that it was now difficult for Marius to restrain the impetuosity of his soldiers, who were anxious for their servants. Besides, the *Ambrones*, to the number of 30,000, who were the best troops the enemy had, and who had already defeated *Manlius* and *Cæpio*, were drawn out, and stood to their arms. Though they had overcharged themselves with eating, yet the wine they had drank had given them fresh spirits ; and they advanced, not in a wild and disorderly manner, or with a confused and inarticulate noise ; but beating their arms at regular intervals, and all keeping time with the tune, they come on crying out, "*Ambrones ! Ambrones !*" This they did, either to encourage each other, or to terrify the enemy with their name. The *Ligurians* were the first of the Italians that moved against them ; and when they heard the enemy cry "*Ambrones*" they echoed back the word, which was indeed their own ancient name. Thus the shout was often returned from one army to the other before they charged.

The *Ambrones* were obliged to pass the river, and this

broke their order ; so that, before they could form again, the Ligurians charged the foremost of them and thus began the battle. The Romans came to support the Ligurians, and pouring down from the higher ground, pressed the enemy so hard, that they soon put them in disorder. Many of them, jostling each other on the banks of the river, were slain there, and the river itself was filled with dead bodies. Those who had got safe over, not daring to advance, were cut off by the Romans, as they fled to their camp and wagons. There the women meeting them with swords and axes, and setting up a horrid and hideous cry, fell upon the fugitives, as well as the pursuers, the former as traitors, and the latter as enemies. Mingling with the combatants, they laid hold on the Roman shields, snatched at their swords with their naked hands, and obstinately suffered themselves to be hacked in pieces. Thus the battle is said to have been fought on the banks of the river, rather by accident than any design of the general.

The Romans, after having destroyed so many of the Ambrones, retired as it grew dark ; but the camp did not resound with songs of victory, as might have been expected upon such success. There were no entertainments, no mirth in their tents, nor, what is the most agreeable circumstance to the soldier after victory, any sound and refreshing sleep. The night was passed in the greatest dread and perplexity. The camp was without trench or rampart. The Romans felt the impressions of terror, and Marius himself was filled with astonishment at the apprehension of a tumultuous night-engagement. However, the barbarians did not attack them, either that night or next day, but spent the time in consulting how to dispose and draw themselves up to the best advantage.

In the meantime Marius, observing the sloping hills and woody hollows that hung over the enemy's camp, dispatched Claudius Marcellus with 3,000 men, to lie in ambush there till the fight was begun, and then to fall upon the enemy's rear. The rest of his troops he ordered to sup and go to rest in good time. Next morning as soon as it was light, he drew up before the camp, and commanded the cavalry to march

into the plain. The Teutones seeing this, could not contain themselves, nor stay till all the Romans were come down into the plain, where they might fight them upon equal terms; but arming hastily, through thirst of vengeance, advanced up to the hill. Marius dispatched his officers through the whole army, with orders that they should stand still and wait for the enemy. When the barbarians were within reach, the Romans were to throw their javelins, then come to sword in hand, and pressing upon them with their shields, push them with all their force. For he knew the place was so slippery, that the enemy's blows could have no great weight, nor could they preserve any close order, where the declivity of the ground continually broke their ranks. At the same time that he gave these directions, he was the first that set the example. For he was inferior to none in personal agility, and in resolution he far exceeded them all.

The Romans, by their firmness and united charge, kept the barbarians from ascending the hill, and by little and little forced them down into the plain. There the foremost battalions were beginning to form again, when the utmost confusion discovered itself in the rear. For Marcellus, who had watched his opportunity, as soon as he found, by the noise which reached the hills where he lay, that the battle was begun, with great impetuosity and loud shouts fell upon the enemy's rear, and destroyed a considerable number of them. The hindmost being pushed upon those before, the whole army was soon put in disorder. Thus attacked both in front and rear, they could not stand the double shock, but forsook their ranks and fled. The Romans, pursuing, either killed or took prisoners above 100,000, and having made themselves masters of their tents, carriages and baggage, voted as many of them as were not plundered, a present to Marius.

After the battle, Marius selected from among the arms and other spoils, such as were elegant and entire, and likely to make the greatest show in his triumph. The rest he piled together, and offered them as a splendid sacrifice to the gods. The army stood round the pile, crowned with laurel; and he himself, arrayed in his purple robe, and girt after the manner of the Romans, took a lighted torch. He had just lifted it

up with both hands towards heaven and was going to set fire to the pile, when some friends were seen galloping towards him. Great silence and expectation followed. When they were come near, they leaped from their horses, and saluted Marius as Consul the fifth time, delivering letters to the same purpose. This added great joy to the solemnity, which the soldiers expressed by acclamations and by clanking their arms; and while the officers were presenting Marius with new crowns of laurel, he set fire to the pile, and finished the sacrifice.

But a few days after this joyful solemnity, the sad news was brought to Marius of what had befallen his colleague, Catulus. An event, which, like a cloud in the midst of a calm, brought fresh alarms upon Rome, and threatened her with another tempest. Catulus, who had the Cimbri to oppose, came to the resolution to give up the defence of the heights, lest he should weaken himself by being obliged to divide his force into many parts. He therefore descended quickly from the Alps into Italy, and posted his army behind the river Athesis (Adige); where he blocked up the fords with strong fortifications on both sides, and threw a bridge over it; that so he might be in a condition to succor the garrisons beyond it, if the barbarians should make their way through the narrow passes of the mountains, and attempt to storm them. The barbarians held their enemies in such contempt, and came on with so much insolence, that rather to show their strength and courage, than out of any necessity, they exposed themselves naked to the showers of snow; and, having pushed through the ice and deep drifts of snow to the tops of the mountains, they put their broad shields under them, and so slid down, in spite of the broken rocks and vast slippery descents.

When they had encamped near the river, and taken a view of the channel, they determined to fill it up. Then they tore up the neighboring hills, like the giants of old; they pulled up trees by the roots; they broke off massy rocks, and rolled in huge heaps of earth. These were to dam up the current. Other bulky materials, besides these, were thrown in, to force away the bridge, which being carried down the

stream with great violence, beat against the timber, and shook the foundation. At the sight of this the Roman soldiers were struck with terror, and great part of them quitted the camp and drew back. On this occasion Catulus, like an able and excellent general, showed that he preferred the glory of his country to his own. For when he found that he could not persuade his men to keep their post, and that they were deserting it in a very dastardly manner, he ordered his standard to be taken up, and running to the foremost of the fugitives, led them on himself; choosing rather that the disgrace should fall upon him than upon his country, and that his soldiers should not seem to fly, but to follow their general.

The barbarians now assaulted and took the fortress on the other side of the Athesis; but admiring the bravery of the garrison, who had behaved in a manner suitable to the glory of Rome, they dismissed them upon certain conditions, having first made them swear to them upon a brazen bull. In the battle that followed this bull was taken among the spoils, and is said to have been carried to Catulus' house, as the first-fruits of the victory. The country then being without defence, the Cimbri spread themselves over it, and committed great depredations.

Hereupon Marius was called home. When he arrived, every one expected that he would enjoy a triumph, and the Senate readily passed a decree for that purpose. However, he declined it, and having made an oration suitable to the time, went to join Catulus, who was much encouraged by his coming. He then sent for his army out of Gaul, and when it had arrived, he crossed the Po, with a design to keep the barbarians from penetrating into the interior parts of Italy. But they deferred the combat, on pretence that they expected the Teutones, and that they wondered at their delay—either being really ignorant of their fate, or choosing to seem so; for they punished those who brought them that account with stripes, and sent to ask Marius for lands and cities, sufficient both for them and their brethren. When Marius inquired of the ambassadors who their brethren were, they told him "the Teutones." The assembly laughed, and Marius replied in a taunt-

ing manner, "Do not trouble yourselves about your brethren, for they have land enough, which we have already given them, and they shall have it forever." The ambassadors, perceiving the irony, answered in sharp terms, assuring him "that the Cimbri would chastise him immediately, and the Teutones when they came." "And they are not far off," said Marius; "it will be very unkind, therefore, in you to go away without saluting your brethren." At the same time he ordered the Kings of the Teutones to be brought out, loaded as they were with chains; for they had been taken by the Sequani, as they were endeavoring to escape over the Alps.

As soon as the ambassadors had informed the Cimbri with what had passed, they marched directly against Marius, who at that time lay still, and kept within his trenches. Boiorix, King of the Cimbri, came now with a small party of horse to the Roman camp, and challenged Marius to appoint the time and place where they should meet and decide by arms to whom the country should belong. Marius answered "that the Romans never consulted their enemies when to fight; however, he would indulge the Cimbri in this point." Accordingly, they agreed to fight the third day after, and that the plain of Vercellæ should be the field of battle, which was fit for the Roman cavalry to act on, and convenient for the barbarians to display their number.

Both parties kept their day, and drew up their forces over against each other. Catulus had under his command 20,300 men; Marius had 32,000. The latter were drawn up in the two wings, and Catulus was in the center. The Cimbrian infantry marched out of their trenches without noise, and formed so as to have their flanks equal to their front, each side of the square extending to 30 furlongs. Their cavalry, to the number of 15,000, issued forth in great splendor. Their helmets represented the heads and open jaws of strange and frightful wild beasts; on these were fixed high plumes, which made the men appear taller. Their breast-plates were of polished iron, and their shields were white and glittering. Each man had two-edged darts to fight with at a distance, and when they came hand to hand, they used broad, heavy swords. In this engagement they did not fall directly upon the front of the

Romans; but, wheeling to the right, they endeavored to enclose the enemy between them and their infantry, who were posted on the left. The Roman generals perceived their artful design, but were not able to restrain their own men. One happened to cry out that the enemy fled, and they all set off upon the pursuit. In the meantime the barbarian foot came on like a vast sea. Marius having purified, lifted his hands towards heaven, and vowed a hecatomb to the gods; and Catulus, in the same posture, promised to consecrate a temple to the fortune of that day. As Marius sacrificed on this occasion, it is said that the entrails were no sooner shown him, than he cried out with a loud voice, "The victory is mine."

However, when the battle was joined a prodigious dust arose, which hid both armies. Marius, moving first to the charge, had the misfortune to miss the enemy; and having passed by their army, wandered about with his troops a long time in the field. In the meantime the good fortune of Catulus directed the enemy to him, and it was his legions to whose lot the chief conflict fell. The heat of the weather, and the sun, which shone full in the faces of the Cimbri, fought for the Romans. Those barbarians, being bred in frozen countries, could bear the severest cold, but were not proof against heat. Their bodies were soon covered with sweat; they drew their breath with difficulty, and were forced to hold their shields to shade their faces. Indeed, this battle was fought not long after the summer solstice, and the Romans keep a festival for it on the third day of the calends of August, then called Sextilis. The dust, too, which hid the enemy, helped to encourage the Romans; for as they could have no distinct view of the vast numbers of their antagonists, they ran to the charge, and had come to close engagement before the sight of such multitudes could give them any impressions of terror. Besides, the Romans were so strengthened by labor and exercise that not one of them was observed to sweat or be out of breath, notwithstanding the suffocating heat and the violence of the encounter.

The greatest and best part of the enemy's troops were cut to pieces upon the spot; those who fought in the front fastened themselves together by long cords run through their

belts, to prevent their ranks from being broken. The Romans drove back the fugitives to their camp, where they found the most shocking spectacle. The women, standing in mourning by their wagons, killed those that fled ; some their husbands, some their brothers, others their fathers. They strangled their little children with their own hands, and threw them under the wheels and horses' feet. Last of all, they killed themselves. But though the barbarians were so eager to destroy themselves, above 60,000 were taken prisoners, and the killed were said to have been twice that number.

Marius' soldiers plundered the baggage ; but the other spoils, with the ensigns and trumpets, were brought to the camp of Catulus ; and he availed himself chiefly of this as a proof that the victory belonged to him. A hot dispute, it seems, arose between his troops and those of Marius, which had the best claim, and the ambassadors from Parma, who happened to be there, were chosen arbitrators. Catulus' soldiers led them to the field of battle to see the dead, and clearly proved that they were killed by their javelins, because Catulus had taken care to have the shafts inscribed with his name. Nevertheless, the whole honor of the day was ascribed to Marius, on account of his former victory and his present authority. Nay, such was the applause of the populace, that they called him the third founder of Rome, as having rescued her from a danger not less dreadful than that from the Gauls.—PLUTARCH.





HE Roman Republic is almost unique in history for the permanency of its conquests. The countries once subdued were tenaciously held as provinces. The most memorable attempt to sever one of these and render it independent was made by Sertorius. On the defeat of the party of Caius Marius, many who had held commands in the provinces fled thither, and for a time resisted the authority of the Republic. Sertorius acquired in northern Spain an extraordinary ascendancy over the minds of the natives, and flattered them with the hope of establishing an independent state. Plutarch, however, declares that his purpose was still to return to Rome.

Quintus Sertorius was born at Nursia, in the Sabine country. Having lost at an early age his father, his education devolved on his mother Rhea, whom he always regarded with the greatest tenderness. He made his first campaign under Q. Servilius Cæpio, when the Teutones and Cimbri broke into Italy. Here he distinguished himself by great bravery. After this war he was sent as a legionary tribune to Spain. The soldiers of Rome who had been living here in great plenty, unscrupulously exacted from the people, were surprised by the barbarians and put to the sword. Sertorius and a few others escaped. He got together as many men as possible, and slew all who were capable of bearing arms in Castulo, a city of the Celtiberians. On his return to Rome he was appointed Quæstor in Cisalpine Gaul. When the Marian war broke out, Sertorius was employed in levying troops. Being proscribed by Sylla, he fled into Spain, but was pursued thither and obliged to seek refuge in Mauritania,

in northern Africa. He is even said to have proposed to sail for the so-called Islands of the Blessed and to establish his sovereignty in the Hesperides. He defeated a Roman army in Africa, but was recalled to Spain by the Lusitanians, and was soon at the head of a wide-spread revolt in that country. He now introduced among the Spaniards the habits and advantages of civilization. He taught them the most useful parts of Roman tactics. He built schools for the education of their youth, and even introduced among the higher orders the dress of Roman citizens. He established his authority among the rude barbarians, partly by pretending that a milk-white hind, which he had taught to caress him, was a gift of the goddess Diana, who inspired his actions.

After having defeated several Roman generals, sent against him, he had to encounter in B.C. 79 Q. Metellus, the bosom friend of Sylla, and rival of Marius. Perperna arrived to aid Sertorius with a small body of veterans; but now the whole force of Rome was against them. Pompey, Rome's best captain, led the troops. Pompey arrived in Spain, B.C. 76, yet for three years more, Sertorius held out. Meanwhile, having assumed the character of a tyrant, he lost some of his influence with the Spanish tribes. Fearing that they would desert him, he caused the massacre of the children of their chiefs, whom he had kept as hostages. This reckless crime broke up his party. Perperna, his lieutenant, conspired with others against his life. At a banquet the conspirators openly began to insult him by speaking with freedom and licentiousness. The age and character of Sertorius had hitherto claimed deference from others. Finally a glass of wine was overturned by Perperna, and at this signal Antonius, one of his officers, stabbed the old commander, B.C. 73. Perperna was afterwards overthrown by Pompey and put to death. In hopes of saving his life, he had offered to disclose to Pompey a list of his adherents in Rome, but the noble nature of the captor induced him to refuse to examine it.

Quintus Sertorius had great qualities and military talents, which might have raised him to the first rank among the chiefs of his country, had his party been successful at Rome. He displayed public and private virtues which would have

rendered people happy under his rule at a less turbulent period. He has been lauded for his love of justice and moderation. In his latter days, however, he became indolent and fond of luxury, indulging at times in the most wanton cruelty.

POMPEY AND SERTORIUS.

When Pompey had passed the Pyrenees, and Sertorius took post against him, every art of generalship on both sides was exhausted, and yet even then it appeared that, in point both of attack and defence, Sertorius had the advantage. In this case the fame of Sertorius greatly increased, and extended itself as far as Rome, where he was considered the ablest general of his time. The honor Pompey had acquired was very considerable, and the actions he had performed under Sylla made him conspicuous, insomuch that Sylla had given him the appellation of "the great," and he was distinguished with a triumph, even before he attained manhood. This made many of the cities, which were under the command of Sertorius, cast their eyes upon Pompey, and inclined them to open their gates to him. But they returned to their old attachment, upon the unexpected success that attended Sertorius at Lauron.

Sertorius was besieging that place, and Pompey marched with his whole army to its relief. There was a hill at some distance from the walls, from which the city might be greatly annoyed. Sertorius hastened to seize it, and Pompey to prevent him; but the former gained the post. Pompey, however, sat down by it with great satisfaction, thinking he had been fortunate enough to cut Sertorius off from the town; and he sent a message to the Lauronites, "That they might be perfectly easy, and sit quietly upon their walls, while they saw him besiege Sertorius." But when that general was informed of it he only laughed, and said, "I will teach that scholar of Sylla that a general ought to look behind him, rather than before him." At the same time he showed the besieged a body of 6,000 foot in the camp which he had quitted in order to seize the hill, and which had been left there on purpose to take Pompey in the rear, when he should come to attack Sertorius in the post he now occupied.

Pompey, not discovering this manoeuvre till it was too late, did not dare to begin the attack, lest he should be surrounded. And yet he was ashamed to leave the Lauronites in such extreme danger. The consequence was, that he was obliged to sit still and see the town lost. The people, in despair of assistance, surrendered to Sertorius, who was pleased to spare the inhabitants and let them go free; but he laid their city in ashes. This was not done out of anger, or a spirit of cruelty (for he seems to have indulged his resentment less than any other general whatever), but to put the admirers of Pompey to the blush; while it was said among the barbarians, that though he was at hand, and almost warmed himself at the flame, he suffered his allies to perish.

Sertorius received many checks in the course of the war; but it was not where he acted in person, for he ever continued invincible; it was through his lieutenants. And such was his manner of rectifying the mistakes, that he met with more applause than his adversaries in the midst of their success. Instances of which we have in the battle of Sucro with Pompey, and in that of Tutia with Pompey and Metellus.

The battle of Sucro was fought the sooner, because Pompey hastened it, to prevent Metellus from having a share in the victory. This was the very thing Sertorius wanted, to try his strength with Pompey, before Metellus joined him. Sertorius engaged him in the evening, in the persuasion that the enemy, not being acquainted with the country, would find darkness a hindrance to them, whether they should have occasion to fly or to pursue. When they came to charge, he found that he had not to do with Pompey, as he could have wished, but that Afranius commanded the enemy's left wing opposite to Sertorius at the head of his own right wing. However, as soon as he understood that his left gave way to the vigorous attacks of Pompey, he put his right under the direction of other officers, and hastened to support that which had the disadvantage. By rallying the fugitives and encouraging those who kept their ground, he forced Pompey to fly in great confusion; that general was in the greatest danger; he was wounded, and escaped with difficulty. For the Africans, who fought under the banners of Sertorius, having taken

Pompey's horse, adorned with gold and rich trappings, left the pursuit, to quarrel about dividing the spoil. In the meantime, while Sertorius hastened from his right wing to succor the other in distress, Afranius overthrew all before him, and closely pursuing the fugitives, entered their camp with them, which he pillaged till it was dark. He knew nothing of Pompey's defeat, and was unable to keep the soldiers from plundering, if he had desired it. At this instant Sertorius returns with the laurels he had won, falls upon the troops of Afranius, which were scattered up and down the camp, and destroys great numbers of them. Next morning he armed, and took the field again; but perceiving that Metellus was at hand, he drew off and decamped. He did it, however, with an air of gaiety: "If the old woman," said he, "had not been here, I would have flogged the boy well and sent him back to Rome."

He was, notwithstanding, much afflicted for the loss of his hind. For she was an excellent aid in the management of the barbarians, who now wanted encouragement more than ever. By good fortune some of his soldiers, as they were strolling one night about the country, met with her, and knowing her by the color, brought her to him. Sertorius, happy to find her again, promised the soldiers large sums, on condition they would not mention the affair. He carefully concealed the hind; and a few days after appeared in public with a cheerful countenance to transact business, telling the barbarian officers that he had some extraordinary happiness announced to him from heaven in a dream. Then he mounted the tribunal, for the dispatch of such affairs as might come before him. At that instant the hind being let loose near the place by those who had the charge of her, and seeing Sertorius, ran up with great joy, leaped upon the tribunal, laid her head upon his lap, and licked his right hand, in a manner to which she had long been trained. Sertorius returned her caresses with all the tokens of a sincere affection, even to the shedding of tears. The assembly at first looked on with silent astonishment; but afterwards they testified their regard for Sertorius with the loudest plaudits and acclamations, as a person of a superior nature beloved by the gods. With these impres-

sions they conducted him to his pavilion, and resumed all the hopes and spirits with which he could have wished to inspire them.

He watched the enemy so close in the plains of Saguntum, that they were in great want of provisions; and as they were determined at last to go out to forage and collect necessities, this unavoidably brought on a battle. Great acts of valor were performed on both sides. Memmius, the best officer Pompey had, fell in the hottest of the fight. Sertorius carried all before him, and through heaps of the slain made his way towards Metellus, who made great efforts to oppose him, and fought with a vigor above his years, but at last was borne down with the stroke of a spear. All the Romans, who saw or heard of his disaster, resolved not to abandon their general, and from an impulse of shame as well as anger, they turned upon the enemy, and sheltered Metellus with their shields, till others carried him off in safety. Then they charged the Spaniards with great fury, and routed them in their turn.

As victory had now changed sides, Sertorius, to secure a safe retreat for his troops, as well as convenient time for raising fresh forces, retired into a city strongly situated upon a mountain. He repaired the walls, and barricaded the gates, as though he thought of nothing else than standing a siege. The enemy, however, were deceived by appearances. They invested the place, and imagining that they should make themselves masters of it without difficulty, took no care to pursue the fugitive barbarians, or to prevent the new levies which the officers of Sertorius were making. These officers he had sent to the towns under his command, with instructions, when they had assembled a sufficient number, to send a messenger to acquaint him with it.

Upon the receipt of such intelligence, he sallied out, and having made his way through the enemy without much trouble, he joined his new-raised troops, and returned with that additional strength. He now cut off the Roman convoys both by sea and land: on land, by laying ambushes or hemming them in, and, by the rapidity of his marches, meeting them in every quarter; at sea, by guarding the coast with his light piratical vessels. In consequence of this the Romans

were obliged to separate. Metellus retired into Gaul, and Pompey went and took up his winter quarters in the territories of the Vacceians, where he was greatly distressed for want of money ; insomuch that he informed the Senate he should soon leave the country if they did not supply him ; for he had already sacrificed his own fortune in the defence of Italy. Indeed, the common discourse was that Sertorius would be in Italy before Pompey. So far had his capacity prevailed over the most distinguished and the ablest generals.

On the other hand, the magnanimity of Sertorius appeared in every step he took. The patricians, who had been obliged to fly from Rome, and take refuge with him, he called a Senate. Out of them he appointed quæstors and lieutenants, and in everything proceeded according to the laws of his country. What was of still greater moment, though he made war with only the arms, the money and the men of Spain, he did not suffer the Spaniards to have the least share in any department of government, even in words or titles. He gave them Roman generals and governors, to make it appear that the liberty of Rome was his great object, and that he did not want to set up the Spaniards against the Romans. In fact, he was a true lover of his country, and his passion to be restored to it was one of the first in his heart. He said he had rather be the meanest citizen in Rome, than an exile with the command of all the other countries in the world.—PLUTARCH.





FRANCIS I. has been called the most brilliant King of France: good-natured, kindly, chivalrous, high-spirited, valorous, æsthetic in his tastes, "protector of literature,"—all this he certainly was. But his dashing, dazzling appearance must not be permitted to make us blind to his faults. If he was refined in taste, he was also sensual; if ambitious, abject also when he met with reverses; though high-spirited, yet he wanted force of character; steadfastness and "squareness" were foreign to his nature. He showed headstrong valor in battle, but did not make a good military commander: his early, brilliant victory at Marignano gave him an unmerited reputation which his subsequent campaigns failed to support. He was intensely autocratic; though Von Ranke calls him the "King of culture," yet his people groaned under the taxes imposed to meet the expense of selfish pleasures. His incapacity and want of coolness and persistency stand out glaringly in his long struggle against Charles V. Furthermore, he was very much under the evil influence of his energetic mother, who adored him, and her unprincipled minister, Du Prat.

Born at Cognac, September 12, 1494, Francis, Count of Angoulême, was a youth of twenty when, on January 1, 1515, he succeeded his father-in-law, Louis XII., King of France, "good King Loys," to whose daughter, Claude, he had been married at the age of eleven. Almost the first act of his

reign was to invade Italy at the head of a strong army, having taken up his two predecessors' claims to Milan and Naples. The Spaniards, the Swiss and the Pope were banded against him; but he overcame all obstacles by reaching the Italian plains *via* the Cottian Alps, which he crossed with his entire army. The Swiss gained a temporary advantage over the enthusiastic young King by a sharp attack (September 13, 1515,) at Marignano, about ten miles from Milan; but on the following day the French, who had rallied, gained a complete victory over the mountaineers. Pavia and Milan yielded, as did also Genoa.

After this great victory at Marignano, Francis concluded a perpetual peace with the Swiss, met Pope Leo IX. at Bologna, where he had the Concordat of 1515 drawn up, and in the same year he and Charles I. of Spain (subsequently Emperor Charles V.), made peace at Noyon. But on the Emperor Maximilian's death (1519) these same two sovereigns strove after the German imperial crown, which, despite the French King's prestige as a warrior, his many friends, his negotiations and his bribes, fell to Charles. Almost uninterrupted hostilities between the two resulted.

There was surely enough for Francis to do in his own country; besides, it has been pointed out that while France easily repulsed invasion, its efforts for conquest abroad resulted in failure and disgrace. But the King was, as a rule, either indulging in useless and prodigal festivities at home, or wasting the strength of the land in foreign expeditions. He began hostilities in 1521 by placing four armies in the field, met the Emperor at Valenciennes, and put him to flight. After this advantage on the Flemish frontier, which Francis failed to follow up, came reverses for the light-hearted King. His officer, Lautrec, was driven out of Milan, which was thus lost to France. Charles of Bourbon, the most prominent and powerful prince in France, who had been made Constable by Francis, and was subsequently offended by the distrustful attitude of the King, began secret negotiations with Charles V. and Henry VIII. of England, and fled from France when threatened with discovery. The English, in 1524, advanced within about thirty miles of Paris, and the army sent into Italy under

Bonnivet (1523) was driven out within a year. But Francis still pursued the *ignis fatuus* of Italian conquest, and once more led an army to the other side of the Alps. The Imperialists were completely disorganized; yet Francis, as usual, did not strike at the right time. He frittered away his opportunities in a vain siege of Pavia, gave his enemies time to gather strength, was defeated by the relieving army under Pescara, and was humiliated by being made prisoner.

For awhile he was in keeping at Pizzighittone, but later on was removed to Spain, where, wearied by close confinement, he agreed to the terms of the Treaty of Madrid, signed 14th January, 1526. Burgundy was to be ceded to Charles, whose sister Eleanor Francis was to espouse; Flanders and Artois were given up, and the French claims on Milan, Genoa, Naples and Asti were abandoned; and the fulfillment of these stipulations was to be assured by surrendering the sons of the King as hostages to the Emperor. But Francis had no intention of keeping his word; on his return to France he convened an assembly of nobles, which "packed" gathering promptly declared that the King had not the power to give up any of his provinces, and that his oath, exacted from him during captivity, was invalid.

After this, an immediate renewal of the war was inevitable, and in May, of this same year (1526), the King formed a "Holy League" with the Pope and various Italian princes, who, like the English Henry VIII., had become alarmed at the growing power of the Emperor. But Lautrec again met defeat in Italy and Genoa was lost, so that the King was glad to conclude peace with Charles, which was done at Cambrai, August 5, 1529. But the slightest excuse for war served Francis, and in 1535 we find him again in Italy, having formed alliance with the Turks, to be driven out again in the following year. Charles, his old enemy, now invaded Provence; but the French completely shattered his army by the barbarous expedient of destroying the resources of the country. A ten years' truce was agreed to between the two monarchs at Nice in 1538, and it lasted for three years.

Francis, grown old and weak before his time, was lulled into quiet by the offer of the old prize, Milan, which was

refused him by Charles when the time came: the Emperor had given him no promises in writing! This humiliation angered the King and roused him once more to enter the field of war, in 1541, with his allies, including Protestants and Turks. But his foreign friends soon turned from him, his army of mercenaries drained his resources, and Charles and Henry VIII., having joined forces, invaded France with the intention of marching straight on to Paris, which plan was not carried out on account of mutual distrust. Peace was signed at Crespy, September, 1544, by Francis and Charles, the former giving up his rights to Flanders and Artois, the latter abandoning his claim to Burgundy; in Italy France ultimately gained nothing. Two years later (June, 1546), Henry VIII. and Francis came to terms, and once more combined against the Emperor; but death cut short their schemes. Henry died in the beginning of 1547, and Francis on March 31, of the same year.

Thus, at the age of fifty-three, after a life spent to a great extent in the useless pursuit of foolish ambitions, died this King, who, with all his good qualities (good-nature especially prominent), lacked judgment and strength of character. He was, in a measure, the exponent of Europe's opposition against the alarming and overbearing power of Spain and Germany, but scattered his energies in foreign fields, instead of consolidating his forces at home. "Taxes, corruption, arbitrary rule, at home; ill-faith, and failure in war and policy, abroad; these things," says an English author, "are the results of the reign of this most brilliant of French monarchs."

• BATTLE OF PAVIA AND CAPTIVITY OF FRANCIS I.

After the Imperialist army, commanded by the Duke of Bourbon and Pescara, had been driven from the siege of Marseilles in September, 1524, King Francis resolved, contrary to the advice of his best generals, to carry the war into Italy. He crossed the Alps in the month of October, with an army of 40,000 men, and accompanied by most of the best captains in France; but Bonnivet was still the favorite adviser to whom he listened in preference to all others. The

King's plan was to proceed direct into Lombardy, in the hope of arriving there before the Imperialists, and he reached Vercelli at the moment when Bourbon and Pescara approached Montserrat. The latter, by a forced march, gained Pavia, where the Viceroy of Naples and the Duke Sforza had assembled an army of reserve; while the French marched direct upon Milan, which the Imperialists, who were unprepared for defence, were obliged to abandon, leaving only a garrison in the castle. The army of the confederates also left strong garrisons in Alessandria and Pavia, and fell back upon Lodi and Cremona. Had the French followed them up immediately, the consequence would in all probability have been most disastrous to the imperial cause. But François I., without any great capacity of understanding, was extremely obstinate in temper, and, rejecting the advice of all his old and experienced captains, he adopted that of Bonnivet, and resolved to undertake the siege of Pavia, which was garrisoned by 7,000 imperial troops under the celebrated Spanish commander, Antonio de Leyva. Having, therefore, given the government of Milan to La Trémoille, François left to him the task of reducing the castle or citadel, and marched with the bulk of his army to undertake the siege of Pavia in the latter days of October.

The error committed by the King gave time to the Imperial generals to entrench themselves on the Adda, and to increase and re-organize their army, while the garrison of Pavia successfully resisted all the attempts that were made to take the place by assault, until at length François was obliged to turn the siege into a blockade. On the other hand, the Imperial troops remained inactive for want of pay, for the treasury of Charles V. was exhausted; but at length Bourbon and Pescara, by great exertions, raised sufficient money to obtain considerable recruits from Germany, and on the 25th of January, 1525, having persuaded their troops to serve for another month without pay, they marched from Lodi, and took up a position within view of the French camp before Pavia. The King's oldest and best generals advised him to raise the siege of Pavia and fall back for awhile upon Milan, because they saw the danger of allowing himself to be shut in

between the garrison and the army of relief, and they knew that the Imperial generals were without money and could not keep their troops together many days; but the younger and more favored captains, led by Bonnivet, exclaimed against the cowardice of this policy, and protested that it would be unworthy of the King of France to retreat before the traitor Bourbon. The King, who had sworn that he would die rather than raise the siege of Pavia, adopted the opinion of Bonnivet; and, having thus decided on remaining where they were, the French proceeded to take the best measures for fortifying their position on all sides, and for preventing the approach of the enemy to the town. The camp was entrenched in front towards Lodi, its left resting upon the Tesino, while its right extended to the walls of the park of Mirabello, the favorite villa of the Dukes of Milan. This position seemed too strong to justify an attack, and the Imperialists remained in their position. Contrary, however, to the expectations of the King of France and his advisers, this delay had proved injurious to them, for they lost by desertion or defeat a considerable number of their Swiss and Italian auxiliaries; and at length, on the 22d of February, the Imperial generals received an advance of money from Spain, which enabled them to pay to their troops a portion of their arrears of wages. Encouraged by this circumstance, and by some successful skirmishing which had taken place, the Imperial generals resolved to force their way into Pavia through the park of Mirabello.

This park, though commanded to a considerable degree by the French artillery, was the worst guarded part of their position; and, in all probability, the attempt to pass through it would force them to come out and give battle, which was what the Imperialists desired. During the night of the 23d of February, the latter kept the French camp in a state of alarm by a continual cannonade and by a repetition of false attacks, while the mass of their troops approached unobserved the walls of the park of Mirabello, broke down a sufficient extent of these, and entered the park. At daybreak, the French commanders were taken by surprise when they saw the enemy's columns marching rapidly through the park,

leaving the King's headquarters on their left. The French batteries, commanded by Galiot de Genouillac, immediately opened upon them with terrible effect, and as the vanguard were at this moment passing a part of the park which was especially exposed, they hurried forward in the greatest precipitation to gain a deep lane which was covered from the artillery. François I. saw this movement, and, having just heard that the division commanded by the Duke of Alençon and Chabot de Brion, which occupied the villa of Mirabello, had gained an advantage over the Imperialists in the park, he took it for granted that the latter were flying, and hurrying out from his camp, drew the whole army with him, and threw himself before his own batteries, which were thus immediately silenced. The Imperial generals saw their utmost hopes fulfilled by this imprudent movement, and they formed their troops rapidly in order of battle, while the vanguard, which had run to the deep road to escape the cannonade, returned, reinforced by the greater part of the garrison of Pavia, commanded by Antonio de Leyva in person.

The two armies were soon engaged in a terrible struggle. The lansquenets in the pay of France were quickly routed by the German troops under the Duke of Bourbon, and their two chiefs, the English Yorkist exile, the Duke of Suffolk, and François de Guise, brother of the Duke of Lorraine, were slain. Bourbon then, with his victorious division, joined the Spaniards who were engaged with the right wing of the French army, which was also defeated with great slaughter. La Palisse, who commanded it, had surrendered to a Neapolitan captain named Castaldo, when a Spanish officer, named Buzarto, jealous of the Italian, slew the prisoner with an arquebus-shot. In the centre the struggle was equally furious, and at first more favorable to the French. The King, at the head of the French cavalry, had routed the Italian cavalry commanded by the Marquis of St. Angelo, and François is said to have killed this nobleman, who was a descendant of the celebrated Scanderbeg, and several others of his opponents, with his own hand. Another body of cavalry, raised in the Franche-Comté, experienced the same fate as the Italians. But Pescara had, by a stratagem of war,

mixed with the Spanish cavalry (on whom the shock of the French *gendarmerie* fell next) a large number of the most skillful of his Basque arquebusiers, and these, penetrating even into the ranks of the French cavalry, shot down with unerring aim the bravest of their captains, and threw them into irretrievable confusion. La Trémoille and De Foix, with Bayard's friend, Louis d'Ars, San Severino, the bastard of Savoy, and many other brave commanders perished. Meanwhile, in the right wing matters went worse even than in the left. The Duke of Alençon, who commanded the cavalry there, believing all was lost, drew off his men and fled without striking a blow; while the Swiss, who formed the body of that wing, were seized with the same panic, and instead of giving their assistance to the centre, withdrew from the field, and made their retreat by the road to Milan. Nevertheless, François, who fought with the greatest courage, succeeded in rallying his troops in the centre, and in repulsing his immediate assailants, and Pescara was himself wounded and thrown from his horse. But at this moment the other imperial commanders, the Duke of Bourbon, Castaldo, Del Guasto, Antonio de Leyva, and the Viceroy Lannoi, meeting with no further resistance on the left or the right, turned also upon the French centre, which was soon overwhelmed by numbers. The slaughter had been dreadful among the French captains and gentry. Bonnivet, in despair at the disaster which had been incurred in great measure by his presumption, threw himself furiously upon Bourbon's lansquenets and was immediately slain. He had been one of Bourbon's bitterest enemies, and when the Duke, after seeking him through the field of battle, was shown his corpse stretched on the ground, he is said to have exclaimed, almost more in sorrow than in triumph: "Ah! wretch, thou art the cause of the ruin of France and of me!"

The King and a few of the bravest of his companions-in-arms still continued the struggle, until François, already wounded in the face and leg, and hemmed in by his enemies, was in imminent danger of sharing the fate of so many of his brave commanders. The companion of the Duke of Bourbon's flight, Pompéran, perceived him in this critical position, and,

hurrying to his rescue, urged him to surrender to the Duke ; but the King refused indignantly, and Pompérant then sought the Viceroy Lannoi, to whom François surrendered his sword. Among those who were made prisoners with the King were the King of Navarre, the Count of St. Pol, Fleuranges, Montmorenci, Brion, in fact nearly all the French captains of any note who had not been slain in the battle ; and among others, of less military reputation, was the King's *valet-de-chambre*, the poet Clément Marot, who was wounded fighting bravely by the side of his master. The first feeling exhibited by the King was that of mortification at his failure in performing his boast against Pavia, and he begged that he might not be taken into the town to become a spectacle to the inhabitants. He was accordingly conducted to the tent of the Marquis del Guasto, a cousin of the Marquis of Pescara, where his wounds were immediately dressed. He was visited in the course of the day by Pescara and by the Duke of Bourbon, and the King showed his resentment against the latter no further than by addressing him with coldness, while he conversed familiarly with the former. The respect shown by the German and Italian soldiers for their prisoner, and their increased discontent, in spite of their rich plunder, at not receiving their arrears of pay, excited the alarm of the Viceroy of Naples, and, fearing that they might seize upon the King and hold him as a hostage or even set him at liberty, he contrived to remove him from the camp and convey him in safe custody to the castle of Pizzighittone. Before he left the camp before Pavia, François wrote to his mother a letter in which he informed her of his misfortune, that of all his possessions nothing remained but honor and life, exhorted her to act with her accustomed prudence, and begged her to allow the bearer to pass directly into Spain that he might know quickly what were the Emperor's intentions in regard to him. Historians have transformed this letter into the laconic epistle which it has been pretended that the prisoner addressed to the Regent Louise after the battle, "Madame, all is lost but honor" (*Madame, tout est perdu, fors l'honneur.*)

Charles V. was evidently embarrassed by his own unexpected fortune, and, while he at first concealed his joy under

a show of moderation which he was far from feeling, he shrunk from the alternative of following his original design for the conquest and dismemberment of France, and chose the less generous and even the less politic one of selling the liberty of his prisoner as dearly as possible. He began, while Henry VIII. was still his ally, by demanding for himself the surrender of Burgundy and Picardy; for the King of England, Normandy, Guienne, and Gascony; and for the Duke of Bourbon, the restoration of the ancient domains of his family and the addition of Provence and Dauphiné. François had at first been deceived by the Emperor's professions of moderation, and had appealed to him with great humility; but these demands threw him into furious indignation, and he declared that he would rather die than yield to them. Nevertheless, François himself offered to purchase his freedom by conditions which were sufficiently humiliating; but these—which were the marriage of the King with the Emperor's sister, the Queen-dowager of Portugal, with an acknowledgment that he held the Duchy of Burgundy as her dower and that it was to descend to their children, the abandonment of all his rights in Italy and Flanders, and the restoration of all his property to the Duke of Bourbon, to whom he promised to give in marriage Marguerite of Valois, made a widow by the recent death of the Duke of Alençon—fell far short of Charles' expectations.

Charles now became aware that his captive was not safe in Italy, for Bourbon and Pescara, who were the favorites of the soldiers and were discontented with the Emperor, seemed to look upon the King as their own prisoner rather than that of their master, and the latter was alarmed by reports of plots for setting him at liberty. To defeat these, the cunning of the Viceroy Lannoi was put in requisition. The Viceroy persuaded François that he would gain much more favorable terms in a personal treaty with the Emperor; and the King fell so completely into the snare, that he not only expressed a wish to be carried to Spain, but he forbade the fleets which might have hindered his departure and perhaps have rescued him, from interfering, and he ordered his own subjects to furnish ships as transports for the Spanish troops who were

to escort him. At the same time Lannoi induced Bourbon and Pescara to agree to his removal from Pizzighittone, by assuring them that it was for their interests that he should be transferred to Naples, as a protection against a plot of his friends who might have procured his escape in the same manner as they had then recently done that of the King of Navarre, his fellow-captive. François embarked with the viceroy at Genoa on the 7th of June, and was conveyed first to Valencia, and thence to Madrid, where he was closely imprisoned, while the Emperor, who was at Toledo, refused him an interview.

The King now repented bitterly of the too easy faith which he had given to the Viceroy of Naples, and his grief and mortification brought on an attack of illness, which soon assumed so serious a character that Charles thought it advisable to pay him the visit he had so long refused, lest death should step in and deprive him of his captive. This interview took place on the 18th of September, and the King, with the same credulity as he had shown in the case of the viceroy, believed in his fair promises, and soon recovered his spirits and with them his health. But the Emperor, having thus obtained his ends, returned to his former rigor, and the King, in despair, resigned himself to perpetual imprisonment rather than contribute to the ruin of his kingdom, and drew up privately an act of abdication by which he surrendered the crown to his infant son, the Dauphin. This act he delivered to his sister Marguerite, who had repaired to Madrid to plead in his favor, and who was compelled to make a hasty return to France lest the Emperor should cause her to be arrested in order to obtain possession of the document. It seems doubtful how far this document was intended to be ever carried into effect; for François I. was, after all, more capable of conceiving great designs than of performing great acts. The deed of abdication was never presented to the Parliament; and eventually, when the Emperor became alarmed by an act which might at once deprive his prisoner of his character of King, and made new advances, the latter concluded a treaty which redounded little to his own honor.

The new treaty, known as the Treaty of Madrid, was

signed on the 14th of January, 1526, and François, before he put his signature to it, made a private protest before his own plenipotentiaries against its validity, and intimated his design to break or evade it. By this treaty of Madrid, François I. engaged to give up to the Emperor the Duchy of Burgundy, abjured all his claims on Naples, Milan and Genoa, renounced all suzerainty over Burgundy, Flanders and Artois, gave up Tournai, abandoned the King of Navarre, the Duke of Guelders, and the family of La Marck, promised to restore their estates to the Duke of Bourbon and his accomplices, and undertook to pay a heavy debt which the Emperor had contracted with the King of England. It was further agreed that the King should marry Eleanor of Portugal; and the Duke of Bourbon, to whom the Queen of Portugal had also been promised, was, by way of compensation, to be made Duke of Milan. François promised to ratify the treaty in the first frontier town which he entered in his own dominions; he was to deliver his two eldest sons as hostages for its performance; and he promised, in case the ratifications of the treaty should not have been exchanged and all its clauses fully executed within four months, to return to his prison in Spain.

After the treaty had been thus concluded, François I. was conducted by the Viceroy of Naples to Fontarabia, while the Regent and her two grandsons, who were destined to become the hostages for their father, came to Bayonne. At a point between Irun and Andaye, a large barge was placed at anchor in the middle of the river Bidassoa, which here formed the boundary of the two kingdoms, and, on the 18th of March, 1526, the viceroy, leading the King with him, met on board this vessel the Marshal Lautrec, who held in his hands the two royal children. These were delivered to Lannoi; and François, after shedding tears over them and giving them his blessing, departed with Lautrec, and soon set his feet on his own territory. In doing this, he exclaimed with emotion, "Here I am a King again!" He then mounted a swift horse, and rode at its full speed first to St. Jean-de-Luz, and thence with the same rapidity to Bayonne, where he was received by his mother and the court. It was the first of his

cities into which he entered, and an agent of the Viceroy of Naples immediately summoned him to perform his promise of ratifying the treaty; but the King returned an evasive answer, alleging that it was necessary for him to consult the people of Burgundy before he could confirm an act which separated their duchy from the kingdom of France.

—T. WRIGHT.





CHEVALIER BAYARD was the final consummate glory of the Age of Chivalry. The spotless fame of this "Knight without fear and without reproach," closes one of the bright chapters in the world's history. "The name of Chevalier Bayard," says Simms, "has grown into proverbial identification in modern times with all that is pure and

noble in manhood and all that is great and excellent in the soldier." He lived in a degenerate age, an age of widespread depravity, when the order of chivalry, which had been the redeeming feature of society, had fallen into decay.

The warrior who thus became celebrated for his noble character and heroic courage bore the name Pierre du Terrail. He was born of a poor but noble family at Castle Bayard, near Grenoble, in 1476. His mother's name was Helène des Allemans. In early youth he entered the service of the Duke of Savoy as a page, and was placed in charge of an equerry, who gave him an education and training calculated to make him manly and robust, skillful in the use of weapons and fitted for the duties of a soldier. The page attended his master in his walks, carried his messages, followed him in the chase, and waited on him at the table. When he had spent six months in the service of the Duke of Savoy, his graceful bearing and skill in horsemanship attracted the notice of King Charles VIII., who took him into his service about 1490. At the age of seventeen he was raised to the station of man-

at-arms, and gentleman of the household, a position which was eagerly desired by the young men of that time.

In 1494 he accompanied Charles VIII. in his expedition for the conquest of Naples. At the battle of Fornovo in 1495, Bayard performed remarkable feats of courage, and captured a standard. For his valor he received from the King a reward of five hundred crowns. After the accession of Louis XII. of France, Bayard continued to serve in several campaigns in Italy against the Spaniards. When Louis XII formed a national infantry, in 1508, he persuaded Bayard and other cavaliers to take command of the new brigade and to fight on foot. The French King was indebted to Bayard in particular for the first organization of his infantry. Bayard contributed greatly to the victory which the French gained over the Venetians, near Aguadello, in May, 1509. In 1510 he began to serve under Gaston de Foix, who commanded the army in Italy. He fought with distinction against the army of Pope Julius II., at La Bastia, and acquired about this time the appellation of "The Invincible." He led a storming party at the siege of Brescia, and to his exploits the victory was chiefly ascribed; but he was severely wounded. He also took part in the victory which the French gained at Ravenna in 1512. At the "Battle of the Spurs," in 1512, he was taken prisoner by the English; but he was released without a ransom.

In 1515, Francis I. appointed Bayard Lieutenant General of Dauphiny. He commanded the cavalry of the army which invaded the Milanese, and he took Prosper Colonna prisoner at Villafranca. In this campaign several generals superior in rank to Bayard willingly served under his orders. He contributed to the victory gained in September, 1515, at Marignano, where Francis I. commanded in person. In compliance with the King's request, directly after this battle, he conferred on the King the honor of knighthood.

In 1522 he defended Mézières against the invading army of 35,000 of the Emperor Charles V., and after six weeks compelled the Count of Nassau to raise the siege, although the town was not well fortified. This notable defence still further enhanced the knight's reputation, and the King rewarded him

with the chief command of a company of a hundred men-at-arms, *gens d'armes*, an honor which had hitherto been conferred only on princes of the blood. For the defence of Mézières, which saved Central France from invasion, the parliament thanked Bayard as the saviour of his country. His undisputed fame for honor and justice caused him soon after to be sent on a diplomatic mission to Genoa, the citizens of which had revolted against Francis. While serving under Bonnivet in Northern Italy, Bayard took Lodi and relieved the garrison of the castle of Cremona. Bonnivet, an incompetent general, was opposed to the Duke of Bourbon and Marquis of Pescara, by whom he was compelled to retreat. When Bonnivet was disabled by a wound, he requested Bayard to assume the command, saying: "You alone can save the army." He accepted the command and continued to retreat slowly until he was mortally wounded at the river Sesia. He placed himself with his back against a tree, and when his friends would have carried him away, he said: "Let me die in peace. It is all over with me." He died on the field, in April, 1524.

Chevalier Bayard combined the merits of an excellent tactician with the magnanimity, loyalty and romantic heroism of an ideal knight. Perhaps no other person who has acted only in subordinate commands has ever attained so wide and just a renown. It was said of Bayard by the military men of this time, that he assaulted like a greyhound, defended himself like a lion, and retreated like a wolf, which always retires from its pursuers with its face towards them. His device was a porcupine, with this motto: "*Vires agminis unus habet.*" "One man possesses the power of a whole troop." In person he was tall and rather slender; his eyes were black, and his nose somewhat aquiline. He was never married. It is said that he gave marriage portions to a hundred orphan girls, and that most of his gifts were made in secret. In a licentious age, which strangely combined coarseness and refinement, Chevalier Bayard was admitted by friend and foe, by priest and soldier, to be a perfect model of Christian Knighthood.

THE GENEROSITY OF CHEVALIER BAYARD.

The town of Bresse, having revolted against the French, was attacked, taken and sacked, with an almost unexampled fury. The Chevalier Bayard, who was wounded at the beginning of the action, was carried to the house of a person of quality, whom he protected from the fury of the conquerors, by placing at the door two soldiers, whom he indemnified with a gift of eight hundred crowns, in lieu of the plunder they might have lost by their attendance at the door.

The impatience of Bayard to join the army without considering the state of his wound, which was by no means well, determined him to depart. The mistress of the house then threw herself at his feet, saying, "The rights of war make you master of our lives and our possessions, and you have saved our honor. We hope, however, from your accustomed generosity, that you will not treat us with severity, and that you will be pleased to content yourself with a present more adapted to our circumstances than to our inclinations." At the same time she presented him with a small box full of ducats. Bayard, smiling, asked her how many ducats the box contained. "Two thousand five hundred, my lord," answered the lady, with much emotion; "but if these will not satisfy you, we will employ all our means to raise more." "No, madam," replied the Chevalier, "I do not want money; the care you have taken of me more than repays the services I have done you. I ask nothing but your friendship; and I conjure you to accept of mine."

So singular an instance of generosity gave the lady more surprise than joy. She again threw herself at the feet of the Chevalier, and protested that she would never rise until he had accepted of that mark of her gratitude. "Since you will have it so," replied Bayard, "I will not refuse it; but may I not have the honor to salute your amiable daughters?" The young ladies soon entered, and Bayard thanked them for their kindness in enlivening him with their company. "I should be glad," said he, "to have it in my power to convince you of my gratitude; but we soldiers are seldom possessed of jewels worthy the acceptance of your sex. Your amiable mother

has presented me with two thousand five hundred ducats; I make a present to each of you of one thousand, for a part of your marriage portion. The remaining five hundred I give to the poor sufferers of this town, and I beg you will take on yourselves the distribution."

The Chevalier, having at another time learned that the great captain, Gonsalvo de Cordova, who commanded the Spaniards in the kingdom of Naples, was in expectation of receiving a considerable sum of money for the payment of his troops, resolved to intercept it. As the treasure could not reach the place of its destination, except by two narrow passes, the Chevalier and twenty of his men lay in ambuscade in one of them, and he placed Tardieu with twenty-five men in the other.

Chance happened to lead the Spaniards through the pass in which Bayard lay in ambush, when he fell upon them sword in hand. The enemy, without considering by what a small number they were attacked, were so frightened that they precipitately fled and left the treasure behind them. The chests were carried to a neighboring village, and on being opened and the contents counted on a large table, the victors found themselves in possession of fifteen thousand ducats.

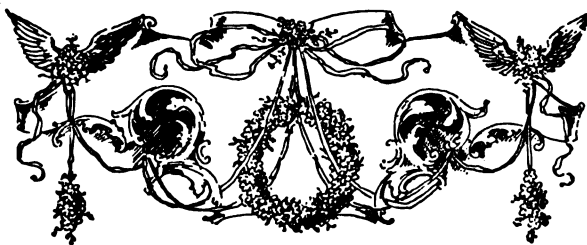
Tardieu arrived at this instant, and viewing the mountain of gold with greedy eyes, he said that one half of it belonged to him, as he had a share in the enterprise. "I agree," replied the Chevalier, who was not pleased with Tardieu's tone of voice, "that you had a share in the enterprise; but you were not at the taking of the money. Besides, being under my orders, your right is subordinate to my pleasure." Tardieu, forgetting what he owed to his benefactor and chief, went immediately to complain to the general.

Every one was surprised to see a friend of the Chevalier accuse him of injustice and avarice—a man whom even his enemies extolled for his justice and generosity. The matter was heard, and Tardieu was censured for his conduct. Indeed, he became himself ashamed of what he had done. "I am more unhappy," said he to Bayard, "for thus proceeding against you than I am for the loss of what I attempted to gain. How could I be unhappy in seeing you rich? Did I

not know that your fortune is always an advantage to your friends, and has been so to me in particular?"

The Chevalier, smiling, embraced him, and a second time counted over the ducats in his presence. Tardieu was not master of his transports on the sight of so much money. "Ah, you enchanting pieces!" he exclaimed, "but you are not my property! Had I but one-half of you, I should be happy all the rest of my life!" "God forbid," said Bayard, "that for so small a matter I should make a gentleman unhappy! Take half the sum. With joy I voluntarily give you that which you should never have extorted from me by force." The Chevalier then assembled the garrison and distributed the other half among them.

The Spanish treasurer, who was taken in company with the convoy, and in whose presence all this passed, could not but admire so much disinterestedness; but he feared that the conqueror, after having given away everything, would reserve to himself the price of his ransom, and would consequently make him pay extravagantly. Bayard, who perceived his inquietude, soon relieved his mind. "My trade," said he, "as a soldier, obliged me to take you. I will not dissemble, but assure you that I am happy on the occasion, since that success has enabled me to be of service to my companions, and what I took from you belonged to your master, who is the enemy of mine. As to everything regarding yourself, I release you with joy; you are at liberty, and may depart as soon as you please." At the same time, he ordered a trumpet to attend him to the enemy's quarters.—R. PERCY.





CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS is justly honored as the Discoverer of the New World, though he himself was not aware of the full meaning or value of his work. Whatever had been done in that direction by the Northmen centuries before, had been lost in utter oblivion. But the Italian navigator and mystical enthusiast, by profound study of the globes and charts which

the science of his day had constructed, was convinced of the possibility of reaching the East by sailing westward, and by his absolute faith in the compass and the now-forgotten astrolabe, was able to realize in a certain measure his strange and visionary project, which the highest reputed wisdom of his time condemned in advance. The discoverer was then rewarded as all the greatest benefactors of the human race have been rewarded,—with opposition, neglect and chains. But his noble soul rose superior to this unworthy treatment, and found its supreme satisfaction in the discharge of duty and submission to the will of God.

Christopher Columbus was born in Genoa, about the year 1435 or 1436. His son, Fernando, unwilling, from mistaken pride, to reveal the indigence and humble condition from which his father emerged, has left the biography of Columbus very incomplete. His father followed the trade of a wool-comber, and his ancestors had long occupied a lowly position. The name was Colombo in the Italian; the Latin form was given to it by himself at an early period, in his letters; and conceiving that Colonus was the Roman original, he changed

the name to Colon when he went to Spain, better to adapt the word to the Castilian tongue.

With the exception of one year spent at Pavia, then the great school of learning in Lombardy, Columbus received his education in his native city. It was extended to such studies as fitted him for the nautical profession, to which he showed an early bent, geometry, geography and astronomy, or, as it was termed, astrology. He went to sea at the age of fourteen. In addition to the hardy encounters and dangers attending the sea-faring life of that age, he was under the rigid discipline of an old relation, Colombo, who carried on a predatory warfare against Mohammedans and Venetians, the bitter enemies of the Genoese. But after reaching manhood his voyages were no longer confined to the Mediterranean. In February, 1467, in order to ascertain whether Iceland was an island, he sailed a hundred leagues beyond it, and was astonished at not finding the sea frozen; he also visited the Portuguese Fort of St. George la Mina, on the coast of Guinea. He was at Lisbon in 1470, probably attracted by the fame of the discoveries on the African coast, and a desire to obtain employment under the Portuguese Princes. Lisbon at that time was the great resort of travelers and navigators, whom Prince Henry highly encouraged. This famous Prince had established a naval college, and erected an observatory at Sagres.

Columbus was now about thirty-five years of age, tall and well-built, of dignified carriage and engaging manners. Already his hair had become white, doubtless in consequence of the hardships and anxieties of his early days. About this time he married Felipa Mõnis de Palestrello, the daughter of an Italian gentleman, who had been a navigator under Prince Henry, and had colonized the Isle of Porto Santo, and had been its Governor. He now occupied himself in drawing maps and charts, contributing of his means to the support of his aged father, as well as to defray the expenses for the education of his younger brothers. He resided for some time at Porto Santo, where his wife had an estate. This island had not long been discovered, a circumstance which, at a period of great excitement and expectation as to maritime explora-

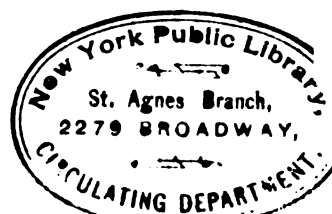
tion, kindled his mind to enthusiasm. This feeling was heightened by the allusions in the Bible to the ultimate universal diffusion of the gospel, and Columbus began to dream that by his name he was predestined to bear Christ to the eastern extremity of Asia. As early as 1474 he had conceived the design of reaching India by a westward course. Judging from travelers' accounts, he gave by far too great an extension to the east of Asia, and again, on high authority, he took the extent of a degree considerably below the truth, thus greatly underestimating the size of the earth. Columbus, in his mystical enthusiasm, considered his projected discoveries as merely a means for supplying him with treasures to furnish an army of 50,000 foot soldiers and 5,000 horse for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. He had a firm conviction of the practicability of crossing the Atlantic and of landing on the eastern shores of Asia. In support of his views, he alleged the authority of Aristotle and other ancient writers, who had suggested that India might be reached by going west from the Pillars of Hercules. He confirmed these opinions by traditions and rumors concerning land to the west, and objects seen floating in the Atlantic, or cast ashore by westerly winds. Copious memoranda of all the grounds of his persuasion were found among his papers.

To reach India by sea was then the great problem of geography. Columbus offered to John II., King of Portugal, to solve it by sailing westward. John, after having referred the project to a maritime junto, and to his Council, both of whom regarded it as visionary, nevertheless sent a caravel under the pretext of taking provisions to the Cape Verde Islands, but with secret instruction to try the route marked in the chart of Columbus. The pilots, however, losing all courage, put back to Lisbon, and ridiculed the scheme. Disgusted at such duplicity, Columbus took his departure for Spain in 1484. His only companion was his son Diego, then about eleven years old, his wife having died some time previously. He stopped one day at the Franciscan convent of La Rabida to beg some bread and water for his child. The superior, Juan Perez Marchena, entering into conversation with the stranger, was so struck with the grandeur of his

views, that he detained him as a guest, and sent for the learned physician, Garcia Fernandez, of Palos, to discuss the project. Now, for the first time, it began to be listened to with admiration. Marchena took charge of the maintenance and education of Diego, and gave to the father a letter of introduction to Fernando de Talavera, the confessor of Queen Isabella, the wife of Ferdinand V., King of Spain. But Talavera treated Columbus as a dreaming speculator. His humble dress, and his want of connections and academic honors, formed in the eyes of all the courtiers an inexplicable contrast with his brilliant proposals and aspirations.

Though entering Spain in great poverty, Columbus soon made friends. Cardinal Mendoza obtained for him an audience with King Ferdinand, who referred the matter to a conference of learned monks which was held in the convent of the Dominicans of St. Stephen, at Salamanca. They assailed the would-be explorer with Biblical objections, against which no mathematical demonstration was admitted; but Columbus was well versed in Scripture, and met them on their own ground. The monks, however, sent an unfavorable report to the King concerning the project. Columbus still persevered in new applications, and for seven years was kept in a painful state of suspense. He had formed a connection with a lady of Cordoba, Beatriz Enriquez, which kept him bound somewhat to the Court of Spain. She was the mother of his second son, Ferdinand, who became his historian, and whom he always treated on terms of perfect equality with his legitimate son, Diego.

Columbus sent his brother Bartholomew to seek ships from Henry VII., King of England. Bartholomew took with him maps, the first seen in that island. On his way back to invite Christopher to the English Court, he was seized by pirates. Meanwhile, after a last trial, in February, 1492, Columbus set out for France, having received from the King of that country a letter of encouragement. Two of his friends got an immediate interview with Queen Isabella, overcame her scruples, and Columbus was brought back. The Queen had offered to pledge her jewels; but the King was afterwards prevailed upon to furnish the greater part of the funds, Columbus him-



self undertaking an eighth, and being assured the same part of the profits. He was to have one-tenth of all metals, gems and merchandise, the office of Admiral, with descent of title, and to be Viceroy and Governor-general of all new lands he might discover. The articles of agreement were signed on the 17th of April, 1492.

On Friday, August 3d, 1492, the expedition sailed from Saltes, near Palos. It consisted of three small caravels, two being without decks, and one hundred and twenty men, who had been procured with the utmost difficulty, owing to the general dread of such a voyage. The celebrated brothers Pinzon commanded the two smaller vessels, of about fifty tons each, named the *Pinta* and *Nina*; the Admiral sailed in the *Santa Maria*. Two days after sailing, one of the vessels had her rudder broken; but next day the Canaries were sighted, where he refitted. The King of Portugal, jealous of his having set out under Spanish favor, sent three frigates to intercept him; but Columbus managed to avoid an encounter. As soon as his crews found themselves out of sight of the Canaries, a feeling of consternation and alarm spread among them; the Admiral, to calm this terror, adopted throughout the voyage the stratagem of keeping two reckonings, one true and private, for his own guidance, the other merely for the crews, to keep them in ignorance of the great distance they were advancing.

On the 20th of September the wind, which had steadily blown from the east, veered to the southwest; this circumstance cheered the men, who had been alarmed at its continuance from the east, which seemed to preclude all hope of their return. However, on the 10th of October the crews broke out into open mutiny. Columbus repressed the outbreak with extraordinary tact. He first tried kindness and persuasion; but finding this unavailing, he assumed a decided tone. Fortunately on the 11th, the manifestations of land were such as to convince the most dejected. Sitting on the high poop of his vessel, at ten o'clock on the night of the 11th of October, 1492, gazing earnestly ahead, Columbus plainly saw moving lights upon some land. Four hours of most exciting suspense followed. At 2 A. M., Rodrigo Triana,

a sailor on board the Pinta, which was some distance in advance, saw the land itself. A gun was immediately fired as a signal for the two other ships that land had been seen. Dawn revealed a lovely island, and Columbus, with tears of joy, after heart-felt thanksgiving, kissed the earth on which he landed, and with great solemnity planted the cross on one of the Bahamas, which he named San Salvador. This was probably the island called by the natives Guanahani, though several geographers argue in favor of other islands as his land-fall. He traded with the natives, who imagined that the white visitors were spirits from the skies which bounded the horizon.

On the 24th Columbus set out in quest of gold and the Island of Cipango (Japan). After discovering Concepcion, Exuma and Isla Larga, Cuba broke upon his view like a paradise. At first he imagined this to be Cipango, and even when this idea proved erroneous, he deemed all these islands to be portions of Asia, a delusion under which he labored till his latest hour. Owing to this mistake, he called the inhabitants Indians, a name which became general before the truth was known, and which was extended to all the aborigines of the Americas. His next discovery was Haiti, or Santo Domingo; this he imagined the ancient Ophir from whence Solomon drew his riches; but he gave to it the name of Hispaniola, or Little Spain, from its resemblance to the mother country.

On the 4th of January, 1493, Columbus set out on his homeward voyage, and landed at Palos on the 15th of March, 1493. The report of the discovery produced an extraordinary sensation in Europe. Columbus was received by Ferdinand and Isabella, and in every part of Spain, with the highest honor. On September 25th, 1493, he sailed from Cadiz on his second expedition with a fleet of seventeen ships and 1,500 men, and discovered the Windward Isles, Jamaica, and Porto Rico, and founded a colony in Hispaniola. Disappointed in their hopes of making rapid fortunes, many of the adventurers who came out with him became discontented, and returning home spread calumnies against the admiral. Columbus returned to Cadiz June 11, 1496, leaving behind his brother

Bartholomew as governor. He was again received with much favor, and refuted all the charges preferred by his enemies.

Sailing on a third expedition on the 20th of May, 1498, with a fleet of six vessels from San Lucar de Barrameda, he discovered Trinidad, the mouths of the Orinoco, the coast of Paria, and the Margarita and Cubagua Islands. He imagined the river Orinoco to proceed from the tree of life in the midst of Paradise, the situation of which was then supposed to be in the remotest parts of the East. Being in poor health, Columbus sailed now to Hispaniola. Finding the new colony in a most disorganized state, he remained some time to restore order. Complaints, however, still reached Spain, and were countenanced by envious courtiers at home. The unproductiveness of the new settlement, and regret at having vested such high powers in a subject and a foreigner, who could now be dispensed with, induced Ferdinand, in July, 1500, to dispatch a commissioner named Francisco Bobadilla, to supersede Columbus, and send him back in chains. Bobadilla, on his arrival, gave Columbus in charge of an officer named Vallejo, and ordered that the prisoner should at once be conveyed to Spain in a caravel commanded by one Captain Martin. When they put to sea, both Vallejo and Martin wished to remove the fetters with which Bobadilla had loaded the explorer; but Columbus would not allow such a thing; said he, "I will wear them till the King orders otherwise, and will preserve them as memorials of his gratitude." He afterwards hung them up in his room, and ordered that at his death they should be buried with him. There was a general burst of indignation throughout Spain on the arrival at Cadiz of Columbus in chains. Ferdinand had to disclaim all complicity in this cruel action, in order to calm the excited populace.

The Queen bestowed her usual favor on the illustrious traveler. Bobadilla was recalled; but the admiral was not reinstated. Ferdinand kept Columbus in attendance for nine months, and then appointed Nicholas Ovando to succeed him as Governor of Hispaniola. This was the death-blow to the admiral's hope of reinstatement. This favor he had long sought in vain, and to the day of his decease he got no redress,

though there was not a semblance of proof against him. Columbus, in fact, had served the King's purpose, and was no longer wanted.

With restricted power, and a broken constitution, but with his ever-soaring and irrepressible enthusiasm, Columbus set out from Cadiz on his fourth voyage, 9th of May, 1502, with four caravels and 150 men. The object of this expedition was to search for a passage from the Caribbean Sea into what was supposed to be the great Indian Sea, from which Vasco de Gama had recently returned laden with the richest treasure. Being denied relief and even shelter at Santo Domingo, he was swept away by the currents to the north-west; he however missed Yucatan and Mexico, and at last reached Truxillo, whence he coasted along Honduras, the Mosquito shore, Costa Rica, Veragua, as far as Cape El Retrete. He now returned to Veragua, a country which he himself mistook for the Golden Chersonesus of the ancients. Finally he was driven off by the natives, and at the end of April, 1503, he sailed for Hispaniola, and on the 24th of June, anchored at Jamaica. After famine and despair had occasioned a series of mutinies and disasters far greater than any that he had yet experienced, he at last arrived, on the 13th of August, at Santo Domingo. Here he exhausted his funds in relieving his crews, extending his generosity even to those who had been most outrageous. He now had only two seaworthy ships; but with these he set sail for Spain, arriving at San Lucar on the 7th of November, 1504.

This voyage was so disastrous, that the constitution of the explorer, on which the infirmities of age had already made such inroads, never recovered from the shock. He renewed his appeals to the justice and generosity of the King. Whilst at Seville he received the news of the death of his patroness, Queen Isabella. Being seized with a violent attack of gout, he was detained here until the Spring of 1505, when he arrived, wearied and exhausted, at Segovia, to have only another courtly denial of redress. He lingered a year longer in neglect, poverty and pain, till death gave him relief at Valladolid on the 20th of May, 1506. Thus ended a noble and glorious career, inseparably connected with the records of the injustice

and ingratitude of kings. To make some amends for the sorrows and wrongs of this great man, he was given a magnificent funeral; on the grave was emblazoned a coat of arms with the motto, "A Castilla y a Leon, Nuevo mundo dio Colon,"—"To Castile and Leon, Columbus gave a New World."

Christopher Columbus was a skillful sailor and an experienced pilot, and made use in his navigation of helps which a few years before did not exist. The compass had been receiving more attention, and the astrolabe, an instrument like our sextant, had been lately introduced. For the age in which he lived, he was an able geographer. A devout Roman Catholic, he exhibited for that faith a true missionary spirit. Although Sebastian Cabot discovered Newfoundland and Labrador in June, 1497, and Columbus did not touch the American Continent till he visited the coast of Paria in August, 1498, no such consideration can rob Columbus of his glory as the discoverer of the New World.

Don Diego, the son of Columbus, renewed the application for redress of his father's wrongs, and at length commenced a law-process against the King before the "High Council of the Indies." This court decided against the King; and about the same time a mutual attachment having sprung up between the young admiral and the Donna Maria de Toledo, niece of the celebrated Duke of Alva, who was cousin-german to King Ferdinand, and high in his favor, such influence was brought to bear, that the King was obliged to yield, though not so far as to restore fully the dignities and privileges at first conferred. As vice-queen in Hispaniola, this lady behaved with great dignity, propriety and spirit, and did excellent service to her husband, who, like his father, was never free from the persecution of enemies. Her eldest son, Don Luis, resigned all claim to the former titles for a handsome pension, with the titles of Duke of Veragua and Marquis of Jamaica. His eldest daughter married Don Diego, her cousin; and they jointly enjoyed the honors and estates, but died without issue, and the legitimate male line became extinct. At length, in 1608, the properties and titles passed into a branch of the house of Braganza, in the person of Don Nuno de Portugallo,

who was grandson of Isabella, third daughter of Don Diego Columbus, by his wife, Donna Maria de Toledo.

THE LANDING OF COLUMBUS.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately the manifestations of the vicinity of land were such on the following day as no longer to admit a doubt. Beside a quantity of fresh weeds, such as grow in rivers, they saw a green fish of a kind which keeps about rocks; then a branch of thorn with berries on it, and recently separated from the tree, floated by them; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. All gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation; and throughout the day each one was eagerly on the watch, in hopes of being the first to discover the long-sought-for land.

In the evening, when, according to invariable custom on board of the admiral's ship, the mariners had sung the *Salve, Regina*, or vesper hymn to the Virgin, he made an impressive address to his crew. He pointed out the goodness of God in thus conducting them by soft and favoring breezes across a tranquil ocean, cheering their hopes continually with fresh signs, increasing as their fears augmented, and thus leading and guiding them to a promised land. He now reminded them of the orders he had given on leaving the Canaries, that, after sailing westward seven hundred leagues, they should not make sail after midnight. Present appearances authorized such a precaution. He thought it probable they would make land that very night; he ordered, therefore, a vigilant lookout to be kept from the fore-castle, promising to whosoever should make the discovery a doublet of velvet, in addition to the pension to be given by the sovereigns.

The breeze had been fresh all day, with more sea than usual, and they had made great progress. At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the "Pinta" keeping the lead, from her superior sailing. The greatest animation prevailed throughout the ships; not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the castle

or cabin on the high poop of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock, he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him, he called to Pedro Gutierrez, gentleman of the King's bed-chamber, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied in the affirmative. Doubtful whether it might not yet be some delusion of the fancy, Columbus call Rodrigo Sanchez, of Segovia, and made the same inquiry. By the time the latter had ascended the round-house the light had disappeared. They saw it once or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams; as if it were a torch in the bark of a fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves; or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house. So transient and uncertain were these gleams, that few attached any importance to them; Columbus, however, considered them as certain signs of land, and, moreover, that the land was inhabited.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the "Pinta" gave the joyful signal of land. It was first descried by a mariner named Rodrigo de Triana; but the reward was afterwards adjudged to the admiral, for having previously perceived the light. The land was now clearly seen about two leagues distant, whereupon they took in sail, and laid to, waiting impatiently for the dawn.

The thoughts and feelings of Columbus in this little space of time must have been tumultuous and intense. At length, in spite of every difficulty and danger, he had accomplished his object. The great mystery of the ocean was revealed; his theory, which had been the scoff of sages, was triumphantly established; he had secured to himself a glory durable as the world itself.

It is difficult to conceive the feelings of such a man, at such a moment; or the conjectures which must have thronged upon his mind, as to the land before him, covered with darkness. That it was fruitful, was evident from the vegetables which floated from its shores. He thought, too, that he perceived the fragrance of aromatic groves. The moving light he had beheld proved it the residence of man. But what were

its inhabitants? Were they like those of the other parts of the globe; or were they some strange and monstrous race, such as the imagination was prone in those times to give to all remote and unknown regions? Had he come upon some wild island far in the Indian sea; or was this the famed Cipango itself, the object of his golden fancies? A thousand speculations of the kind must have swarmed upon him, as, with his anxious crews, he waited for the night to pass away; wondering whether the morning light would reveal a savage wilderness, or dawn upon spicy groves, and glittering fanes, and gilded cities, and all the splendor of Oriental civilization.

It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned, he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous; for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods and running to the shore. They were perfectly naked, and, as they stood gazing at the ships, appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment. Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly attired in scarlet, and holding the royal standard; whilst Martin Alonzo Pinzon and Vincent Jañez, his brother, put off in company in their boats, each with a banner of the enterprise, emblazoned with a green cross, having on either side the letters F and Y, the initials of the Castilian monarchs, Fernando and Ysabel, surmounted by crowns.

As he approached the shore, Columbus, who was disposed for all kinds of agreeable impressions, was delighted with the purity and suavity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. He beheld, also, fruits of an unknown kind upon the trees which overhung the shores. On landing, he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus, then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and assembling round him the two captains, with

Rodrigo de Escobedo, notary of the armament, Rodrigo Sanchez, and the rest who had landed, he took solemn possession in the name of the Castilian sovereigns, giving the island the name of San Salvador. Having complied with the requisite forms and ceremonies, he called upon all present to take the oath of obedience to him, as admiral and viceroy, representing the persons of the sovereigns.

The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the most extravagant transports. They had recently considered themselves devoted men, hurrying forward to destruction; they now looked upon themselves as favorites of fortune, and gave themselves up to the most unbounded joy. They thronged around the admiral with overflowing zeal, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been most mutinous and turbulent during the voyage, were now most devoted and enthusiastic. Some begged favors of him, as if he had already wealth and honors in his gift. Many abject spirits, who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him and promising the blindest obedience for the future.

The natives of the island, when, at the dawn of day, they had beheld the ships hovering on their coast, had supposed them monsters which had issued from the deep during the night. They had crowded to the beach, and watched their movements with awful anxiety. Their veering about, apparently without effort, and the shifting and furling of their sails, resembling huge wings, filled them with astonishment. When they beheld their boats approach the shore, and a number of strange beings clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, landing upon the beach, they fled in affright to the woods. Finding, however, that there was no attempt to pursue nor molest them, they gradually recovered from their terror, and approached the Spaniards with great awe; frequently prostrating themselves on the earth, and making signs of adoration. During the ceremonies of taking possession, they remained gazing in timid admiration at the complexion, the beards, the shining armor and splendid dress of the Spaniards. The admiral particularly attracted their

attention, from his commanding height, his air of authority, his dress of scarlet, and the deference which was paid him by his companions; all which pointed him out to be the commander. When they had still further recovered from their fears, they approached the Spaniards, touched their beards, and examined their hands and faces, admiring their whiteness. Columbus was pleased with their gentleness and confiding simplicity, and suffered their scrutiny with perfect acquiescence, winning them by his benignity. They now supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament which bounded their horizon, or had descended from above on their ample wings, and that these marvelous beings were inhabitants of the skies.

The natives of the island were no less objects of curiosity to the Spaniards, differing, as they did, from any race of men they had ever seen. Their appearance gave no promise of either wealth or civilization, for they were entirely naked, and painted with a variety of colors. With some it was confined merely to a part of the face, the nose, or around the eyes; with others it extended to the whole body, and gave them a wild and fantastic appearance. Their complexion was of a tawny or copper hue, and they were entirely destitute of beards. Their hair was not crisped, like the recently-discovered tribes of the African coast, under the same latitude; but straight and coarse, partly cut short above the ears, but some locks were left long behind and falling upon their shoulders. Their features, though obscured and disfigured by paint, were agreeable; they had lofty foreheads and remarkably fine eyes. They were of moderate stature and well-shaped; most of them appeared to be under thirty years of age; there was but one female with them, quite young, naked like her companions, and beautifully formed.

As Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the extremity of India, he called the natives by the general appellation of Indians, which was universally adopted before the true nature of his discovery was known, and has since been extended to all the aborigines of the New World.

The islanders were friendly and gentle. Their only arms were lances, hardened at the end by fire, or pointed with a

flint, or the teeth or bone of a fish. There was no iron to be seen, nor did they appear acquainted with its properties ; for, when a drawn sword was presented to them, they unguardedly took it by the edge.

Columbus distributed among them colored caps, glass beads, hawks' bells and other trifles, such as the Portuguese were accustomed to trade with among the nations of the gold coast of Africa. They received them eagerly, hung the beads round their necks, and were wonderfully pleased with their finery, and with the sound of the bells. The Spaniards remained all day on shore, refreshing themselves after their anxious voyage amidst the beautiful groves of the island; and returned on board late in the evening, delighted with all they had seen.

On the following morning, at break of day, the shore was thronged with the natives ; some swam off to the ships, others came in light barks which they called canoes, formed of a single tree, hollowed, and capable of holding from one man to the number of forty or fifty. These they managed dextrously with paddles, and, if overturned, swam about in the water with perfect unconcern, as if in their natural element, righting their canoes with great facility, and bailing them with calabashes.

They were eager to procure more toys and trinkets, not, apparently, from any idea of their intrinsic value, but because everything from the hands of the strangers possessed a supernatural virtue in their eyes, as having been brought from heaven ; they even picked up fragments of glass and earthenware as valuable prizes. They had but few objects to offer in return, except parrots, of which great numbers were domesticated among them, and cotton yarn, of which they had abundance, and would exchange large balls of five and twenty pounds' weight for the merest trifle. They brought also cakes of a kind of bread called cassava, which constituted a principal part of their food, and was afterwards an important article of provisions with the Spaniards. It was formed from a great root called yuca, which they cultivated in fields. This they cut into small morsels, which they grated or scraped, and strained in a press, making a broad thin cake, which was

afterwards dried hard, and would keep for a long time, being steeped in water when eaten. It was insipid, but nourishing, though the water strained from it in the preparation was a deadly poison. There was another kind of yuca destitute of this poisonous quality, which was eaten in the root, either boiled or roasted.

The avarice of the discoverers was quickly excited by the sight of small ornaments of gold, worn by some of the natives in their noses. These the latter gladly exchanged for glass beads and hawks' bells; and both parties exulted in the bargain, no doubt admiring each others' simplicity. As gold, however, was an object of royal monopoly in all enterprises of discovery, Columbus forbade any traffic in it without his express sanction; and he put the same prohibition on the traffic for cotton, reserving to the crown all trade for it, wherever it should be found in any quantity.

He inquired of the natives where this gold was procured. They answered him by signs, pointing to the south, where, he understood them, dwelt a king of such wealth that he was served in vessels of wrought gold. He understood, also, that there was land to the south, the southwest and the northwest; and that the people from the last-mentioned quarter frequently proceeded to the southwest in quest of gold and precious stones, making in their way descents upon the islands, and carrying off the inhabitants. Several of the natives showed him scars of wounds received in battles with these invaders. It is evident that a great part of this fancied intelligence was self-delusion on the part of Columbus; for he was under a spell of the imagination, which gave its own shapes and colors to every object. He was persuaded that he had arrived among the islands described by Marco Polo, as lying opposite Cathay, in the Chinese sea, and he construed everything to accord with the account given of those opulent regions. Thus the enemies which the natives spoke of as coming from the northwest, he concluded to be the people of the main land of Asia, the subjects of the great Khan of Tartary, who were represented by the Venetian traveler as accustomed to make war upon the islands, and to enslave their inhabitants. The country to the south, abounding in gold, could be no other

than the famous island of Cipango; and the King who was served out of vessels of gold must be the monarch whose magnificent city and gorgeous palace, covered with plates of gold, had been extolled in such splendid terms by Marco Polo.

The island where Columbus had thus, for the first time, set his foot upon the New World, was called by the natives, Guanahanè. It still retains the name of San Salvador, which he gave to it, though called by the English, Cat Island. The light which he had seen the evening previous to his making land, may have been on Watling's Island, which lies a few leagues to the east. San Salvador is one of the great cluster of the Lucayos, or Bahama Islands, which stretch southeast and northwest, from the coast of Florida to Hispaniola, covering the northern coast of Cuba.—W. IRVING.

COLUMBUS IN CHAINS.

On the morning of the 23d of August, 1500, two caravels were descried off the harbor of San Domingo, about a league at sea. They were standing off and on, waiting until the sea breeze, which generally prevails about ten o'clock, should carry them into port. Don Diego Columbus supposed them to be ships sent from Spain with supplies, and hoped to find on board his nephew Diego, whom the admiral had requested might be sent out to assist him in his various concerns. A canoe was immediately dispatched to obtain information; which, approaching the caravels, inquired what news they brought, and whether Diego, the son of the admiral, was on board. Bobadilla himself replied from the principal vessel, announcing himself as a commissioner sent out to investigate the late rebellion. The master of the caravel then inquired about the news of the island, and was informed of the recent transactions. Seven of the rebels, he was told, had been hanged that week, and five more were in the fortress of San Domingo, condemned to suffer the same fate. Among these were Pedro Riquelme and Fernando de Guevara, the young cavalier whose passion for the daughter of Anacaona had been the original cause of the rebellion. Further conversation

passed, in the course of which Bobadilla ascertained that the admiral and the Adelantado were absent, and Don Diego Columbus in command.

When the canoe returned to the city, with the news that a commissioner had arrived to make inquisition into the late troubles, there was a great stir and agitation throughout the community. Knots of whisperers gathered at every corner; those who were conscious of malpractices were filled with consternation; while those who had grievances, real or imaginary, to complain of, especially those whose pay was in arrear, appeared with joyful countenances.

As the vessels entered the river, Bobadilla beheld on either bank a gibbet with the body of a Spaniard hanging on it, apparently but lately executed. He considered these as conclusive proofs of the alleged cruelty of Columbus. Many boats came off to the ship, every one anxious to pay early court to this public censor. Bobadilla remained on board all day, in the course of which he collected much of the rumors of the place; and as those who sought to secure his favor were those who had most to fear from his investigations, it is evident that the nature of the rumors must generally have been unfavorable to Columbus. In fact, before Bobadilla landed, if not before he arrived, the culpability of the admiral was decided in his mind.

The next morning he landed with all his followers, and went to the church to attend Mass, where he found Don Diego Columbus, Rodrigo Perez, the lieutenant of the admiral, and other persons of note. Mass being ended, and those persons, with a multitude of the populace, being assembled at the door of the church, Bobadilla ordered his letters patent to be read, authorizing him to investigate the rebellion, seize the persons and sequester the property of delinquents, and proceed against them with the utmost rigor of the law; commanding also the admiral and all others in authority, to assist him in the discharge of his duties. The letter being read, he demanded of Don Diego and the alcaldes to surrender to him the persons of Fernando Guevara, Pedro Riquelme, and the other prisoners, with the depositions taken concerning them; and ordered that the parties by whom they were accused, and

those by whose command they had been taken, should appear before him.

Don Diego replied, that the proceedings had emanated from the orders of the admiral, who held superior powers to any Bobadilla could possess, and without whose authority he could do nothing. He requested, at the same time, a copy of the letter patent, that he might send it to his brother, to whom alone the matter appertained. This Bobadilla refused, observing that if Don Diego had power to do nothing, it was useless to give him a copy. He added, that since the office and authority he had proclaimed appeared to have no weight, he would try what power and consequence there were in the name of Governor; and would show them that he had command, not merely over them, but over the admiral himself.

The little community remained in breathless suspense, awaiting the portentous movements of Bobadilla. The next morning he appeared at Mass, resolved on assuming those powers which were only to have been produced after full investigation and ample proof of the mal-conduct of Columbus. When Mass was over, and the eager populace had gathered round the door of the church, Bobadilla, in presence of Don Diego and Rodrigo Perez, ordered his other royal patent to be read, investing him with the government of the islands and of Terra Firma.

The patent being read, Bobadilla took the customary oath, and then claimed the obedience of Don Diego, Rodrigo Perez, and all present, to this royal instrument; on the authority of which he again demanded the prisoners confined in the fortress. In reply, they professed the utmost deference to the letter of the sovereigns, but again observed that they held the prisoners in obedience to the admiral, to whom the sovereigns had granted letters of a higher nature. The self-importance of Bobadilla was incensed at this non-compliance, especially as he saw it had some effect upon the populace, who appeared to doubt his authority. He now produced the third mandate of the crown, ordering Columbus and his brothers to deliver up all fortresses, ships, and other royal property.

The tidings that a new Governor had arrived, and that

Columbus was in disgrace, and to be sent home in chains, circulated rapidly through the Vega, and the colonists hastened from all parts to San Domingo to make interest with Bobadilla. It was soon perceived that there was no surer way than that of vilifying his predecessor. Bobadilla felt that he had taken a rash step in seizing upon the government, and that his own safety required the conviction of Columbus. He listened eagerly, therefore, to all accusations, public or private; and welcome was he who could bring any charge, however extravagant, against the admiral and his brothers.

Hearing that the admiral was on his way to the city, he made a bustle of preparation, and armed the troops, affecting to believe a rumor that Columbus had called upon the caciques of the Vega, to aid him with their subjects in a resistance to the commands of government. No grounds appear for this absurd report, which was probably invented to give a coloring of precaution to subsequent measures of violence and insult. The admiral's brother, Don Diego, was seized, thrown in irons, and confined on board of a caravel, without any reason being assigned for his imprisonment.

In the meantime Columbus pursued his journey to San Domingo, traveling in a lonely manner, without guards or retinue. Most of his people were with the Adelantado, and he had declined being attended by the remainder. He had heard of the rumors of the hostile intentions of Bobadilla; and although he knew that violence was threatened to his person, he came in this unpretending manner, to manifest his pacific feelings and to remove all suspicion.

No sooner did Bobadilla hear of his arrival, than he gave orders to put him in irons and confine him in the fortress. This outrage to a person of such dignified and venerable appearance and such eminent merit, seemed for the time to shock even his enemies. When the irons were brought, every one present shrank from the task of putting them on him, either from a sentiment of compassion at so great a reverse of fortune, or out of habitual reverence for his person. To fill the measure of ingratitude meted out to him, it was one of his own domestics, "a graceless and shameless cook," says Las Casas, "who, with unwashed front, riveted the fet-

ters with as much readiness and alacrity as though he were serving him with choice and savory viands. I knew the fellow," adds the venerable historian, "and I think his name was Espinosa."

Columbus conducted himself with characteristic magnanimity under the injuries heaped upon him. There is a noble scorn which swells and supports the heart, and silences the tongue of the truly great, when enduring the insults of the unworthy. Columbus could not stoop to deprecate the arrogance of a weak and violent man like Bobadilla. He looked beyond this shallow agent, and all his petty tyranny, to the sovereigns who had employed him. Their injustice or ingratitude alone could wound his spirit; and he felt assured that when the truth came to be known, they would blush to find how greatly they had wronged him. With this proud assurance, he bore all present indignities in silence.

Bobadilla,, although he had the admiral and Don Diego in his power, and had secured the venal populace, felt anxious and ill at ease. The Adelantado, with an armed force under his command, was still in the distant province of Xaragua, in pursuit of the rebels. Knowing his soldier-like and determined spirit, he feared he might take some violent measure when he should hear of the ignominious treatment and imprisonment of his brothers. He doubted whether any order from himself would have any effect, except to exasperate the stern Don Bartholomew. He sent a demand, therefore, to Columbus, to write to his brother, requesting him to repair peacefully to San Domingo, and forbidding him to execute the persons he held in confinement: Columbus readily complied. He exhorted his brother to submit quietly to the authority of his sovereigns, and to endure all present wrongs and indignities, under the confidence that when they arrived at Castile, everything would be explained and redressed.

On receiving this letter, Don Bartholomew immediately complied. Relinquishing his command, he hastened peacefully to San Domingo, and on arriving experienced the same treatment with his brothers, being put in irons and confined on board of a caravel. They were kept separate from each other, and no communication permitted between them. Bo-

badilla did not see them himself, nor did he allow others to visit them, but kept them in ignorance of the cause of their imprisonment, the crimes with which they were charged, and the process that was going on against them.

It has been questioned whether Bobadilla really had authority for the arrest and imprisonment of the admiral and his brothers; and whether such violence and indignity was in any case contemplated by the sovereigns. The intentions of the crown, however, are not to be vindicated at the expense of its miserable agent. If proper respect had been felt for the rights and dignities of Columbus, Bobadilla would never have been entrusted with powers so extensive, undefined and discretionary; nor would he have dared to proceed to such lengths, with such rudeness and precipitation, had he not felt assured that it would not be displeasing to the jealous-minded Ferdinand.

The vessels being ready to make sail, Alonzo de Villejo was appointed to take charge of the prisoners and carry them to Spain. This officer had been brought up by an uncle of Fonseca, was in the employ of that bishop, and had come out with Bobadilla. The latter instructed him, on arriving at Cadiz, to deliver his prisoners into the hands of Fonseca, or of his uncle, thinking thereby to give the malignant prelate a triumphant gratification. This circumstance gave weight with many to a report that Bobadilla was secretly instigated and encouraged in his violent measures by Fonseca, and was promised his protection and influence at court in case of any complaints of his conduct.

Villejo undertook the office assigned him, but he discharged it in a more generous manner than was intended. "This Alonzo de Villejo," says the worthy Las Casas, "was a hidalgo of honorable character, and my particular friend." He certainly showed himself superior to the low malignity of his patrons. When he arrived with a guard to conduct the admiral from the prison to the ship, he found him in chains in a state of silent despondency. So violently had he been treated, and so savage were the passions let loose against him, that he feared he should be sacrificed without an opportunity of being heard, and his name go down sullied and dis-

honored to posterity. When he beheld the officer enter with the guard, he thought it was to conduct him to the scaffold. "Villejo," said he, mournfully, "whither are you taking me?" "To the ship, your Excellency, to embark," replied the other. "To embark!" repeated the admiral, earnestly; "Villejo! do you speak the truth?" "By the life of your Excellency," replied the honest officer, "it is true!" With these words the admiral was comforted, and felt as one restored from death to life. Nothing can be more touching and expressive than this little colloquy, recorded by the venerable Las Casas, who doubtless had it from the lips of his friend Villejo.

The caravels set sail early in October, bearing off Columbus shackled like the vilest of culprits, amidst the scoffs and shouts of a miscreant rabble, who took a brutal joy in heaping insults on his venerable head, and sent curses after him from the shores of the island he had so recently added to the civilized world. Fortunately the voyage was favorable, and of but moderate duration, and was rendered less disagreeable by the conduct of those to whom he was given in custody. The worthy Villejo, though in the service of Fonseca, felt deeply moved at the treatment of Columbus. The master of the caravel, Andreas Martin, was equally grieved: they both treated the admiral with profound respect and assiduous attention. They would have taken off his irons; but to this he would not consent. "No," said he, proudly, "their majesties commanded me by letter to submit to whatever Bobadilla should order in their name; by their authority he has put upon me these chains. I will wear them until they shall order them to be taken off, and I will preserve them afterwards as relics and memorials of the reward of my services."

"He did so," adds his son Fernando; "I saw them always hanging in his cabinet, and he requested that when he died they might be buried with him."

The arrival of Columbus at Cadiz, a prisoner and in chains, produced almost as great a sensation as his triumphant return from his first voyage. It was one of those striking and obvious facts, which speak to the feelings of the multitude, and preclude the necessity of reflection. No one

stopped to inquire into the case. It was sufficient to be told that Columbus was brought home in irons from the world he had discovered. There was a general burst of indignation in Cadiz, and in the powerful and opulent Seville, which was echoed throughout all Spain. If the ruin of Columbus had been the intention of his enemies, they had defeated their object by their own violence. One of those reactions took place, so frequent in the public mind, when persecution is pushed to an unguarded length. Those of the populace who had recently been loud in their clamor against Columbus, were now as loud in their reprobation of his treatment, and a strong sympathy was expressed, against which it would have been odious for the government to contend.

The tidings of his arrival, and of the ignominious manner in which he had been brought, reached the court at Granada, and filled the halls of the Alhambra with murmurs of astonishment. Columbus, full of his wrongs, but ignorant how far they had been authorized by the sovereigns, had forborne to write to them. In the course of his voyage, however, he had penned a long letter to Doña Juana de la Torre, the aya of Prince Juan, a lady high in favor with Queen Isabella. This letter, on his arrival at Cadiz, Andres Martin, the captain of the caravel, permitted him to send off privately by express. It arrived, therefore, before the protocol of the proceedings instituted by Bobadilla, and from this document the sovereigns derived their first intimation of his treatment. It contained a statement of the late transactions of the island, and of the wrongs he had suffered, written with his usual artlessness and energy. To specify the contents would be but to recapitulate circumstances already recorded. Some expressions, however, which burst from him in the warmth of his feelings, are worthy of being noted. "The slanders of worthless men," says he, "have done me more injury than all my services have profited me." Speaking of the misrepresentations to which he was subjected, he observes: "Such is the evil name which I have acquired, that if I were to build hospitals and churches, they would be called dens of robbers." After relating in indignant terms the conduct of Bobadilla, in seeking testimony respecting his administration from the very

men who had rebelled against him, and throwing himself and his brothers in irons, without letting them know the offences with which they were charged, "I have been much aggrieved," he adds, "in that a person should be sent out to investigate my conduct, who knew that if the evidence which he could send home should appear to be of a serious nature, he would remain in the government." He complains that, in forming an opinion of his administration, allowance had not been made for the extraordinary difficulties with which he had to contend, and the wild state of the country over which he had to rule. "I was judged," he observes, "as a governor who had been sent to take charge of a well-regulated city, under the dominion of well-established laws, where there was no danger of everything running to disorder and ruin; but I ought to be judged as a captain, sent to subdue a numerous and hostile people, of manners and religion opposite to ours, living not in regular towns, but in forests and mountains. It ought to be considered that I have brought all these under subjection to their Majesties, giving them dominion over another world, by which Spain, heretofore poor, has suddenly become rich. Whatever errors I may have fallen into, they were not with an evil intention; and I believe their Majesties will credit what I say. I have known them to be merciful to those who have willfully done them disservice; I am convinced that they will have still more indulgence for me, who have erred innocently, or by compulsion, as they will hereafter be more fully informed; and I trust they will consider my great services, the advantages of which are every day more and more apparent."

When this letter was read to the noble-minded Isabella, and she found how grossly Columbus had been wronged and the royal authority abused, her heart was filled with mingled sympathy and indignation. The tidings were confirmed by a letter from the alcalde or corregidor of Cadiz, into whose hands Columbus and his brothers had been delivered, until the pleasure of the sovereigns should be known; and by another letter from Alonzo de Villejo, expressed in terms accordant with his humane and honorable conduct towards his illustrious prisoner.

However Ferdinand might have secretly felt disposed against Columbus, the momentary tide of public feeling was not to be resisted. He joined with his generous queen in her reprobation of the treatment of the admiral, and both sovereigns hastened to give evidence to the world that his imprisonment had been without their authority and contrary to their wishes. Without waiting to receive any documents that might arrive from Bobadilla, they sent orders to Cadiz that the prisoners should be instantly set at liberty, and treated with all distinction. They wrote a letter to Columbus, couched in terms of gratitude and affection, expressing their grief at all that he had suffered, and inviting him to court. They ordered, at the same time, that two thousand ducats should be advanced to defray his expenses.

The loyal heart of Columbus was again cheered by this declaration of his sovereigns. He felt conscious of his integrity, and anticipated an immediate restitution of all his rights and dignities. He appeared at court in Granada on the 17th of December, not as a man ruined and disgraced, but richly dressed, and attended by an honorable retinue. He was received by the sovereigns with unqualified favor and distinction. When the Queen beheld this venerable man approach, and thought on all he had deserved and all he had suffered, she was moved to tears. Columbus had borne up firmly against the rude conflicts of the world,—he had endured with lofty scorn the injuries and insults of ignoble men; but he possessed strong and quick sensibility. When he found himself thus kindly received by his sovereigns, and beheld tears in the benign eyes of Isabella, his long-suppressed feelings burst forth: he threw himself on his knees, and for some time could not utter a word for the violence of his tears and sobbings.

Ferdinand and Isabella raised him from the ground, and endeavored to encourage him by the most gracious expressions. As soon as he regained self-possession, he entered into an eloquent and high-minded vindication of his loyalty, and the zeal he had ever felt for the glory and advantage of the Spanish crown, declaring that if at any time he had erred, it had been through inexperience in government, and the extraordinary difficulties by which he had been surrounded.

There needed no vindication on his part. The intemperance of his enemies had been his best advocate. He stood in presence of his sovereigns a deeply-injured man, and it remained for them to vindicate themselves to the world from the charge of ingratitude towards their most deserving subject. They expressed their indignation at the proceedings of Bobadilla, which they disavowed, as contrary to their instructions, and declared that he should be immediately dismissed from his command.

In fact, no public notice was taken of the charges sent home by Bobadilla, nor of the letters written in support of them. The sovereigns took every occasion to treat Columbus with favor and distinction, assuring him that his grievances should be redressed, his property restored, and he reinstated in all his privileges and dignities.—W. IRVING.

COLUMBUS' SIGNATURE.

The mysterious cipher which Columbus used as a signature on important occasions can only be conjecturally explained. The S at the top is an abbreviation of a word of adoration or prayer; perhaps *Sanctus*, Holy, or *Servate*, Save (me). The smaller letters in the second line are finals of the words whose initials form the third line—*Christus*, *Maria*, *Yosephus*. The last line changes his name into a participial form, Christ-bearing. The interpretation, therefore, may be: "Save me, Christ, Mary, Joseph, (prays) the Christ-bearer."

The image shows a handwritten signature in black ink. At the top is a large, stylized 'S'. Below it are three smaller letters: 'S', 'A', and 'S'. In the middle row are the initials 'X', 'M', and 'Y'. At the bottom is the word 'XPO FERENS' in a bold, blocky font, with a large flourish at the end.



FRANCISCO PIZARRO, renowned as the Spanish conqueror of Peru, was the illegitimate son of Gonzalo Pizarro, a colonel of infantry who had served with some distinction in the Spanish-Italian wars of the fifteenth century. Francisco was born at Truxillo, in the Province of Estremadura, Spain, about the year 1480. He is romantically said to have been suckled by swine ;

but this probably meant only that his mother was Gonzalo's swineherd's daughter, and that the boy grew up among the porcine herd. Education he had none ; he was never able to read or write. While still a boy, he, with others, ran away from home. Reaching Seville, young Pizarro enlisted as a soldier, and not long afterwards sailed for the New World.

In 1510 Pizarro distinguished himself during the expedition of Alonzo de Ojeda to Terra Firma or the Spanish Main, and was left by that cavalier, as his lieutenant, in charge of the settlement. Later we find Pizarro associated with Vasco Nunez de Balboa, whom he accompanied in his Mexican expedition. On both these occasions he was conspicuous for his daring and bravery. After fourteen years' hard service, he joined Hernando de Luque and Diego de Almagro, in a project for extending the Spanish conquests along the southern coast. Hernando de Luque was a Spanish ecclesiastic, schoolmaster in the cathedral at Darien. Diego de Almagro was, like Pizarro, a soldier of fortune. The ecclesiastic advanced 20,000 ounces of gold towards defraying the expenses of the expedition. In November, 1524, Pizarro sailed with one small ship, and a force of but eighty men. Doubling the Puerto de Piñas, he arrived at the mouth of the river

Birú. Here he disembarked his force. The country was very unhealthy, the low grounds being covered with swamps. Disease having wasted Pizarro's little band, he could do nothing but wait the arrival of Almagro. The Governor of Panama very reluctantly furnished them with fresh troops. In 1526 Pizarro advanced and explored the coast of Quito. Entering the Bay of St. Matthew, he found a very fertile country, whose inhabitants wore rich ornaments of gold and silver. Seeing that they were too numerous to attack with such a small force, Almagro returned to Panama for reinforcements. Pizarro retired to the Island of Chicamá. The Governor of Panama refused any further aid to the expedition, but sent a ship to bring back Pizarro and his followers. Pizarro refused to return, and all forsook him with the exception of thirteen hardy men.

This forlorn hope fixed their residence in the Island of Gorgona. Through the solicitations of Almagro and Luque, the Governor at last consented to send a small vessel to the relief of Pizarro and his companions. They had now remained five months on the island. Joyfully, indeed, did they witness the arrival of the ship. Pizarro prosecuted his examination of the coast of Peru. Landing at Tumbez, where there was a palace of the Incas, he remained for some time peaceably on the coast. Here he saw the precious metals employed, even in the manufacture of common utensils, leaving no room for doubt that gold and silver abounded in the country. He returned to Panama in 1528; but the Governor was not moved by his account of the richness of the newly-discovered country, and Pizarro decided to proceed to Europe and seek aid from the Emperor, Charles V. The Emperor and his ministers were roused to some interest in the success of Pizarro. He was, on July 26, 1528, appointed Governor and Captain-general of all the country which he had discovered, and hoped to conquer; to him was granted supreme authority, civil as well as military. Pizarro stipulated to raise two hundred and fifty men, and to provide the ships, arms and warlike stores necessary for the expedition, and to remit one-fifth of all the treasure he should acquire to the Crown.

Cortez assisted Pizarro in raising his forces and obtaining

supplies ; yet he had then to sail from Spain with only half the number of men required, among whom were his three brothers. He landed at Nombre de Dios, and marched across the Isthmus of Panama. Almagro was indignant that Pizarro had neglected his interests in the negotiations. However, a reconciliation was effected, and Pizarro set sail in February, 1531, with 186 soldiers, thirty-six of whom were mounted. Almagro was to follow with reinforcements. Pizarro first surprised the principal town of the Province of Coaque, where he secured rich spoils. He instantly dispatched two ships to Panama and Nicaragua with the treasure. The result was that recruits were easily obtained. He now attacked the Island of Puna in the Bay of Guayaquil. So fierce was the resistance of the inhabitants, that five months were required to reduce them to subjection. From thence he proceeded to Tumbez, where a violent distemper, breaking out among his men, compelled him to remain for three months. He then sailed to the River Pinra, and established, May 16, 1532, near its mouth, the first Spanish colony in Peru, which he named St. Michael.

A civil war was now raging in Peru between the brothers Atahualpa and Huascar, and each sought the assistance of Pizarro. The Spaniards at once marched to Caxamalca, where Atahualpa was encamped. Pizarro pretended that he was coming to aid the Inca, and visited him in his camp. Then the Spaniards feasted their eyes upon a profusion of the precious metals, which greatly inflamed their cupidity. Pizarro resolved upon the treacherous and cowardly act which forever tarnishes his name. On November 16, 1532, Atahualpa returned the visit. At a given signal, the Spaniards opened fire upon the followers of the Inca, the suddenness and surprise of which completely stupefied them. Little resistance was offered. Pizarro himself seized Atahualpa by the arm, and dragging him to the ground, carried him as a prisoner to his quarters. The Inca was confined in a room twenty feet long by sixteen feet broad. Atahualpa offered as his ransom to fill this apartment with gold as high as he could reach. Pizarro accepted the offer. Indians daily arrived at Caxamalca from different parts of the kingdom loaded with treasure.

Such vast piles of gold presented continually to the view of the soldiers made it impossible to restrain their impatience. After setting aside a fifth part for the Crown, and a share for Almagro's party, there remained 1,528,500 pesos to be divided. Pizarro's share was 2,350 marks of silver, and 57,220 ounces of gold.

The Inca now insisted to be set at liberty; but nothing was further from Pizarro's thoughts. The Spanish leader, having obtained all that he could from his captive, conceived for him a great feeling of hatred. He perceived that he was an object of scorn and contempt to Atahualpa, who had discovered that Pizarro was ignorant of the arts that he most admired in the Spaniards, reading and writing. To be the object of a barbarian's scorn wounded his pride and prompted Pizarro to put the Inca to death. A mock tribunal was called, having Pizarro and Almagro as judges. They condemned Atahualpa to be burned alive. In vain did the poor Inca plead that he might be sent to the Spanish Emperor. No feeling of pity touched the inhuman heart of Pizarro. A monk, Valverde, promised a mitigation of the punishment if the Inca would embrace the Christian faith. He, in dread of a cruel death, consented, and was baptized; instead of being burned alive, the miserable victim was strangled, 1533.

The government of Peru was now so far overthrown that no effectual opposition was offered to Pizarro. He captured Cuzco, the Imperial city of the Incas, and the plunder which was secured was even greater than the value of the ransom of Atahualpa. In 1534 Ferdinand Pizarro landed in Spain with the royal share of the unfortunate Inca's ransom. Francisco's authority was confirmed, with new powers and privileges. Almagro was appointed adelantado of a country to be conquered south of Pizarro's government. The ill-feeling between Pizarro and Almagro had never been altogether extinguished. Almagro marched to the conquest of Chili; while Pizarro busied himself concerning the internal government of Peru. He now founded a city which he destined to be the capital of his government, and gave it the name of Ciudad de los Reyes. Its first stone was laid January 18, 1535. This is now the city of Lima.

In 1536 the Peruvians rose in general revolt. Pizarro was completely blockaded in Lima, and his brother in Cuzco. Almagro relinquished the conquest of Chili and hastened to Peru. He claimed that Cuzco lay within his governmental district. He defeated the Peruvians, attacked Cuzco and took Pizarro's brother prisoner. Certain compunctions preventing him from attacking Pizarro immediately after, the Governor collected his forces and attacked Almagro, whom he took prisoner. He was impeached of treason, tried and condemned to die. At the age of seventy-five Almagro was strangled in prison, and afterwards publicly beheaded, 1538.

Pizarro, in the subsequent allotment of lands, entirely neglected the followers of Almagro. These attached themselves to the son of Almagro, who very soon had a large following of all who were disaffected towards Pizarro. A plot was set on foot to assassinate the Governor. On the 26th of June, 1541, sixteen conspirators, led by Herrada, entered the palace at noon, the hour of repose in hot climates. Pizarro, with his half-brother, Alcantara, and a knot of faithful friends, defended themselves bravely. "Courage!" cried the Governor, "companions, we are yet enough to make these traitors repent of their audacity!" Alcantara was smitten dead at his brother's feet. They fell, one after another, till Pizarro remained alone. So weary that he could hardly wield his sword, and unable to parry the numerous blows aimed at him, he received a fatal thrust in the throat. He expired in the sixty-second year of his age. His place was pillaged by the soldiers. Such was the tragic catastrophe of a career exhibiting, in succession and combination, indomitable courage, heroic constancy in overcoming toil and suffering, insatiable avarice, remorseless cruelty, brutal license and fiendish outrage.

THE SIEGE AND BURNING OF CUZCO.

It was early in February, 1536, when the siege of Cuzco commenced; a siege memorable as calling out the most heroic displays of Indian and European valor, and bringing the two races in deadlier conflict with each other than had yet occurred in the conquest of Peru.

The numbers of the enemy seemed no less formidable during the night than by the light of day; far and wide their watch-fires were to be seen gleaming over valley and hill-top, as thickly scattered, says an eye-witness, as "the stars of heaven in a cloudless summer night." Before these fires had become pale in the light of the morning, the Spaniards were roused by the hideous clamor of conch, trumpet and atabal, mingled with the fierce war-cries of the barbarians, as they let off volleys of missiles of every description, most of which fell harmless within the city. But others did more serious execution. These were burning arrows and red-hot stones wrapped in cotton that had been steeped in some bituminous substance, which, scattering long trains of light through the air, fell on the roofs of the buildings and speedily set them on fire. These roofs, even of the better sort of edifices, were uniformly of thatch, and were ignited as easily as tinder. In a moment the flames burst forth from the most opposite quarters of the city. They quickly communicated to the wood-work in the interior of the buildings, and broad sheets of flame mingled with smoke rose up toward the heavens, throwing a fearful glare over every object. The rarified atmosphere heightened the previous impetuosity of the wind, which fanning the rising flames, they rapidly spread from dwelling to dwelling, till the whole fiery mass, swayed to and fro by the tempest, surged and roared with the fury of a volcano. The heat became intense, and clouds of smoke, gathering like a dark pall over the city, produced a sense of suffocation and almost blindness in those quarters where it was driven by the winds.

The Spaniards were encamped in the great square, partly under awnings, and partly in the hall of the Inca Viracocha, on the ground since covered by the cathedral. Three times in the course of that dreadful day the roof of the building was on fire; but although no efforts were made to extinguish it, the flames went out without doing much injury. This miracle was ascribed to the Blessed Virgin, who was distinctly seen by several of the Christian combatants, hovering over the spot on which was to be raised the temple dedicated to her worship.

Fortunately, the open space around Hernando's little company separated them from the immediate scene of the conflagration. All day the fire continued to rage, and at night the effect was even more appalling; for by the lurid flames the unfortunate Spaniards could read the consternation depicted in each others' ghastly countenances, while in the suburbs, along the slopes of the surrounding hills, might be seen the throng of besiegers, gazing with fiendish exultation on the work of destruction. High above the town to the north rose the gray fortress, which now showed ruddy in the glare, looking grimly down on the ruins of the fair city which it was no longer able to protect; and in the distance were to be discerned the shadowy forms of the Andes, soaring up in solitary grandeur into the regions of eternal silence, far beyond the wild tumult that raged so fearfully at their base.

Such was the extent of the city that it was several days before the fury of the fire was spent. Tower and temple, hut, palace and hall went down before it. Fortunately, among the buildings that escaped were the magnificent House of the Sun and the neighboring Convent of the Virgins. Their insulated position afforded the means, of which the Indians from motives of piety were willing to avail themselves, for their preservation. Full one-half of the capital, so long the chosen seat of Western civilization, the pride of the Incas, and the bright abode of their tutelar deity, was laid in ashes by the hands of his own children. It was some consolation for them to reflect that it burned over the heads of its conquerors,—their trophy and their tomb!

During the long period of the conflagration, the Spaniards made no attempt to extinguish the flames. Such an attempt would have availed nothing. Yet they did not tamely submit to the assaults of the enemy, and they sallied forth from time to time to repel them. But the fallen timbers and scattered rubbish of the houses presented serious impediments to the movements of horse; and, when these were partially cleared away by the efforts of the infantry and the Indian allies, the Peruvians planted stakes and threw barricades across the path, which proved equally embarrassing. To remove them was a work of time and no little danger, as

the pioneers were exposed to the whole brunt of the enemy's archery, and the aim of the Peruvian was sure. When at length the obstacles were cleared away, and a free course was opened to the cavalry, they rushed with irresistible impetuosity on their foes, who, falling back in confusion, were cut to pieces by the riders, or pierced through with their lances. The slaughter on these occasions was great; but the Indians, nothing disheartened, usually returned with renewed courage to the attack, and, while fresh reinforcements met the Spaniards in front, others, lying in ambush among the ruins, threw the troops into disorder by assailing them on the flanks. The Peruvians were expert both with bow and sling; and these encounters, notwithstanding the superiority of their arms, cost the Spaniards more lives than in their crippled condition they could afford to spare,—a loss poorly compensated by that of tenfold the number of the enemy. One weapon, peculiar to South American warfare, was used with some effect by the Peruvians. This was the *lasso*,—a long rope with a noose at the end, which they adroitly threw over the rider, or entangled with it the legs of his horse, so as to bring them both to the ground. More than one Spaniard fell into the hands of the enemy by this expedient.

Thus harassed, sleeping on their arms, with their horses picketed by their side, ready for action at any and every hour, the Spaniards had no rest by night or by day. To add to their troubles, the fortress which overlooked the city, and completely commanded the great square in which they were quartered, had been so feebly garrisoned in their false sense of security, that, on the approach of the Peruvians, it had been abandoned without a blow in its defence. It was now occupied by a strong body of the enemy, who, from his elevated position, sent down showers of missiles, from time to time, which added greatly to the annoyance of the besieged. Bitterly did their captain now repent the improvident security which had led him to neglect a post so important.

The fortress, which overlooked the northern section of the city, stood high on a rocky eminence, so steep as to be inaccessible on this quarter, where it was defended only by a single wall. Towards the open country it was more easy of

approach ; but there it was protected by two semi-circular walls, each about twelve hundred feet in length, and of great thickness. They were built of massive stones, or rather rocks, put together without cement, so as to form a kind of rustic-work. The level of the ground between these lines of defence was raised up so as to enable the garrison to discharge its arrows at the assailants, while their own persons were protected by the parapet. Within the interior wall was the fortress, consisting of three strong towers, one of great height, which, with a smaller one, was now held by the enemy, under the command of an Inca noble, a warrior of well-trying valor, prepared to defend it to the last extremity.

The perilous enterprise of its capture was intrusted by Hernando Pizarro to his brother Juan, a cavalier in whose bosom burned the adventurous spirit of a knight-errant of romance. As the fortress was to be approached through the mountain passes, it became necessary to divert the enemy's attention to another quarter. A little while before sunset, Juan Pizarro left the city with a picked corps of horsemen, and took a direction opposite to that of the fortress, that the besieging army might suppose the object was a foraging expedition. But secretly countermarching in the night, he fortunately found the passes unprotected, and arrived before the outer wall of the fortress, without giving the alarm to the garrison.

The entrance was through a narrow opening in the centre of the rampart ; but this was now closed up with heavy stones, that seemed to form one solid work with the rest of the masonry. It was an affair of time to dislodge these huge masses in such a manner as not to rouse the garrison. The Indian nations, who rarely attacked in the night, were not sufficiently acquainted with the art of war even to provide against surprise by posting sentinels. When the task was accomplished, Juan Pizarro and his gallant troop rode through the gateway, and advanced towards the second parapet.

But their movements had not been conducted so secretly as to escape notice, and they now found the interior court swarming with warriors, who, as the Spaniards drew near, let off clouds of missiles that compelled them to come to a halt.

Juan Pizarro, aware that no time was to be lost, ordered one-half of his corps to dismount, and, putting himself at their head, prepared to make a breach as before in the fortifications. He had been wounded, some days previously, in the jaw, so that finding his helmet caused him pain, he rashly dispensed with it, and trusted for protection to his buckler. Leading on his men, he encouraged them in the work of demolition, in the face of such a storm of stones, javelins and arrows, as might have made the stoutest heart shrink from encountering it. The good mail of these Spaniards did not always protect them; but others took the place of such as fell, until a breach was made, and the cavalry, pouring in, rode down all who opposed them.

The parapet was now abandoned, and the enemy, hurrying with disorderly flight across the inclosure, took refuge on a kind of platform or terrace, commanded by the principal tower. Here rallying, they shot off fresh volleys of missiles against the Spaniards, while the garrison in the fortress hurled down fragments of rock and timber on their heads. Juan Pizarro, still among the foremost, sprang forward on the terrace, cheering on his men by his voice and example; but at this moment he was struck by a large stone on the head, not then protected by his buckler, and was stretched on the ground. The dauntless chief still continued to animate his followers by his voice, till the terrace was carried, and its miserable defenders were put to the sword. His sufferings were then too much for him, and he was removed to the town below, where, notwithstanding every exertion to save him, he survived the injury but a fortnight, and died in great agony. To say that he was a Pizarro is enough to attest his claim to valor. But it is his praise, that his valor was tempered by courtesy. His own nature appeared mild by contrast with the haughty temper of his brothers, and his manners made him a favorite of the army. He had served in the conquest of Peru from the first, and no name on the roll of its conquerors is less tarnished by the reproach of cruelty, or stands higher in all the attributes of a true and valiant knight.

Though deeply sensible to his brother's disaster, Hernando

Pizarro saw that no time was to be lost in profiting by the advantages already gained. Committing the charge of the town to Gonzalo, he put himself at the head of the assailants, and laid vigorous siege to the fortresses. One surrendered after a short resistance. The other and more formidable of the two still held out under the brave Inca noble who commanded it. He was a man of an athletic frame, and might be seen striding along the battlements, armed with a Spanish buckler and cuirass, and in his hand wielding a formidable mace, garnished with points or knobs of copper. With this terrible weapon he struck down all who attempted to force a passage into the fortress. Some of his own followers who proposed a surrender he is said to have slain with his own hand. Hernando prepared to carry the place by escalade. Ladders were planted against the walls; but no sooner did a Spaniard gain the topmost round than he was hurled to the ground by the strong arm of the Indian warrior. His activity was equal to his strength; and he seemed to be at every point the moment that his presence was needed.

The Spanish commander was filled with admiration at this display of valor; for he could admire valor even in an enemy. He gave orders that the chief should not be injured, but be taken alive, if possible. This was not easy. At length, numerous ladders having been planted against the tower, the Spaniards scaled it on several quarters at the same time, and, leaping into the place, overpowered the few combatants who still made a show of resistance. But the Inca chieftain was not to be taken; and, finding further resistance ineffectual, he sprang to the edge of the battlements, and, casting away his war-club, wrapped his mantle around him and threw himself headlong from the summit. He died like an ancient Roman. He had struck his last stroke for the freedom of his country, and he scorned to survive her dishonor. The Castilian commander left a small force in garrison to secure his conquest, and returned in triumph to his quarters.

Week after week rolled away, and no relief came to the beleaguered Spaniards. They had long since begun to feel the approaches of famine. Fortunately, they were provided with water from the streams which flowed through the city.

But, though they had well husbanded their resources, their provisions were exhausted, and they had for some time depended on such scanty supplies of grain as they could gather from the ruined magazines and dwellings, mostly consumed by the fire, or from the produce of some successful foray. This latter resource was attended with no little difficulty; for every expedition led to a fierce encounter with the enemy, which usually cost the lives of several Spaniards, and inflicted a much heavier injury on the Indian allies. Yet it was at least one good result of such loss, that it left fewer to provide for. But the whole number of the besieged was so small that any loss greatly increased the difficulties of defence by the remainder.

As months passed away without bringing any tidings of their countrymen, their minds were haunted with still gloomier apprehensions as to their fate. They well knew that the Governor would make every effort to rescue them from their desperate condition. That he had not succeeded in this made it probable that his own situation was no better than theirs, or, perhaps, he and his followers had already fallen victims to the fury of the insurgents. It was a dismal thought, that they alone were left in the land, far from all human succor, to perish miserably by the hands of the barbarians among the mountains.

Pizarro was now filled with consternation. He had the most dismal forebodings of the fate of the Spaniards dispersed throughout the country, and even doubted the possibility of maintaining his own foothold in it without assistance from abroad. He dispatched a vessel to the neighboring colony at Truxillo, urging them to abandon the place, with all their effects, and to repair to him at Lima. The measure was, fortunately, not adopted. Many of his men were for availing themselves of the vessels which rode at anchor in the port to make their escape from the country at once, and take refuge in Panamá. Pizarro would not hearken to so dastardly a counsel, which involved the desertion of the brave men in the interior who still looked to him for protection. He cut off the hopes of these timid spirits by dispatching all the vessels then in port on a very different mission. He sent letters by

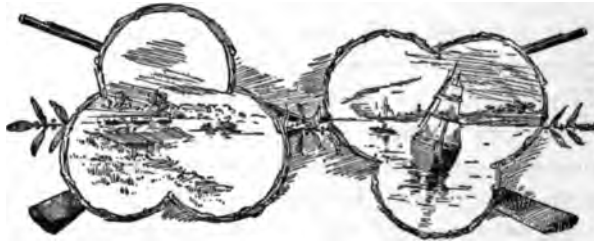
them to the Governors of Panamá, Nicaragua, Guatemala and Mexico, representing the gloomy state of his affairs, and invoking their aid.

It was now August. More than five months had elapsed since the commencement of the siege of Cuzco ; yet the Peruvian legions still lay encamped around the city. The siege had been protracted much beyond what was usual in Indian warfare, and showed the resolution of the natives to exterminate the white men. But the Peruvians themselves had for some time been straitened by the want of provisions. It was no easy matter to feed so numerous a host ; and the obvious resource of the magazines of grain, so providently prepared by the Incas, did them but little service, since their contents had been most prodigally used, and even dissipated, by the Spaniards, on their first occupation of the country. The season for planting had now arrived, and the Inca well knew that, if his followers were to neglect it, they would be visited by a scourge even more formidable than their invaders. Disbanding the greater part of his forces, therefore, he ordered them to withdraw to their homes, and, after the labors of the field were over, to return and resume the blockade of the capital. The Inca reserved a considerable force to attend on his own person, with which he retired to Tambo, a strongly fortified place south of the valley of Yucay, the favorite residence of his ancestors. He also posted a large body as a corps of observation in the environs of Cuzco, to watch the movements of the enemy, and to intercept supplies.

The Spaniards beheld with joy the mighty host, which had so long encompassed the city, now melting away. They were not slow in profiting by the circumstance, and Hernando Pizarro took advantage of the temporary absence to send out foraging parties to scour the country and bring back supplies to his famishing soldiers. In this he was so successful that on one occasion no less than two thousand head of cattle—the Peruvian sheep—were swept away from the Indian plantations and brought safely to Cuzco. This placed the army above all apprehensions on the score of want for the present.

Yet these forays were made at the point of the lance, and many a desperate contest ensued, in which the best blood of

the Spanish chivalry was shed. The contests, indeed, were not confined to large bodies of troops ; but skirmishes took place between smaller parties, which sometimes took the form of personal combats. Nor were the parties so unequally matched as might have been supposed in these single reconnoitres ; and the Peruvian warrior, with his sling, his bow and his *lasso*, proved no contemptible antagonist for the mailed horseman, whom he sometimes even ventured to encounter, hand to hand, with his formidable battle-axe. The ground around Cuzco became a battle-field, like the *vega* of Granada, in which Christian and Pagan displayed the characteristics of their peculiar warfare ; and many a deed of heroism was performed, which wanted only the song of the minstrel to shed around it a glory like that which rested on the last days of the Moslem of Spain.—W. H. PRESCOTT.





HERNANDO CORTEZ, the conqueror of Mexico, was born in Medellin, in the Province of Estremadura, Spain, in the year 1485. His ancestors had enjoyed wealth and rank ; but the family was now poor. His father, a captain in the Spanish army, poor, yet proud of the Castilian blood which flowed in his veins, cherished ambitious views for his son.

Young Cortez was sent to the University of Salamanca ; but he had no inclination for study, and the two years spent there were worse than wasted. He left this seat of learning at the age of sixteen, and in the next year enlisted in an expedition, under Gonsalvo de Cordova, to assist the Italians against the French. Just as the expedition was on the point of starting, a sudden illness compelled him to remain at home.

In 1504 Cortez sailed for Santo Domingo, now called Haiti, where a relative of his was Governor. Here seven years were spent in an idle and voluptuous life. In 1511 the Spaniards determined on an expedition against the Island of Cuba, and Cortez obtained a prominent position in this adventure. Cuba was taken, and Velasquez, the Governor, appointed Cortez his secretary. An old Castilian and his four daughters came to the island. Cortez trifled with the affections of one of these ladies ; but he was compelled by the Governor to marry her. Thus he became the husband of Catalina Xuarez, an amiable and beautiful lady of very estimable character.

When Mexico was discovered in 1518, the Spaniards determined on securing the country. Cortez, whose extravagance had involved him in debt, sought now to gratify his love of adventure and to secure wealth for himself by obtaining the command of the expedition. The Governor hesitated, but yielded at last, and announced Cortez as Captain-General of the venture.

As soon as Cortez received this commission his whole character seemed to experience a total change. He was now thirty-three years of age, and renounced the follies of his youth. He became serious, earnest, thoughtful. The Governor, Velasquez, becoming jealous, withdrew from his engagement to supply Cortez with the necessary means for the expedition. Cortez now hastened his departure; he proclaimed that he went on his own account. Having taken on board supplies for which he gave the owner a chain of gold in payment, he set sail from St. Jago on the 18th of November, 1518, with about 300 Spaniards in six ships. Landing at Trinidad, he invited volunteers to join the expedition. Men flocked around his black velvet banner, embroidered with gold, and emblazoned with a cross. He seized two trading vessels, laden with provisions and valuable merchandise, and by his peculiar powers of moral suasion, induced the captains and their crews to enlist in his service. In all he enlisted about 200 men at Trinidad. A further supply of provisions, secured at Havana, comfortably filled the stores of the fleet.

Whilst Cortez lingered at Havana Governor Velasquez sent an order that he should be arrested, and the fleet should be seized. Cortez received private information of this, and that very night got his ships under weigh and sailed for St. Antonio, where all soon arrived in good condition. Here he reviewed the forces and found they numbered 550 Spaniards. About 200 Indians, natives of Cuba, were taken for carrying burdens, together with several negroes and native women, and sixteen horses. He divided his men into eleven companies, placing a captain over each company. When the whole expedition was in readiness for sailing, he made a stirring address to his followers, which was received with tumult-

uous applause. After celebrating Mass, and invoking St. Peter, his patron saint, he gave orders for the fleet to get under weigh, and the expedition finally sailed on the eighteenth of February, 1519. A terrible tempest arose, and the ships were driven wildly before the storm. All, however, arrived safely at the Island of Cozumel.

Pedro de Alvarado, one of his captains, had reached this rendezvous two days in advance of the expedition. Entering a town from which the natives had fled in terror on his approach, Alvarado and his soldiers seized upon everything of any value, even stripping the temple of its idols with their ornaments of gold. They also took three of the natives prisoners. As soon as Cortez arrived, he was greatly incensed, publicly reprimanded Alvarado for his rash and impolitic conduct, set the prisoners at liberty, and, giving them presents, expressed his regret at what had taken place during his absence. The natives soon became reconciled to the strangers and opened with them a lucrative trade. Cortez remained on this island for about two weeks, and was on the point of taking his departure when he was informed that a canoe was crossing from Yucatan and coming in their direction. In it were four men; one of them being a shipwrecked Spaniard, Geronimo d'Aguilar, who had for some time been held a prisoner by the natives. As he had acquired their language he was joyfully received by Cortez, who appointed him interpreter. On the 4th of March the squadron again set sail.

Coasting north some hundred miles, Cortez doubled Cape Catoche and arrived at the broad mouth of the river Tabasco. Cortez afterwards called this river Rio Grande, and the town on its banks Potonchan. Ascending the river, the boats drew near the shore, and Cortez, through his interpreter, requested leave to land for supplies of fresh water and provisions. The Indians asked one night to consider his request. During the night they carried away their effects and women and children. In the morning eight boats filled with armed Indians brought Cortez a small quantity of provisions, saying that they could not fetch more, as the inhabitants had all fled from the town through fear; and begging him to take this supply and return to the sea, and not disturb the peace of the country. When

they refused to permit the Spaniards to enter their town, Cortez landed with about two hundred men. The Indians fought with desperation. Several Spaniards were wounded; but Cortez soon took the place. This was the first city taken by force of arms in the course of the expedition. Cortez took up his quarters in the temple. The natives fled; but the whole surrounding region was now aroused.

These Indians, in point of civilization, were far above the condition of savages, and had large fields in a high state of cultivation. Cortez and his men marched through what appeared a large garden, and arrived at the ground occupied by the native army. A terrible battle took place on the 25th of March, 1518, in which seventy Spaniards were wounded and one killed; but Cortez with his cavalry swept all before him. The spirit of resistance was utterly crushed. The natives immediately sent a delegation to him, bringing presents of gold, cotton mantles, ornaments of feathers, and twenty female slaves; and having made many excuses for their conduct, submitted unconditionally to their conqueror. Departing from Tabasco, the expedition continued its cruise in a north-westerly direction, following the coast until they reached the islands of Sacrificios and San Juan de Ulua, opposite the present city of Vera Cruz.

Hardly were the anchors dropped before two canoes filled with natives came off to the ships. Two of the persons in these canoes were men of distinction in the Mexican empire. They came from the Governor, who was named Teuhtile, and gave Cortez to understand that their master wished to know what people they were and what they wanted, and to offer them any assistance for the prosecution of their voyage. Aguilar, the interpreter, was now at fault, not understanding the Aztec language. However, he entertained the messengers in a hospitable manner and dismissed them with presents. Next day being Good Friday, Cortez landed. The Spaniards built huts from the branches of trees. On Easter Day the Governor paid Cortez a visit, presenting him with supplies of food, several rich jewels of gold and ornaments of feathers. Among the twenty female slaves given to the Spanish leader at Tabasco. Cortez discovered that there was one who knew

the Aztec language. In the distribution of these slaves she had been assigned to Don Alonzo Puertocarrero, one of the Spanish officers. With the rest of the slaves she had been baptized at Tabasco, and had taken the name of Marina. Cortez gave her her freedom on condition that she would act with fidelity as an interpreter. Marina afterwards throughout the conquest of Mexico proved of invaluable service to the expedition.

Cortez was now fully resolved to conquer the country, and to make a permanent settlement in it. He was invited by the lord of the city of Cemporal to visit that place. They found Cemporal to be a well-built city of great beauty. The chief, on visiting Cortez, complained of the oppression of Montezuma, the Mexican ruler, and wished to form an alliance with the Spaniards against him. Cortez proceeded now to build a town at a point called by the Mexicans Chiahuitztla, and gave this settlement the name of La Villa Rica de la Vera Cruz. This was the first Spanish colony on the continent of North America.

Cortez avowed his intention of visiting Montezuma at his capital. He sent a messenger to that King desiring an audience. After eight days an embassy arrived at the camp from the Mexican capital, bearing costly gifts from Montezuma. The Mexican ruler, however, refused to allow the Spaniards to visit his capital. Cortez was much chagrined. He availed himself of the discontent at Cemporal to incite a civil war, believing that by so doing he might accomplish his ends. Taking up his residence in that city, where he and his men were received with great pomp, he awaited events. Montezuma sent four of his lords demanding twenty young men and twenty young women, who were to be sacrificed to their gods, as a punishment for the city's action in giving support to the Spaniards. Cortez advised the cacique or chief of Cemporal to cast these lords into prison, which was accordingly done. Cortez secretly connived at their escape and sent a message to Montezuma assuring him of the friendly spirit of the Spaniards. Such was the treachery of Cortez to his faithful allies. Disaffection arose among the Spaniards, some of whom desired to return at once to Cuba, and actually were

going to seize one of the brigantines for that purpose. The plot being discovered, the Spanish leader put the ringleaders to death, and scuttled and sank all but one small vessel.

On the 15th of August, 1519, with a force of four hundred Spaniards, fifteen horses, and seven pieces of artillery, augmented by 2,300 men of Cemporal, Cortez began his march to the city of Mexico. A few Spaniards remained in garrison at Vera Cruz. The first resistance encountered came from the Tlascalans, a very powerful nation, inveterate enemies of the Mexicans. They gave battle to the Spaniards, and although displaying amazing courage, were defeated. The Tlascalans sent fifty of their chief men to treat with the conqueror. Cortez ordered that their hands should be cut off. Thus fearfully mutilated they were sent back to their camp. The Tlascalans, now completely subdued, offered to join Cortez against the Mexicans. They placed all their forces, amounting to 6,000 men, under his command. Resuming their march, they were met by an embassy sent by Montezuma, who bore magnificent gifts, and were instructed to urge Cortez not to attempt to visit the Mexican capital. Cortez declared that he must obey the commands of his sovereign, and visit Montezuma. There were 6,000 Tlascalans under the Spanish commander. On reaching the city of Cholula, eighteen miles from Tlascala, and six miles from the present city of Puebla, the citizens apparently extended to Cortez a hearty welcome; but they would not allow their old enemies, the Tlascalans, to enter the city; Cortez ordered them to encamp without the walls. Discovering that all the show of welcome was but a pretense to cover a deeply laid plot for the destruction of his army, Cortez drew up his troops in the centre of the city. He gave secret orders to the Tlascalans to approach. He then invited the magistrates and nobles of the city to meet him, and when all had assembled, he gave a signal for slaughter. All dwellings were sacked and the city fired. Women and children were mercilessly slain. For two whole days the massacre was continued. Cortez defends this outrage by saying, "Had I not done this to them, they would have done the same to me."

From the heights of Ithualco, the Spaniards now looked

down on the lovely valley of Mexico. Montezuma's famous capital was situated upon islands in the bosom of a series of lakes. Montezuma, on the approach of Cortez, was so fear-stricken that he again sent messengers offering four loads of gold, and promising to pay a yearly tribute to the King of Spain, if the dreaded conqueror would turn back. "I must see Montezuma," was the only reply Cortez vouchsafed to this embassy. On the 8th of November, 1519, the Spanish army drew near to the city of Mexico. Montezuma, with a splendid retinue, advanced to meet the strangers. Cortez was conducted by the King himself to a large palace, which had been built by his father, in the heart of the metropolis. Here he was magnificently entertained. Day after day was passed in the interchange of visits.

Meanwhile the officers of Montezuma attempted to collect the taxes at Cemporal. Payment was refused, and a conflict commenced. The Spaniards left at Vera Cruz went to the assistance of their allies. The Spanish captain and seven of his men were killed. Cortez availed himself of this event to seize the person of Montezuma. He commanded the King to take up his abode in the Spanish quarter. This violence was but the beginning of the humiliation and anguish thrust on the unhappy monarch. The Governor of Cemboal and his chief officers, who had resisted and slain the Spaniards, were burnt alive in the great market place of the capital by the orders of Cortez. During the execution Cortez had Montezuma heavily ironed. He compelled the King to make an acknowledgment of the vassalage to the King of Spain.

Velasquez, hearing that Cortez had set up an independent colony, dispatched against him from Cuba an army under Narvaez, with orders to seize Cortez, and bring him back in chains. Narvaez landed, and Cortez hastened from the capital to meet him. In the dead of night, near Cemboal, Cortez attacked Narvaez, made him prisoner, and with his new army hastened back to Mexico, which had revolted in his absence. He soon had to maintain a desperate conflict. So bravely did the Mexicans fight for their homes, that the Spaniards were compelled to remain behind their walls. Cortez decided to appeal to Montezuma to order his subjects to desist. He led

the venerable King out upon the walls, and Montezuma earnestly entreated the Mexicans to cease fighting. Whilst thus addressing them he was pierced by two arrows; and a stone, striking him on the temple, he fell senseless to the ground. The Spaniards carried him away, and dressed his wounds; but the broken-hearted monarch tore off the bandages and refused nourishment. He very shortly expired.

Cortez determined to retreat; but the Mexicans blocked his passage and contested every step of the way. Fearful was the slaughter! Cortez and a few of his followers managed to escape to the Tlascalans. After the death of Montezuma, his brother, Cuitlahua, became King, but dying of small-pox, was succeeded by Guatemozin, the son-in-law of Montezuma. He gathered all the available force for the defense of his capital. Cortez, also having collected another army, advanced to re-take the city. This he accomplished on the 13th of August, 1521, six months after his retreat, and after seventy-five days of fierce and almost daily fighting. Guatemozin was captured, and being accused of having secreted treasure was put to torture. His feet were soaked in hot oil and exposed to a hot fire. He had nothing to reveal, and could only say that the treasure of the city had been thrown into the lake.

The new city of Mexico was now built. Where the massive Aztec temples had stood, Catholic churches were erected. The wife of Cortez came to join him; but in three months she died. He has been accused of murdering her; but all the symptoms described point to epilepsy as the cause of death. Cortez was at length charged with withholding gold belonging to the Crown. Indignant at the ingratitude of Charles V., who listened to his enemies, Cortez returned to Spain in 1528 to face his accusers. He was received with much respect and made Marquis of the Valley de Oajaca.

Cortez married now the niece of the Duke of Bejar, and in 1530 returned to Mexico, divested, however, of civil power. Being anxious to extend his fame by new discoveries, he fitted out, at his own expense, several expeditions, one of which discovered California in 1535. Returning to Spain in 1540, he was received only with cold civility. In 1541, he

served as a volunteer in the disastrous Spanish expedition in Algiers. He was on his way to return to Mexico when he died on the 2d of December, 1547, near Seville, Spain, at the age of sixty-three. By his will he directed a hospital to be built in the city of Mexico, a theological seminary to be founded in Cajohuacan, and a convent for nuns in the same place. In the chapel of the latter he ordered that his body should be buried. It was laid, however, in the family vault of the Duke of Medina Sidonia, in Seville, until 1562, when it was removed by his son to the monastery of St. Francis, in Tezcuco, where it was buried beside his wife's remains. In 1629 it was transported with great pomp to the Church of St. Francis, in the City of Mexico. In 1823, when the Mexicans had declared their independence, a mob, to show their detestation of the Spaniards, threatened to violate the tomb; but the friends of the family are reported to have removed the relics.

The character of Cortez presents striking contrasts. He was avaricious, yet liberal; recklessly audacious, yet ever cautious and calculating in his plans; devout even to superstition, yet a monster of cruelty. Of lax morality, he was ever ready to destroy the idols of the Pagan, and always anxious to convert the heathen by force to Christianity. His treatment of the natives was characteristic of the Spaniards throughout their conquests. No monument to his memory has been erected in Spanish America.

THE BRIDGE OF SORROW.

Famine was now gradually working its way into the heart of the beleaguered city of Mexico. It seemed certain, that, with this strict blockade, the crowded population must in the end be driven to capitulate, though no arm should be raised against them. But it required time; and the Spaniards, though constant and enduring by nature, began to be impatient of hardships scarcely inferior to those experienced by the besieged. In some respects their condition was even worse, exposed, as they were, to the cold, drenching rains, which fell with little intermission, rendering their situation dreary and disastrous in the extreme.

A day was fixed for the assault, which was to be made simultaneously by the two divisions under Alvarado and the commander-in-chief. Sandoval was instructed to draw off the greater part of his forces from the northern causeway, and to unite himself with Alvarado, while seventy picked soldiers were to be detached to the support of Cortés.

On the appointed morning, the two armies, after the usual celebration of Mass, advanced along their respective causeways against the city. They were supported, in addition to the brigantines, by a numerous fleet of Indian boats, which were to force a passage up the canals, and by a countless multitude of allies, whose very numbers served in the end to embarrass their operations. After clearing the suburbs, three avenues presented themselves, which all terminated in the square of Tlatelolco. The principal one, being of much greater width than the other two, might rather be called a causeway, than a street, since it was flanked by deep canals on either side. Cortés divided his force into three bodies. One of them he placed under Alderete, with orders to occupy the principal street. A second he gave in charge to Andres de Tapia and Jorge de Alvarado; the former a cavalier of courage and capacity, the latter, a younger brother of Don Pedro, and possessed of the intrepid spirit which belonged to that chivalrous family. These were to penetrate by one of the parallel streets, while the general himself, at the head of the third division, was to occupy the other. A small body of cavalry, with two or three field-pieces, was stationed as a reserve in front of the great street of Tacuba, which was designated as the rallying point for the different divisions.

Cortés gave the most positive instructions to his captains not to advance a step without securing the means of retreat, by carefully filling up the ditches and the openings in the causeway. The neglect of this precaution by Alvarado in an assault which he had made on the city but a few days before, had been attended with such serious consequence to his army, that Cortés rode over, himself, to his officer's quarters, for the purpose of publicly reprimanding him for his disobedience of orders. On his arrival at the camp, however, he found that his offending captain had conducted the affair with so much

gallantry, that the intended reprimand—though well deserved—subsided into a mild rebuke.

The arrangements being completed, the three divisions marched at once up the several streets. Cortés, dismounting, took the van of his own squadron, at the head of his infantry. The Mexicans fell back as he advanced, making less resistance than usual. The Spaniards pushed on, carrying one barricade after another, and carefully filling up the gaps with rubbish, so as to secure themselves a footing. The canoes supported the attack, by moving along the canals, and grappling with those of the enemy ; while numbers of the nimble-footed Tlascalans, scaling the terraces, passed on from one house to another, where they were connected, hurling the defenders into the streets below. The enemy, taken apparently by surprise, seemed incapable of withstanding for a moment the fury of the assault ; and the victorious Christians, cheered on by the shouts of triumph which arose from their companions in the adjoining streets, were only the more eager to be first at the destined goal.

Indeed, the facility of his success led the general to suspect that he might be advancing too fast ; that it might be a device of the enemy to draw them into the heart of the city, and then surround or attack them in the rear. He had some misgivings, moreover, lest his too ardent officers, in the heat of the chase, should, notwithstanding his commands, have overlooked the necessary precaution of filling up the breaches. He, accordingly, brought his squadron to a halt, prepared to baffle any insidious movement of his adversary. Meanwhile he received more than one message from Alderete, informing him that he had nearly gained the market. This only increased the general's apprehension, that, in the rapidity of his advance, he might have neglected to secure the ground. He determined to trust no eyes but his own, and, taking a small body of troops, proceeded at once to reconnoitre the route followed by the treasurer.

He had not proceeded far along the great street, or cause way, when his progress was arrested by an opening ten or twelve paces wide, and filled with water, at least two fathoms deep, by which a communication was formed between the

canals on the opposite sides. A feeble attempt had been made to stop the gap with the rubbish of the causeway, but in too careless a manner to be of the least service; and a few straggling stones and pieces of timber only showed that the work had been abandoned almost as soon as begun. To add to his consternation, the general observed that the sides of the causeway in this neighborhood had been pared off, and, as was evident, very recently. He saw in all this the artifice of the cunning enemy, and had little doubt that his hot-headed officer had rushed into a snare deliberately laid for him. Deeply alarmed, he set about repairing the mischief as fast as possible, by ordering his men to fill up the yawning chasm.

But they had scarcely begun their labors, when the hoarse echoes of conflict in the distance were succeeded by a hideous sound of mingled yells and war-whoops, that seemed to rend the very heavens. This was followed by a rushing noise, as of the tread of thronging multitudes, showing that the tide of battle was turned back from its former course, and was rolling on towards the spot where Cortés and his little band of cavaliers were planted.

His conjecture proved too true. Alderete had followed the retreating Aztecs with an eagerness which increased with every step of his advance. He had carried the barricades, which had defended the breach, without much difficulty, and, as he swept on, gave orders that the opening should be stopped. But the blood of the high-spirited cavaliers was warmed by the chase, and no one cared to be detained by the ignoble occupation of filling up the ditches, while he could gather laurels so easily in the fight; and they all pressed on, exhorting and cheering one another with the assurance of being the first to reach the square of Tlatelolco. In this way they suffered themselves to be decoyed into the heart of the city; when suddenly the horn of Guatemozin—the sacred symbol, heard only in seasons of extraordinary peril—sent forth a long and piercing note from the summit of a neighboring *teocalli*. In an instant the flying Aztecs, as if maddened by the blast, wheeled about, and turned on their pursuers. At the same time, countless swarms of warriors from the adjoining streets and lanes poured in upon the flanks of

the assailants, filling the air with the fierce, unearthly cries which had reached the ears of Cortés, and drowning, for a moment, the wild dissonance which reigned in the other quarters of the capital.

The army, taken by surprise, and shaken by the fury of the assault, were thrown into the utmost disorder. Friends and foes, white men and Indians, were mingled together in one promiscuous mass. Spears, swords and war-clubs were brandished together in the air. Blows fell at random. In their eagerness to escape they trod down one another. Blinded by the missiles, which now rained on them from the *azoteas*, they staggered on, scarcely knowing in what direction, or fell, struck down by hands which they could not see. On they came, like a rushing torrent sweeping along some steep declivity, and rolling in one confused tide towards the open breach, on the further side of which stood Cortés and his companions, horror-struck at the sight of the approaching ruin. The foremost files soon plunged into the gulf, treading one another under the flood, some striving ineffectually to swim; others, with more success, to clamber over the heaps of their suffocated comrades. Many, as they attempted to scale the opposite sides of the slippery dike, fell into the water, or were hurried off by the warriors in the canoes, who added to the horrors of the rout by the fresh storm of darts and javelins, which they poured on the fugitives.

Cortés, meanwhile, with his brave followers, kept his station undaunted on the other side of the breach. "I had made up my mind," he says, "to die, rather than desert my poor followers in their extremity!" With outstretched hands he endeavored to rescue as many as he could from the watery grave, and from the more appalling fate of captivity. He as vainly tried to restore something like presence of mind and order among the distracted fugitives. His person was too well known to the Aztecs, and his position now made him a conspicuous mark for their weapons. Darts, stones and arrows fell around him thick as hail, but glanced harmless from his steel helmet and armor of proof. At length a cry of "Malinche," "Malinche," arose among the enemy; and six of their number, strong and athletic warriors, rushing on

him at once, made a violent effort to drag him on board their boat. In the struggle he received a severe wound in the leg, which, for the time, disabled it. There seemed to be no hope for him; when a faithful follower, Christóval de Olea, perceiving his general's extremity, threw himself on the Aztecs, and with a blow cut off the arm of one savage, and then plunged his sword in the body of another. He was quickly supported by a comrade named Lerma, and by a Tlascalan chief, who, fighting over the prostrate body of Cortés, dispatched three more of the assailants, though the heroic Olea paid dearly for his self-devotion, as he fell mortally wounded by the side of his general.

The report soon spread among the soldiers that their commander was taken; and Quiñones, the captain of his guard, with several others, pouring in to the rescue, succeeded in disentangling Cortés from the grasp of his enemies who were struggling with him in the water, and, raising him in their arms, placed him again on the causeway. One of his pages, meanwhile, had advanced some way through the press, leading a horse for his master to mount. But the youth received a wound in the throat from a javelin, which prevented him from effecting his object. Another of his attendants was more successful. It was Guzman, his chamberlain; but, as he held the bridle, while Cortés was assisted into the saddle, he was snatched away by the Aztecs, and, with the swiftness of thought, hurried off by their canoes. The general still lingered, unwilling to leave the spot, while his presence could be of the least service. But the faithful Quiñones, taking his horse by the bridle, turned his head from the breach, exclaiming, at the same time, that "his master's life was too important to the army to be thrown away there."

Yet it was no easy matter to force a passage through the press. The surface of the causeway, cut up by the feet of men and horses, was knee-deep in mud, and in some parts was so much broken, that the water from the canals flowed over it. The crowded mass, in their efforts to extricate themselves from their perilous position, staggered to and fro like a drunken man. Those on the flanks were often forced by the lateral pressure of their comrades down the

slippery sides of the dike, where they were picked up by the canoes of the enemy, whose shouts of triumph proclaimed the savage joy with which they gathered in every new victim for the sacrifice. Two cavaliers, riding by the general's side, lost their footing, and rolled down the declivity into the water. One was taken and his horse killed. The other was happy enough to escape. The valiant ensign, Corral, had a similar piece of good fortune. He slipped into the canal, and the enemy felt sure of their prize, when he again succeeded in recovering the causeway with the tattered banner of Castile still flying above his head. The barbarians set up a cry of disappointed rage, as they lost possession of a trophy, to which the people of Anahuac attached, as we have seen, the highest importance, hardly inferior in their eyes to the capture of the commander-in-chief himself.

Cortés at length succeeded in regaining the firm ground, and reaching the open place before the great street of Tacuba. Here, under a sharp fire of the artillery, he rallied his broken squadrons, and, charging at the head of a little body of horse, which, not having been brought into action, were still fresh he beat off the enemy. He then commanded the retreat of the two other divisions. The scattered forces again united; and the general, sending forward his Indian confederates, took the rear with a chosen body of cavalry to cover the retreat of the army, which was effected with but little additional loss.

Andres de Tapia was dispatched to the western causeway to acquaint Alvarado and Sandoval with the failure of the enterprise. Meanwhile the two captains had penetrated far into the city. Cheered by the triumphant shouts of their countrymen in the adjacent streets, they had pushed on with extraordinary vigor that they might not be outstripped in the race of glory. They had almost reached the marketplace, which lay nearer to their quarters than to the general's, when they heard the blast from the dread horn of Guatemozin, followed by the overpowering yell of the barbarians, which had so startled the ears of Cortés; till at length the sounds of the receding conflict died away in the distance. The two captains now understood that the day must have

gone hard with their countrymen. They soon had further proof of it, when the victorious Aztecs, returning from the pursuit of Cortés, joined their forces to those engaged with Sandoval and Alvarado, and fell on them with redoubled fury. At the same time they rolled on the ground two or three of the bloody heads of the Spaniards, shouting the name of "Malinche." The captains, struck with horror at the spectacle,—though they gave little credit to the words of the enemy,—instantly ordered a retreat. Indeed, it was not in their power to maintain their ground against the furious assaults of the besieged, who poured on them, swarm after swarm, with a desperation, of which, says one who was there, "although it seems as if it were now present to my eyes, I can give but a faint idea to the reader. God alone could have brought us off safe from the perils of that day." The fierce barbarians followed up the Spaniards to their very intrenchments. But here they were met, first by the cross fire of the brigantines, which, dashing through the palisades planted to obstruct their movements, completely enfiladed the causeway, and next by that of the small battery erected in front of the camp, which, under the management of a skillful engineer, named Medrano, swept the whole length of the defile. Thus galled in front and on flank, the shattered columns of the Aztecs were compelled to give way and take shelter under the defences of the city.

The greatest anxiety now prevailed in the camp, regarding the fate of Cortés; for Tapia had been detained on the road by scattered parties of the enemy, whom Guatemozin had stationed there to interrupt the communication between the camps. He arrived, at length, however, though bleeding from several wounds. His intelligence, while it reassured the Spaniards as to the general's personal safety, was not calculated to allay their uneasiness in other respects.

Sandoval, in particular, was desirous to acquaint himself with the actual state of things, and the further intentions of Cortés. Suffering as he was from three wounds, which he had received in that day's fight, he resolved to visit in person the quarters of the commander-in-chief. It was mid-day,—for the busy scenes of the morning had occupied but a few

hours,—when Sandoval remounted the good steed, on whose strength and speed he knew he could rely. On the way he fell in with Guatemozin's scouts, who gave him chase, and showered around him volleys of missiles, which fortunately found no vulnerable point in his own harness, or that of his well-barbed charger.

On arriving at the camp, he found the troops there much worn and dispirited by the disaster of the morning. They had good reason to be so. Besides the killed, and a long file of wounded, sixty-two Spaniards, with a multitude of allies, had fallen alive into the hands of the enemy,—an enemy who was never known to spare a captive. The loss of two field-pieces and seven horses crowned their own disgrace and the triumphs of the Aztecs. This loss, so insignificant in European warfare, was a great one here, where both horse and artillery, the most powerful arms of war against the barbarians, were not to be procured without the greatest cost and difficulty.

Cortés, it was observed, had borne himself throughout this trying day with his usual intrepidity and coolness. The only time he was seen to falter was when the Mexicans threw down before him the heads of several Spaniards, shouting at the same time, "Sandoval," "Tonatiuh," the well-known epithet of Alvarado. At the sight of the gory trophies, he grew deadly pale; but, in a moment recovering his usual confidence, he endeavored to cheer up the drooping spirits of his followers. It was with a cheerful countenance, that he now received his lieutenant; but a shade of sadness was visible through this outward composure, showing how the catastrophe of the *punte cuidada*, "the sorrowful bridge," as he mournfully called it, lay heavy at his heart.

—W. H. PRESCOTT.





CATHERINE II., Empress of Russia, has been called the Semiramis of the North, since she more than realized the deeds and conquests of the mythical Queen of ancient Nineveh, as related by the Greek historians of the East. Catherine, raised by a series of accidents to the throne made illustrious by Peter the Great, carried on the work and enlarged the dominions of that extraordinary sovereign. She was born on the 2d of May, 1729, the daughter of Christian Augustus, Prince of Anhalt Zerbst, Governor of Stettin in Prussian Pomerania. Her name was then Sophia Augusta von Anhalt. She received a severe training from her peevish and pedantic mother. On the 1st of September, 1745, she was married to her cousin, Charles Frederic, Duke of Holstein Gottorp, whom his aunt, the Empress Elizabeth of Russia, had chosen for her successor. On embracing the Greek religion he took the name of Peter, and his consort changed her name to Catherina Alexiewna, which she rendered so illustrious. It was an ill-sorted and unhappy match. Catherine was handsome, fond of pleasure, and at the same time clever, ambitious and bold. Peter was deformed, and his countenance was disfigured by traces of small-pox. He was, moreover, greatly inferior to his wife in abilities, was sensual, irresolute, imprudent and given to excess in drink. The life led both by the Duke and Grand-duchess was disgraceful in the extreme; especially was the conduct of the latter reprehensible, she playing the mistress to one favorite after the other.

On the fifth of January, 1762, the Empress Elizabeth expired, and the Grand Duke ascended the throne under the

name of Peter III. The first days of his reign were marked with various traits of extravagant beneficence, which excited the utmost astonishment in the minds of all who knew him, and who believed only in his evil qualities. The Grand Duke, who had been inconsistent, headstrong, capricious, debauched, now as Czar freed the nobility and gentry from all slavish vassalage, recalled many unhappy exiles from Siberia, and relieved the poor by lessening the taxes upon certain necessities of life. His intention, however, of commencing war with Denmark, for the recovery of his Holstein dominions, soon diminished his short-lived popularity. At heart a Lutheran, he imprudently expressed his contempt for the Greek communion, which, added to his undisguised partiality for Holstein, provoked the Russians. Catherine, on the other hand, expressed the utmost zeal for the Greek church, and conformed assiduously to the manners and language of the Russians. While she thus endeavored to court the favor of the Russians, her husband observed no rules of prudence or moderation either in his public proceedings or in his private conduct.

Peter, in consequence of many disagreements with his wife, as soon as he came to the throne, began to talk of repudiating Catherine in favor of his mistress, the Countess de Woronzoff. Peter, however, resolved to clothe this act of despotism with an appearance of justice; and he believed, that by producing complete evidence of Catherine's infidelities, his proceedings against her would meet with approval, not only among his own subjects, but all over Europe. Catherine at this time was living in retirement at Petershoff, a country residence near St. Petersburg. She, on her part, determined to anticipate him by a bolder movement. A confederacy was formed in which several noblemen, officers and ladies joined; the regiments of the garrison were gained over by bribes and promises; and Catherine sent a strong guard to Oranienbaum, where the Emperor was. The officer who commanded this detachment was commissioned to ask him, "Whether or not he would abdicate the Empire by a solemn deed signed by his own hand?" At first he hesitated; but seeing himself abandoned on all sides, he proceeded to Petershoff, where he gave up his sword and all

his dominions to Catherine. That it might not be known where the deposed Czar was confined, several covered wagons were dispatched on different roads at the same time. Alexis Orloff and Teploff, two of the conspirators, repaired, five days after the deposition, to Mopsa, a small country house, in which Peter really was a prisoner. They drank together brandy, and by mixing poison in the ex-Czar's glass, they commenced their diabolical design of murder. Peter was at once seized with agonizing spasms, and was finally strangled to death with a table napkin. It does not appear that Catherine ordered the murder; yet after the cruel deed was accomplished, she showed no sorrow, and she continued her favor to her husband's murderers. In a proclamation which she issued, it is said that Peter died of colic. Catherine was solemnly crowned at Moscow in 1762. The Archbishop of Novogorod placed the imperial crown upon her head, and proclaimed her aloud "Sovereign of all the Russias," by the title of Catherine II., and at the same time declared her illegitimate son, Paul Petrowitz, her successor.

In 1763, on the death of the weak and indolent Augustus III., King of Poland, that country being in a state of exhaustion and confusion, Catherine, by bribing part of the electors and terrifying the rest, procured the election of one of her past paramours, Poniatowski, who was chosen King under the name of Stanislaus Augustus. Having accomplished this, she began to interfere in the internal concerns of that kingdom, whose wretched Constitution, with its elective crown, turbulent nobility, serf population, and intolerant clergy, afforded her ample opportunities. In fact some of the parties in Poland courted her support, as they had been in the habit of courting that of her predecessors and of the other neighboring states for ages before.

The Dissidents of Poland, which was the name given to those who did not follow the Roman Catholic religion, including both Protestants and followers of the Greek Church, were placed upon an equal footing with the Catholics by the "Pacta Conventa" of 1573, confirmed by the treaty of peace of Oliva in 1660. Since this last epoch, however, the Catholics, being the majority among the high nobility, had gradu-

ally excluded the Dissidents from the Diet, and annoyed them in other ways. Early in the eighteenth century the Dissidents had applied to Peter the Great, who remonstrated in their behalf, and obtained by his influence more equitable treatment for them. After Peter's death the Polish Dissidents were again deprived of their political and civil rights; they were excluded from all public offices, were forbidden to build any new church, and many of them were exiled, or otherwise persecuted. In 1764 Russia, France, England and Denmark, as guarantors of the peace of Oliva, remonstrated with the Diet, but in vain. In the session of 1766, the Dissidents were finally subjected to the jurisdiction of the Catholic bishops. In the following year they formed an association, which was called the Confederacy of Thorn, for their common protection, and they were joined by a party of Catholics, who were termed Malcontents, upon political grounds, and who now advocated the claims of the Dissidents. The latter were also strongly supported by Russia, the population of which being chiefly of the Greek Church, felt a lively interest in the fate of their co-religionists, who were very numerous, especially in the east provinces of Poland.

In 1768 Russian troops entered Poland and surrounded Warsaw. Several members of the Diet, among them the Bishop of Cracow, who were the most violent against the Dissidents, were arrested by the Russians, and sent into Siberia, where they remained five years. The Diet, being now intimidated, granted the full claims of the Dissidents. But several Catholic noblemen, especially in the south provinces bordering on Turkey, raised the standard of revolt on mixed religious and political grounds, and a civil war ensued, in which the King's troops were defeated. The King and Senate at Warsaw petitioned the Russian minister not to withdraw the Russian troops in this emergency, a request which was readily complied with. The insurgents on their part applied to the Turks for assistance, and in 1769 a war broke out between Russia and Turkey. At the outset the general voice seemed to presage victory to Russia, and many were of opinion that Constantinople would be in possession of the Russian army before the end of the first campaign; but

though her imperial armies had been in general victorious, the progress of the war was far from being rapid. Surrounded with enemies on every side, her generals had not only the common enemy to combat, but the treachery of the inhabitants of the country they were destined to defend. The Confederates were more formidable enemies than the Turks, as the latter were open and generous, the former secret and deceitful. During four years Poland was ravaged by civil and religious war, and a dreadful pestilence in 1770 completed the miseries of that country.

The result of all this was the first partition of Poland concerted between Catherine, Frederic of Prussia, and Joseph II., of Austria, which was effected in 1772, and was sanctioned by a subservient Polish Diet. More than one-third of that kingdom was divided among the three powers. Russia had for its share the governments of Polotsk and Mohilow, which included a great part of Lithuania and Livonia. Meantime the war with the Turks had proved highly successful to the Russian arms both by sea and by land. Romanzow defeated the Turks on the Pruth, and the Russian fleet in the Mediterranean defeated and burnt the Turkish fleet at Tschesmé in 1770. By the Peace of Kainarji, July, 1774, Azov and Taganrog were ceded to Russia, and the Crimea was declared independent of Turkey. Not many years after, the Russians took the Crimea for themselves (1785), and made it a province of their Empire.

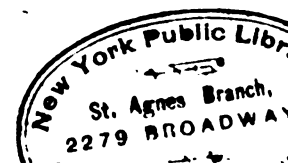
In January, 1787, Catherine determined on a journey to her estates in the Crimea. The Russian Minister gave formal notice to the Ottoman ministry of the journey of the Empress, adding that the intention of Her Majesty's visit was to regulate the government of her subjects. This journey, however, was very displeasing to the Divan, particularly as it was known that the Russian troops were filing off towards the Dnieper. The Czarina's intent by this journey was to be proclaimed sovereign of 2,500,000 new subjects, who paid to her an annual subsidy of 3,000,000 of crowns, besides custom duties. She set out from St. Petersburg with great pomp to visit these new acquisitions. Her journey was like a triumphal procession. She was joined on the road by the Emperor

Joseph II., who accompanied her into the Crimea, where they concerted measures for a joint war against Turkey. Great respect was paid to Catherine during her progress. The Tartars, and even the Mahometans, were eager to show every civility to the illustrious travelers. They frequently furnished horses, and even lent their own carriages. The pope, or village priest, the Cossacks, and the Greeks, where they lodged, vied with each other in the splendor of their entertainments. At Cherson, on the Dnieper, the Czarina inspected the docks constructed by her orders, and saw a line-of-battle ship and a frigate launched.

Soon after, the Turks and the Swedes, at the instigation of France and England, declared war against Russia. The object of the war was to check the progress of Russia; but the result was quite the contrary. The Turks were defeated everywhere. Kutusoff beat the united armies of the Turks and Tartars at Babada. Repnin, at the head of 40,000 men, put to flight more than 100,000 Ottomans whom he fell in with near Matzin. Goudowitz made himself master of the fortresses of Soudjouk Kalè, and of Anapa, upon the frontiers of the Crimea, and of the Kuban, and took there 14,000 prisoners. Turkey had received assistance from England, Germany and Holland. The Danish minister negotiated the preliminaries of peace with these three powers; and they resolved to propose to the Porte the conditions of peace, and declared that if the Turks did not accept these conditions, they would abandon their cause, and leave them to continue alone the war against Russia. A definite treaty was concluded and signed at Jassy. By the terms of this peace Russia extended her frontiers to the Dniester.

In the war with Sweden, the Empress gave the command of a vessel to Paul Jones, who had distinguished himself by his intrepidity in the American war. Subsequently he was ordered to the Black Sea, and greatly distinguished himself at the battle of Liman, and was rewarded for it with the ribbon of St. Anne. This war was concluded by the peace of Wærela in 1790.

Meantime the Poles, taking advantage of the war, had shaken off the influence of Russia, and abrogated the articles



of the Diet of 1775, which had been dictated by Catherine. In 1791, they formed a new Constitution, making the crown hereditary, giving greater privileges to the royal towns, and favoring, in some degree, the emancipation of the serfs. But this Constitution was far from being acceptable to all the nobles; many protested against it, and so did Catherine of Russia, as guarantor of the former Constitution. Prussia joined Catherine, and the result was a second partition of Poland in 1793, by which Russia acquired the whole of Lithuania, Volhynia and Podolia, and the King of Prussia obtained Posen, Gnesen, and the towns of Dantzic and Thorn. In 1794 an insurrection broke out at Warsaw, the Russian garrison was almost entirely destroyed, and the gallant Kosciusko placed himself at the head of the Poles, who fought with the courage of despair. After being successful at first, he was defeated, wounded and taken prisoner. Suwarrow stormed Praga, the principal suburb of Warsaw, with a dreadful slaughter of the inhabitants. Warsaw surrendered, the King abdicated, and the third and last partition of Poland took place in 1795. Austria had Galicia, Prussia took Warsaw, and Russia the rest. Poland thus became extinct as a state. Catherine II. finally annexed Courland also to the Russian Empire.

The Empress, having thus accomplished much of her grand projects for enlarging her dominions, now began to turn her attention towards France, and had promised to send troops to join the coalition against that country; but on the 9th of November, 1796, she was discovered by an attendant in an apoplectic fit: medical assistance was instantly sent for. She was bled twice and appeared to rally, but expired at a quarter to ten the following evening.

Catherine II. acquired greatness by cruelty, and, in order to be greater, was frequently vicious. She was a woman of a masculine disposition, sound understanding, of deep penetration, and astonishing perseverance. Her hair was chestnut-brown, her eye-brows black and thick. Her blue eyes had a sweetness frequently affected, and, more frequently still, replaced by haughtiness. Her physiognomy was not deficient in expression, but that expression displayed but little of what

was passing in the soul of Catherine, for she made use of it to disguise her inward feelings. To show how magnificently Catherine rewarded the attachment of her lovers, she distributed among them no less a sum than 92,820,000 rubles, nearly \$50,000,000. In the internal administration of her Empire, she effected much good. She reformed the judicial system, which was in a most confused state; organized proper courts, and gave suitable salaries to the judges, in order, as she publicly told them, that they might be placed above temptation. She ameliorated the condition of the serfs; she encouraged instruction, established schools in all the provinces, schools for teachers after the model of those of Germany, and numerous special or higher schools for the military and naval services, for the mining establishment, for the study of medicine and surgery, and for oriental languages.

She bought the library, the letters and the papers of Voltaire. She also purchased the library of D'Alembert; but her refusal to give effect to the useful information collected under her orders, by the learned scholars of the Academy of St. Petersburg, under the direction of Pallas and Gmelin, proves clearly that the desire of a vain lustre, rather than the real utility of nations, was the motive of the protection she affected to give to artists and to men of letters. She took all opportunities of displaying her talents, and was certainly ambitious to be thought the patroness of merit. She compiled a "*Bibliothèque d'Histoire et de Morale*" for the instruction of her grand-children, Alexander and Constantine. But the most remarkable of her works is her "*Instructions to the Commissioners appointed to frame a new Code of Laws for the Russian Empire.*" Catherine II. was the great regenerator of Russia after Peter I., but with a more enlightened mind, and under more favorable circumstances. She did all she could to promote communication and commerce between the various countries subject to her sway, and with foreign states. She began the Severo Yekaterinski Canal, which unites the Volga to the Dwina, and thus effects a communication between the Caspian and White Sea. Numerous towns, docks, arsenals, banks and manufactories owe their existence to her fertile brain.

THE FIRST PARTITION OF POLAND.

Catharine, soon after she was seated on the throne, had formed one of those vast and apparently chimerical plans to which absolute power and immense territory have familiarized the minds of Russian sovereigns. She labored to counteract the influence of France, which she considered as the chief obstacle to her ambition, on all the frontiers of her Empire, in Sweden, Poland and Turkey, by the formation of a great alliance of the North, to consist of England, Prussia, Sweden, Denmark and Poland, Russia being of course the head of the league. The Duke of Choiseul, as prime minister of France, exerted himself in every quarter to defeat this project, or rather to be revenged on Catharine for attempts which were already defeated by their own extravagance and vastness. In Sweden, his plan for reducing the Russian influence was successfully resisted in 1768; but the Revolution, accomplished by Gustavus III. in 1772, re-established the French ascendancy in that kingdom. The Count de Vergennes, ambassador at Constantinople, opened the eyes of the Sultan on the ambitious projects of Catharine in Sweden, in Poland, and in the Crimea. The strongest assurances of powerful aid were held out by France, which, had Choiseul remained in power, would probably have been carried into effect. By all these means, Vergennes persuaded the Porte to declare war against Russia on the 30th of October, 1768. The Confederates of Bar, who had established themselves in the neighborhood of the Turkish as well as of the Austrian provinces, now received open assistance from the Turks. The Russian arms were fully occupied in the Turkish war; a Russian fleet entered the Mediterranean; the agents of the Court of Petersburg excited a revolt among the Greeks, whom they afterwards treacherously and cruelly abandoned to the vengeance of their Turkish tyrants. These events suspended the fate of Poland. French officers of distinguished merit and gallantry guided the valor of the undisciplined Confederates. Austria seemed to countenance, if not openly to support them. Supplies and reinforcements from France passed openly through Vienna into Poland; and Maria Theresa herself publicly declared, that there was no principle

or honor in Poland but among the Contederates. But the Turkish war, which had raised up an important ally for the struggling Poles, was in the end destined to be the cause of their destruction.

The events of war had brought the Russian armies into the neighborhood of the Austrian dominions, and began to fill the Court of Vienna with apprehensions for the security of Hungary. Frederic had no desire that his ally should become stronger. Both the great Courts of Germany were averse to the extension of the Russian territories at the expense of Turkey. Frederic was restrained from opposing it forcibly by his treaty with Catharine, who continued to be his sole ally. Kaunitz, who ruled the councils of Vienna, still adhered to the French alliance, and continued to feel great apprehensions of such a neighbor on the eastern frontier as Russia. He seconded the French negotiations at Constantinople; and even so late as the month of July, 1771, entered into a secret treaty with Turkey, by which Austria bound herself to recover from Russia, by negotiation or by force, all the conquests made by that power from the Porte. But there is reason to think that Kaunitz, distrusting the power and the inclination of France under the feeble government of Louis XV., and still less disposed to rely on the counsels of Versailles after the downfall of Choiseul in December, 1770, though he did not wish to dissolve the alliance, was desirous of loosening its ties, and became gradually disposed to adopt any expedient against the danger of Russian aggrandizement, which might relieve him from the necessity of engaging in a war in which his chief confidence must necessarily have rested on so weak a stay as the French government. Maria Theresa still entertained a rooted aversion against Frederic, whom she never forgave for robbing her of Silesia, and openly professed her abhorrence of the vices and crimes of Catharine, whom she never spoke of but in a tone of disgust, as "*that woman.*" Her son Joseph, however, affected to admire, and, as far as he had power, to imitate the King of Prussia; and, in spite of his mother's repugnance, found means to begin a personal intercourse with that celebrated monarch. Their first interview took place at Neiss in Silesia, in August, 1769,

where they entered into a secret engagement to prevent the Russians from retaining Moldavia and Walachia. In September, 1770, a second interview took place at Neustadt in Moravia, where the principal subject seems also to have been the means of stopping the progress of Russian conquest.

Frederic, embarrassed and alarmed by the difficulties of the pacification, resolved to send his brother Henry to Petersburg, with no other instructions than to employ all his talents and address in bringing Catharine to such a temper as might preserve Prussia from a new war. Henry arrived in that capital on the 9th December, 1770; and the first open proposal of a dismemberment of Poland arose in his conversations with the Empress, and appeared to be suggested by the difficulty of making peace on such terms as would be adequate to the successes of Russia, without endangering the safety of her neighbors. It is very difficult to know who first spoke out in a conversation about such a matter between two persons of great adroitness, and who were doubtless both equally anxious to throw the blame on each other. Unscrupulous as both were, they were not so utterly shameless that each party would not use the utmost address to bring the dishonest plan out of the mouth of the other. Looks and smiles, and movements and hints, and questions and pleasantries, and broken sentences, are very intelligible preparations for a positive declaration; and the person who first used the most striking and best remembered phrase might, without any superior wickedness, incur the infamy of the first open proposition of this act of unprecedented villainy. The best accounts agree, that, in speaking of the entrance of the Austrian troops into Poland, and of a report that they had occupied the fortress of Czentokow, Catharine smiling, and casting down her eyes, said to Henry: "It seems that in Poland you have only to *stoop and take*"—that Henry seized on the expression, and that Catharine then, resuming an air of indifference, turned the conversation to other subjects. "The Empress," says Frederic, "indignant that any other troops than her own should give law to Poland, said to Prince Henry, that if the Court of Vienna wished to dismember Poland, the other neigh-

bors *had a right to do as much.*" Henry said that there were no other means of preventing a general war.

Catharine, speaking of the subsidy which Frederic paid to her by treaty, said: "I fear he will be weary of this burden, and will leave me. I wish I could secure him by *some equivalent advantage.*" "Nothing," said Henry, "will be more easy. You have *only to give him some territory* to which he has pretensions, and which will facilitate the communication between his dominions." Catharine, without appearing to understand a remark of which the meaning could not be mistaken, adroitly replied, "that she would willingly consent, if the balance of Europe was not disturbed, and that she wished for nothing." In a conversation with Baron Saldern on the terms of peace, Henry said that a plan must be contrived which would detach Austria from Turkey, and by which the three powers should gain. "Very well," said Saldern, "provided that it is not at the expense of Poland." "As if," said Henry afterwards, when he told the story, "there were any other country about which such plans could be formed."

Catharine said to the Prince, "I will frighten Turkey and flatter England. It is your business to gain Austria, that she may lull France to sleep;" and she became at length so eager, that when they were conversing on the subject, she dipped her finger into ink, and drew with it the lines of partition on a map of Poland which lay before them.

Before Henry left Petersburgh on the 30th of January, 1771, Catharine and he had agreed on the general outline to be proposed to his brother. On his return to Berlin, he accordingly disclosed it to the King, who received it at first with displeasure, and even with indignation, as either an extravagant chimera, or a snare held out to him by his artful and dangerous ally. His anger lasted twenty-four hours. On the next day he embraced his brother, as inspired by some god, and declared that he was a second time the saviour of the monarchy. He was still, however, not without apprehensions from the inconstant councils of a despotic government, influenced by so many various sorts of favorites as that of Russia. Orlov, who still held the office of Catharine's lover, was desirous of continuing the war; Panin desired

peace, but opposed the Partition, which he probably considered as the division of a Russian province. But the great body of lovers and courtiers who had been enriched by grants of forfeited estates in Poland were favorable to a project which would secure their former booty, and, by exciting civil war, lead to new and richer forfeitures. The Czernitcheffs were supposed not to confine their hopes to confiscation, but to aspire to a principality to be formed out of the ruins of the republic. It appears that Frederic, in his correspondence with Catharine, urged, perhaps sincerely, his apprehension of general censure. Catharine answered: "I take all the blame upon myself."

The consent of the Court of Vienna, however, was still to be obtained—where the most formidable and insuperable obstacles were still to be expected in the French alliance, in resentment towards Prussia, and in the conscientious character of Maria Theresa. Prince Henry, on the day of his return to Berlin, in a conversation with Van Swieten, the Austrian minister, assured him, on the part of Catharine, "that if Austria would favor her negotiations with Turkey, she would consent to a considerable augmentation of the Austrian territory." Van Swieten asked, "Where?" Henry replied, "You know as well as I do what your Court might take, and what it is in the power of Russia and Prussia to cede to her." The cautious minister was silent; but it was impossible that he should either mistake the meaning of Henry, or fail to impart such a declaration to his Court. As soon as the Court of Petersburg had vanquished the scruples or fears of Frederic, they required that he should sound the Court of Vienna, which he immediately did through Van Swieten. The state of parties at Vienna was such, that Kaunitz thought it necessary to give an ambiguous answer. That celebrated coxcomb, who had grown old in the ceremonials of courts and the intrigues of cabinets, and of whom we are told that the death of his dearest friend never shortened his toilet nor retarded his dinner, still felt some regard to the treaty with France, which was his own work, and was divided between his habitual submission to the Empress-Queen and the court which he paid to the young Emperor.

It was a difficult task to minister to the ambition of Joseph without alarming the conscience of Maria Theresa. It might be supposed that a princess occupied in the practice of religious austerities, and in the exercise of domestic affections, advanced in years, loving peace, beloved by her subjects, respected in other countries, professing remorse for the bloodshed which her wars had occasioned, and with her children about to ascend the greatest thrones of Europe, would not have tarnished her name by co-operating with a monarch whom she detested, and a female whom she scorned and disdained, in the most faithless and shameless measures which had ever dishonored the Christian world. Unhappily, she was destined to be a signal example of the insecurity of such a reliance.

Some time afterwards, when the preparations for the seizure of the Polish provinces became too conspicuous, the French ambassador had a private audience of the Empress-Queen on the subject. That Princess shed tears at the fate of the oppressed Poles; but her words were as ambiguous and jesuitical as those of her minister. "She entreated the King of France to rely on the negotiations of his faithful ally, for bringing matters to such an issue as should give peace to Poland, without causing convulsions in Europe." The Prince gave an account of this audience in a private letter to M. d'Aiguillon, to be shown only to the King, which contained the following passage:

"I have indeed seen Maria Theresa weep over the misfortunes of oppressed Poland; but that Princess, practiced in the art of concealing her designs, has tears at command. With one hand she lifts her handkerchief to her eyes to wipe away her tears; with the other she wields the sword for the Partition of Poland."

In February and March, 1772, the three powers exchanged declarations, binding themselves to adhere to the principle of equality in the Partition. In August following, the treaties of dismemberment were executed at Petersburg; and in September the demands and determinations of the combined Courts were made known at Warsaw. Their declarations are well known; and it is needless to characterize papers which

have been universally regarded as the utmost extremity of human injustice and effrontery. An undisputed possession of centuries; a succession of treaties to which all the European States were either parties or guarantees; nay, the recent, solemn and repeated declarations and engagements of the three governments themselves were considered as forming no title to dominion. In answer to all these titles to sovereignty, the Empress-Queen and the King of Prussia appealed to some pretensions of their predecessors in the thirteenth century. The Empress of Russia alleged only the evils suffered by neighboring States from the anarchy of Poland. The remonstrances of the Polish government, and their appeals to all those States who were bound to protect them as guarantees of the treaty of Oliva, and as deeply interested in maintaining the sacredness of ancient possession, were equally vain.

The completion of the dismemberment was retarded both by the usual quarrels among banditti about the distribution of booty, and by the stand made by the Poles after they were abandoned by all Europe. The disputes of the Three Powers about the division of the plunder were protracted for more than two years. Catharine refused to allow Frederic to take possession of Dantzic. The turbulent spirit of Joseph II. suggested a still more extensive partition, and, in the midst of professions of inviolable friendship, they were more than once on the brink of open enmity. Panin at one time said to the French resident, "You know we are not *yet* in a state to break with our allies." The great advantage promised by our proverbs to honest men from the quarrels of their enemies might still have been reaped, if there had been one government in Europe capable of vigorously performing its duty to civilized society.

The Poles made a gallant stand. The Government were compelled to call a Diet, and, though the Three Powers insisted on the necessity of unanimity in the most trivial act, they obliged this Diet to form itself under the tie of a confederation, which gave the most inconsiderable majority the power of sacrificing their country. In spite, however, of every species of corruption and violence, the Diet, surrounded as it was by foreign bayonets, gave powers to deputies to negotiate with

the Three Powers relating to their pretensions, by a majority of only one. And it was not till September 1773, that the Republic was compelled to cede, by a pretended treaty, some of her finest provinces, with nearly five millions of her population. The conspirators, not satisfied with this act of robbery, were resolved to deprive the remains of the Polish nation of all hope of establishing a vigorous government or attaining domestic tranquillity. The *Liberum Veto*, the elective monarchy, and all the other institutions which tended to perpetuate disorder, were again imposed on the nation by a pretended guarantee. But the ancient Constitution made the acts of a confederative Diet binding only till the next free Diet. These acts of violence and rapine could not receive a legal form till the meeting of that Assembly in 1776. During the whole of that time Poland was occupied by Russian troops; and the kind language of Catharine to Stanislaus was, "It depends only on me whether the name of Poland is to be struck out of the map of Europe."

The guilt of the three parties to the Partition was very unequal. Frederic, the weakest, had most to apprehend, both from a rupture with his ally, and from the accidents of general war; while, on the other hand, some enlargement seemed requisite to the defence of his dominions. The House of Austria entered late and reluctantly into the conspiracy, which she probably might have escaped if France had been under a more vigorous government. Catharine was the great criminal. She had for eight years oppressed, betrayed, and ravaged Poland—imposed a King on that country—prevented all reformation of the government—fomented divisions among the nobility—and, in one word, created and maintained that anarchy, which she at length used as a pretence for dismemberment. Her vast Empire needed no accession of territory for defence, or, it might have been hoped, even for ambition, yet by her insatiable avidity for new conquest from Turkey, she produced the pretended necessity for the Partition. In order to prevent her from acquiring the Crimea, Moldavia, and Wallachia, the Courts of Vienna and Berlin agreed to allow her to commit an equivalent robbery on Poland, on condition that each of them should rob the same country to

the same amount, thus preserving the balance of power by an agreement that their booty should be equal, and preventing Russia from disproportionate aggrandizement by seizing on the provinces of a State, with which they were all three at peace and in amity, and whose territories they were bound by treaties, and pledged by recent declarations, to maintain inviolate. Monstrous as this transaction was, it is evident that, whoever first proposed it, Catharine was the real cause and author of the whole. This blame, which she was daring enough to take on herself, will blacken her memory in the eyes of the latest posterity; and, should any historian, dazzled by the splendor of her reign, or more excusably seduced by her genius—her love of letters—her efforts in legislation—and her real services to her subjects, labor to palliate this great offence, he will only share her infamy in the vain attempt to extenuate her guilt.—SIR J. MACKINTOSH.





THADDEUS KOSCIUSKO won honorable fame as a brave soldier and able general, both in the Old World and the New; but he is still more highly distinguished for his unselfish patriotism. He was born at Warsaw on the 12th of February, 1746, of a noble, but not wealthy, Lithuanian family. He was educated for a military life, first at the school of cadets in his native town, where he greatly distinguished himself in scientific branches, and showed great dexterity as a draughtsman. On account of this ability, he was one of the four pupils selected to travel at the expense of the state with a view to perfecting their talents. In this capacity he visited France, where he devoted himself to military studies of various kinds. On returning to Poland he entered the army, and was given the command of a company. But he was soon obliged to expatriate himself again, in consequence of a violent but unrequited passion for the daughter of the Marshal of Lithuania, one of the first officers of state of the Polish Court. Returning to Paris in 1776, he found the agents of the American Colonies inviting young men of enterprise and military education to take part in their war for independence. Obtaining letters of recommendation to Washington from Franklin and others, Kosciusko sailed for America and presented himself to the Commander-in-chief. "I come," said he, "to fight as a volunteer for American independence!" "What can you do?" asked

Washington. "Try me," replied Kosciusko. Washington received him as an aide-de-camp, and on October 18, 1776, Congress gave him a commission as Colonel in the Engineers. When his drawings for an encampment and post at Bemis Heights, near Saratoga, were shown to General Gates, that commander immediately accepted them, and declared that he had never before seen such excellent work. These defences resisted the formidable attacks of Burgoyne. Kosciusko was also the principal engineer in executing the works at West Point. General Washington attached him to his staff as adjutant. He was present with General Greene in the unsuccessful attack on the Ninety-Six. At the close of his service in 1783, Kosciusko received the thanks of Congress for the skill and courage displayed by him, and the brevet of brigadier-general. Among his friends were La Fayette, Lameth, and other distinguished Frenchmen, serving in the same cause. Kosciusko and La Fayette were the only foreigners who were decorated with the American Order of the Cincinnati.

At the end of the American war, Kosciusko returned to Poland, where he lived in retirement until 1789, when he was promoted by the Polish Diet to the rank of Major-General. That body about this period formed a new Constitution, rendering the monarchy hereditary, declaring universal toleration, and preserving the privileges of the nobility, while at the same time it ameliorated the condition of the lower orders. When the crowned conspirators of Prussia, Russia and Austria attacked Poland in 1792, to compel Stanislaus to restore the old Constitution with all its vices and abuses, Kosciusko signalized himself at the head of one of the national armies, until the treacherous cowardice of the Polish King paralyzed all the efforts of the defenders of the land. To elude the jealousy of the Russians, Kosciusko withdrew into Italy. Poland was commanded to reduce its military force to 16,000 men. The spirit of resistance was inveterate, and was widely diffused; and the Russians, to see their orders put into execution, marched into Poland with a numerous army. The ruthless conduct of these invaders drove the Poles to desperation; the peasantry were compelled to lodge,

to feed, to transport their enemies from place to place without remuneration.

Such degradation roused the spirit of the nation; Kosciusko was recalled from Italy, and in 1794, arrived at Cracow. He was rapturously welcomed, and the Poles made him Generalissimo and Dictator. Never did a nation trust a great man more generously; and never was a trust more nobly and disinterestedly fulfilled. He maintained order; he strove to ameliorate the condition of the serfs. He issued a proclamation, calling on every rank and class of men to shake off their disgraceful fetters, and to conquer or perish in the defence of their country. The appeal was not made in vain; three hundred peasants, armed with scythes, joined his standard, and he received the support of the nobility, who, having proclaimed the Constitution of 1791, departed for their respective estates to arm and assemble their vassals. A body of troops amounting to 6,000 men, having marched toward Cracow to give him battle, was completely defeated; they lost 1,000 men, with eleven cannon, and their general, Woronzow, was taken prisoner. This was the signal for general hostility. The Russians, who had seized upon Warsaw, and were attempting to become masters of the arsenal, were resolutely attacked by the inhabitants, and after three days of the most sanguinary engagements, were driven from the city.

- The undaunted Kosciusko now advanced against the Russians, but met a new enemy in the person of the faithless Frederic William of Prussia, who, having gone through the preliminary of declaring war, had advanced into Poland at the head of 40,000 men. On the 8th of June, with but 13,000 men, Kosciusko gave him battle; but after a long and bloody contest, overwhelmed with numbers, he was obliged to retreat towards Warsaw, which he defended for ten weeks against the Prussians, who, after losing 20,000 men in an inglorious and unavailing siege, found it prudent to withdraw into their own territories. Kosciusko, thus freed of the Prussians, marched to oppose the new Russian troops, who, during the siege of Warsaw, had conquered Lithuania and Volhynia. The eyes of all Europe were placed upon him; but fortune had declared against him. On the 10th of October, at

Macieowice, he supported a combat against overwhelming odds until he was severely wounded. According to a common report, as he fell he uttered the prophetic words, "Finis Poloniæ;" but the patriot himself is said afterwards to have denied using the expression. Having recovered a little from his wound, he was advancing a few steps when a Cossack aimed at him a dreadful blow, which would have proved mortal had not a Russian general (to whose wife Kosciusko, when she was his prisoner, had shown the most disinterested generosity) stopped his arm. The officer was then requested, if he really wished to render him a service, to allow a soldier to put an end to his existence; but he spared his life and made him a prisoner. The greatest part of his army perished on the field of battle or laid down their arms.

Kosciusko was taken to St. Petersburg, and was confined in prison for two years. When Catharine II., with real or affected admiration of his military ability, offered to return him his own sword, "I have no need of a sword," said Kosciusko; "I have no country to defend." On her death, her successor Paul restored Kosciusko to liberty, but the patriot, with the same dauntless independent spirit which ever characterized him, refused a pension. Kosciusko now visited England, from whence he passed over to the United States. In 1798 he returned to Europe, and bought a country house near Fontainebleau, in France.

Kosciusko refused in any way to aid Napoleon, well knowing that no real freedom was to be hoped for by assisting that Emperor. Napoleon, in order to rally the Poles round his standard, issued an address to them, attaching Kosciusko's signature. The patriot was never able to publish a formal denial of the transaction till after the fall of Napoleon. In 1814 he exerted himself to obtain for Poland, from the Russian Emperor Alexander, a free Constitution, an amnesty for all exiles, and the institution of schools for the education of the serfs. Disappointed in the hopes which he formed respecting Alexander's treatment of his country, Kosciusko retired into complete privacy at Soleure, in Switzerland. Here he expired, October 16th, 1817, in consequence of an injury received by a fall from his horse. Through the inter-

vention of the Emperor Alexander, his remains were removed from a foreign grave and deposited in a vault at Cracow, the burial-place of the Polish kings. On the summit of Mount St. Bronislawa, near Cracow, a tumulus of Carpathian marble was erected afterwards to the memory of Kosciusko.

Thaddeus Kosciusko gave a brilliant example of an enthusiastic love of liberty, unstained by any deed of violence or injustice. He was never hurried by democratic fervor into forgetfulness of the shortcomings, as well as of the capabilities, of the age and nation in which he lived. In the field he struggled long and gallantly against adverse fortune and overwhelming numbers. Simple in his habits, unaffected in his manners, amiable and mild to his comrades and associates, chivalrously bold in danger, and sternly resolute when duty required, Kosciusko was the idol of his soldiers' hearts, and commanded esteem even from his foes.

THE DOWNFALL OF POLAND.

The last struggles of the Poles, like all their preceding ones, originated in their own divisions. The partisans of the ancient anarchy revolted against the new and more stable Constitution which they had recently received; they took up arms at Targowice, and invoked the aid of the Empress to restore the disorder from which she had gained so much. A second dismemberment speedily took place on October 14, 1793, and in the disordered state of the country it was effected without opposition. Prussia and Russia took upon themselves alone the execution of this partition, and the combined troops were in the first instance quietly cantoned in the provinces which they had seized. The Russian General Igelstroem was stationed at Warsaw, and occupied all the inconsiderable portion of the Republic still left to Stanislaus. Soltikoff had under his order a powerful corps in Volhynia and Podolia. Suwarrow, with a considerable corps, was placed at Cherson, to overawe both the Turks and the southern provinces, while a large Prussian corps was ready to support Igelstroem, and had already seized upon the northern parts of the country. Thus Poland, distracted and paralyzed, without fortified towns, mountains or defensible positions, was overrun by the

armies of two of the most powerful military monarchies in Europe.

There is a certain degree of calamity which overwhelms the courage; but there is another, which, by reducing men to desperation, leads to the greatest and most glorious enterprises. To this latter state the Poles were now reduced. Abandoned by all the world, distracted with internal divisions, destitute alike of fortresses and resources, crushed in the grasp of gigantic enemies, the patriots of that unhappy country, consulting only their own courage, resolved to make a last effort to deliver it from its enemies. In the midst of their internal distractions, and through all the prostration of their national strength, the Poles had never lost their individual courage, or the ennobling feelings of civil independence. They were still the redoubtable hussars who broke the Mussulman ranks under the walls of Vienna, and carried the Polish eagles in triumph to the towers of the Kremlin, whose national cry had so often made the Osmanlis tremble, and who had boasted, in their hours of triumph, that if the heaven itself were to fall, they would support it on the point of their lances. A band of patriots at Warsaw resolved at all hazards to attempt the restoration of their independence, and they made choice of Kosciusko, who was then at Leipsic, to direct their efforts.

This illustrious hero, who had received the rudiments of military education in France, had afterwards served, not without glory, in the ranks of independence in America. Uniting to Polish enthusiasm French ability, the ardent friend of liberty, and the enlightened advocate of order, brave, loyal, and generous, he was in every way qualified to head the last struggle of the oldest republic in existence for its national independence. But a nearer approach to the scene of danger convinced him that the hour for action had not yet arrived. The passions, indeed, were awakened, the national enthusiasm was full; but the means of resistance were inconsiderable, and the old divisions of the Republic were not so healed as to afford the prospect of the whole national strength being exerted in its defence. But the public indignation could brook no delay; several regiments stationed at Pultusk re-

volted, and moved towards Galicia; and Kosciusko, determined not to be absent in the hour of danger, hastened to Cracow, where, on the 3d of March, he closed the gates, and proclaimed the insurrection.

Having, by means of the regiments which had revolted, and the junction of some bodies of armed peasants—imperfectly armed indeed, but full of enthusiasm—collected a force of five thousand men, Kosciusko left Cracow, and boldly advanced into the open country. He encountered on April 8, 1794, a body of three thousand Russians at Raslowice, and after an obstinate engagement, succeeded in routing it with great slaughter. This action, inconsiderable in itself, had important consequences; the Polish peasants exchanged their scythes for the arms found on the field of battle, and the insurrection, encouraged by this first gleam of success, soon communicated itself to the adjoining provinces. In vain Stanislaus disavowed the acts of his subjects; the flame of independence spread with the rapidity of lightning, and soon all the freemen in Poland were in arms.

Warsaw was the first point where the flame broke out. The intelligence of the success at Raslowice was received there on the 12th of April, and occasioned the most violent agitation. For some days afterward it was evident that an explosion was at hand; and at length, at daybreak on the morning of the 17th, the brigade of Polish guards, under the direction of their officers, attacked the Governor's house and the arsenal, and was speedily joined by the populace. The Russian and Prussian troops in the neighborhood of the capital were about seven thousand men; and after a prolonged and obstinate contest in the streets for thirty-six hours, they were driven across the Vistula with the loss of above three thousand men in killed and prisoners, and the flag of independence was hoisted on the towers of Warsaw.

One of the most embarrassing circumstances in the situation of the Russians was the presence of above sixteen thousand Poles in their ranks, who were known to sympathize strongly with these heroic efforts of their fellow-citizens. Orders were immediately dispatched to Suwarrow to assemble a corps, and disarm the Polish troops scattered in Podolia,

before they could unite in any common measures for their defence. By the energy and rapidity of this great commander, the Poles were disarmed brigade after brigade, and above twelve thousand men reduced to a state of inaction without much difficulty; a most important operation, not only destroying the nucleus of a powerful army, but stifling the commencement of the insurrection in Volhynia and Podolia. How different might have been the fate of Poland and Europe had they been enabled to join the ranks of their countrymen!

Kosciusko and his countrymen did everything that courage or energy could suggest to put on foot a formidable force to resist their adversaries; a provisional government was established, and in a short time forty thousand men were raised. But this force, though highly honorable to the patriotism of the Poles, was inconsiderable when compared with the vast armies which Russia and Prussia could advance for their subjugation. Small as the army was, its maintenance was too great an effort for the resources of the kingdom, which, torn by intestine faction, without commerce, harbors, or manufactures, having no national credit, and no industrious class of citizens but the Jews, now felt the fatal effects of its long career of anarchy. The population of the country, composed entirely of unruly gentlemen and ignorant serfs, was totally unable at that time to furnish those numerous supplies of intelligent officers which are requisite for the formation of an efficient military force; while the nobility, however formidable on horseback in the Hungarian or Turkish wars, were less to be relied on in a contest with regular forces, where infantry and artillery constituted the great strength of the army, and courage was unavailing without the aid of science.

No sooner was the King of Prussia informed of the Revolution at Warsaw, than he moved forward at the head of thirty thousand men to besiege that city; while Suwarrow, with forty thousand veterans, was preparing to enter the southeastern parts of the kingdom. Aware of the necessity of striking a blow before the enemy's forces were united, Kosciusko advanced with twelve thousand men to attack the

Russian General Denisoff; but, upon approaching his corps, he discovered that it had united to the army commanded by the King in person. Unable to face such superior forces, he immediately retired, but was attacked next morning at day-break near Sckoczzyre, and, after a gallant resistance, his army was routed, and Cracow fell into the hands of the conquerors. This check was the more severely felt as, about the same time, General Zayonschuk was defeated at Chelne, and obliged to recross the Vistula, leaving the whole country on the right bank of that river in the hands of the Russians.

These disasters produced a great impression at Warsaw; the people, as usual, ascribed them to treachery, and insisted that the leaders should be brought to punishment; and, although the chiefs escaped, several persons in an inferior situation were arrested and thrown into prison. Apprehensive of some subterfuge, if the accused were regularly brought to trial, the people assembled in tumultuous bodies, forced the prisons, erected scaffolds in the streets, and, after the manner of the assassins of September 2, put above twelve persons to death with their own hands. These excesses penetrated with the most profound grief the pure heart of Kosciusko; he flew to the capital, restored order, and delivered over to punishment the authors of the revolt. But the resources of the country were evidently unequal to the struggle; the paper money was at a frightful discount; and the sacrifices required of the nation were the more severely felt, that now hardly a hope of ultimate success remained.

The combined Russian and Prussian armies, about thirty-five thousand strong, now advanced against the capital, where Kosciusko occupied an entrenched camp, with twenty-five thousand men. During the whole of July and August, the besiegers were engaged in fruitless attempts to drive the Poles into the city; and at length a great convoy, with artillery and stores for a regular siege, which was ascending the Vistula, having been captured by a gentleman named Minewsky, at the head of a body of peasants, the King of Prussia raised the siege, leaving a portion of his sick and stores in the hands of the patriots.

After this success the Poles mustered nearly eighty thou-

sand men under arms; but they were scattered over too extensive a line of country in order to make head against their numerous enemies; a policy tempting by the prospect it holds forth of exciting an extensive insurrection, but ruinous in the end, by exposing the patriotic forces to the risk of being beaten in detail. Scarcely had the Poles recovered from their intoxication at the raising of the siege of Warsaw, when intelligence was received of the defeat of Sizakowsky, who commanded a corps of ten thousand men beyond the Bug, by the Russian grand army under Suwarrow. This celebrated general, to whom the principal conduct of the war was now committed, followed up his successes with the utmost vigor. The retreating column was again assailed on September 19 by the victorious Russians, and, after a glorious resistance, driven into the woods between Janow and Biala, with the loss of four thousand men and twenty-eight pieces of cannon. Scarce three thousand Poles, with Sizakowsky at their head, escaped into Siedlce.

Upon receiving the accounts of this disaster, Kosciusko resolved, by drawing together all his detachments, to fall upon Fersen before he joined Suwarrow and the other corps which were advancing against the capital. With this view he ordered General Poninsky to join him, and marched with all his disposable forces to attack the Russian general, who was stationed at Maccowice; but fortune, on this occasion, cruelly deceived the Poles. Arrived in presence of Fersen, he found that Poninsky had not yet arrived; and the Russian commander, overjoyed at this circumstance, resolved immediately to attack him. In vain Kosciusko dispatched courier after courier to Poninsky to advance to his relief. The first was intercepted by the Cossacks, and the second did not arrive in time to enable him to take a decisive part in the approaching combat. Nevertheless, the Polish commander, aware of the danger of retreating with inexperienced troops in presence of a disciplined and superior enemy, determined to give battle on the following day, and drew up his little army with as much skill as the circumstances would admit.

The forces on the opposite sides, in this action on October 4, 1794, which decided the fate of Poland, were nearly equal

in point of numbers ; but the advantages of discipline and equipment were decisively on the side of the Russians. Kosciusko commanded about ten thousand men, a great part of whom were recently raised and imperfectly disciplined ; while Fersen was at the head of twelve thousand veterans, including a most formidable body of cavalry. Nevertheless, the Poles, in the center and right wing, made a glorious defense ; but the left, which Poninsky should have supported, having been overwhelmed by the cavalry under Denisoff, the whole army was thrown into confusion. Kosciusko, Sizakowsky and other gallant chiefs, in vain made the most heroic efforts to rally the broken troops. They were wounded, struck down, and made prisoners by the Cossacks, who inundated the field of battle, while the remains of the army, now reduced to seven thousand five hundred men, fell back in confusion towards Warsaw.

After the fall of Kosciusko, who sustained in his single person the fortunes of the Republic, nothing but a series of disasters awaited the Poles. The Austrians, taking advantage of the general confusion, entered Galicia, and occupied the palatinates of Lublin and Landomir ; while Suwarrow, pressing forward towards the capital, defeated Mokronowsky, who, at the head of twelve thousand men, strove to retard the advance of that redoubtable commander. In vain the Poles made the utmost efforts ; they were routed with the loss of four thousand men ; and the patriots, though now despairing of success, resolved to sell their lives dearly, and shut themselves up in Warsaw to await the approach of the conqueror.

Suwarrow was soon at the gates of Praga, where twenty-six thousand men and one hundred pieces of cannon defended the bridge of the Vistula and the approach to the capital. To assault such a position with forces hardly superior was evidently a hazardous enterprise ; but the approach of winter rendering it indispensable that, if anything was done at all, it should be immediately attempted, Suwarrow, who was habituated to successful assaults in the Turkish wars, resolved to storm the city. On the 2d of November the Russians made their appearance before the glacis of Praga, and Suwarrow, having, in great haste, completed three powerful bat-

teries, and battered the defences in breach with an imposing celerity, made disposition for a general assault on the following day. The conquerors of Ismail advanced to the attack in the same order which they had adopted on that memorable occasion. Seven columns at daybreak approached the ramparts, rapidly filling up the ditches with their fascines, broke down the defences, and, pouring into the entrenched camp, carried destruction into the ranks of the Poles. In vain the defenders did their utmost to resist the torrent. The wooden houses of Praga speedily took fire, and, amid the shouts of the victors and the cries of the inhabitants, the Polish battalions were borne backward to the edge of the Vistula. The multitude of fugitives speedily broke down the bridges, and the citizens of Warsaw beheld with unavailing anguish their defenders on the other side perishing in the flames or by the sword of the conquerors. Ten thousand soldiers fell on the spot, nine thousand were made prisoners, and above twelve thousand citizens, of every age and sex, were put to the sword; a dreadful instance of carnage, which has left a lasting stain on the name of Suwarrow, and which Russia expiated in the conflagration of Moscow.

The tragedy was at an end; Warsaw capitulated two days afterward; the detached parties of the patriots melted away, and Poland was no more. On the 6th of November Suwarrow made his triumphant entry into the blood-stained capital. King Stanislaus was sent into Russia, where he ended his days in captivity, and the final partition of the monarchy was effected.

Such was the termination of the oldest republic in existence—such the first instance of the destruction of a member of the European family by its ambitious rivals. As such, it excited a profound sensation in Europe; the folly of preceding ages, the irretrievable defects of the Polish Constitution, were forgotten; they were remembered only as the bulwark of Christendom against the Ottomans; they appeared only as the succoring angel under John Sobieski. To behold a people so ancient, so gallant, whose deeds were associated with such heart-stirring recollections, fall a victim to imperial ingratitude and Moscovite ambition, was a spectacle which

naturally excited the utmost indignation. The bloody march of the French Revolution, the disasters consequent on domestic dissension, were forgotten, and the Christian world was penetrated with a grief akin to that felt by all civilized nations at the fall of Jerusalem.

The poet has celebrated these events in the immortal lines:

“ Oh! bloodiest picture in the book of Time,
Sarmatia fell unwept, without a crime;
Found not a generous friend, a pitying foe,
Strength in her arms, nor mercy in her woe!
Dropp'd from her nerveless grasp the shatter'd spear,
Closed her bright eye, and curb'd her high career:
Hope for a season bade the world farewell,
And Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusko fell.”

But the truth of history must dispel the illusion, and unfold in the fall of Poland the natural consequence of its national delinquencies. Sarmatia neither fell unwept nor without a crime; she fell the victim of her own dissensions; of the chimera of equality insanely pursued, and the rigor of aristocracy unceasingly maintained; of extravagant jealousy of every superior, and merciless oppression of every inferior rank. The eldest born of the European family was the first to perish, because she had thwarted all the ends of the social union; because she united the turbulence of democratic to the exclusion of aristocratic societies; because she had the vacillation of a republic without its energy, and the oppression of a monarchy without its stability. Such a system neither could nor ought to be maintained.—SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.





IN the wonderful and glorious epoch of the Renaissance, that great revival after the dark and troubled times of the Middle Ages, bright with many genius-stars of the first magnitude, one of the most remarkable characters is Michelangelo Buonarroti. Sculptor, painter, architect, engineer and poet was this versa-

tile man, whose genius as an artist was joined to a clean and noble character ; who worked to the very end of a long life, and revealed new phases of his genius as he grew older.

Born on the 6th of March, 1475, at Caprese, in Casentino, as the son of Lodovico Buonarroti Simoni, Michelangelo, when sent to school, spent all his leisure time in drawing. At the age of fourteen, he entered the service of Ghirlandaio, and thus had ample opportunity to indulge his bent for painting, and to progress in the art at an astonishingly rapid rate. Before he had finished his three years' apprenticeship, however, he left, to study sculpture at the school opened by Lorenzo de Medici, in the Gardens of St. Mark. The *Mask of a Faun*, sculptured here by the young artist, gained for him the friendship and patronage of Lorenzo, with whom he remained until the latter's death (1492). He next spent some time with Piero de Medici, the son of Lorenzo, then went to Bologna, at which latter place Aldrovandi procured some commissions for him. Returning to Florence in 1495, he produced the *Sleeping Cupid*, which gained him a call to Rome, where he worked for about four years. Among the

fruits of his activity there were a Bacchus, strongly materialistic in conception, and a group, "La Pieta," which at once stamped him as an artist of extraordinary power.

After returning to Florence, he carved his giant *David* from a huge block of Carrara marble which other sculptors had unsuccessfully attempted to utilize. In 1503 he was also engaged to produce twelve statues of apostles; but he only hewed out roughly the figure of *St. Matthew*, now in the Florence Academy, and the work was abandoned, just as was the earlier order (1501), from Cardinal Piccolomini, for fifteen marble figures for a funeral vault. He was destined, in fact, to leave much unfinished work behind him; and of that which he did complete, much has been lost.

In 1503-04, Leonardo de Vinci and he were commissioned to decorate one of the sides of the Council Hall of the Signory; but the paintings were not carried out. Even the cartoons have been lost, and are known to us only in part through engravings; a portion of Michael Angelo's, dealing with the *Battle of Pisa*, gives us some idea of the originality of his work. Michael Angelo had at this time attained only his twenty-ninth year, and had not only established his reputation as the greatest artist of his day, but had created by the novelty and grandeur of his style a new era in the arts. Julius II., a pontiff who, in the energetic cast of his character, bore a strong resemblance to Michael Angelo himself, having now ascended to the papal chair, called him immediately to Rome, and commissioned him to make his monument, a work conceived on a scale which Michael Angelo felt to be commensurate to his powers. He made a design which, had it been finished according to his original intention, would have surpassed in grandeur, beauty, and richness of ornament, every ancient and imperial sepulchre. It was to have had four fronts of marble, embellished with forty statues, besides several mezzo-rilievi in bronze. To this design Rome and the world are indebted for the magnificent church of St. Peter's; for Michael Angelo having suggested to the Pope that the interior of the old edifice would not allow sufficient space for the monument to be properly seen, the pontiff determined to rebuild the church on a larger scale.

While the monument was in progress, the Pope delighted to come and see it ; but the work was interrupted by an accident which strongly marks the character of the artist. Having occasion to make some communication to his Holiness, and not having found admission on two applications, in the latter of which he felt himself somewhat superciliously treated by one of the officers in attendance, he gave directions to his servants to sell his goods to the Jews, and immediately set off for Florence. He had scarcely reached Poggiobonzi before five couriers had arrived from Julius commanding his immediate return ; but Michael Angelo was inflexible and continued his journey. On arriving at Florence, he set about finishing the cartoon of Pisa ; but three briefs were dispatched to Soderini the Gonfaloniere, requiring that he should be sent back. Michael Angelo excused himself, alleging that he had accepted a commission from the Grand Sultan to go to Constantinople for the purpose of building a bridge. The Pope, in the meantime, had gone on political affairs to Bologna, and Soderini, fearing he should himself incur the papal displeasure through Michael Angelo's contumacy, persuaded him to go to that city. Immediately on his arrival, and before he had had time to dress, he was conducted by the Pope's officers before his Holiness, who, looking at him with an angry glance, said : " What, then ! instead of coming to seek us, thou wast determined that we should come to seek thee ? " Michael Angelo excused himself, saying " that he had quitted Rome, being unable, after his faithful services to his Holiness, to endure the indignity of being denied admission to him. " A bishop in attendance, intending to say something in extenuation, observed to the Pope that such persons, however expert in their professions, were usually ignorant of everything else. " Who told thee to interfere ? " exclaimed Julius, bestowing at the same time a hearty blow with his staff on the shoulders of the ecclesiastic ; and commanding Michael Angelo to kneel, he gave him his benediction and received him into full favor, giving him directions at the same time to make his statue in bronze. Michael Angelo soon completed the clay model ; the statue was the personification of majesty, but the face had so terrible an expression that the Pope demanded, " Am I utter-

ing a blessing or a curse?" Michael Angelo replied that he had intended to represent him admonishing the people of Bologna, and inquired if his Holiness would have a book placed in one of the hands. "Give me a sword," answered the warlike pontiff, "I know nothing of books."

On his return to Rome, Julius was induced by the advice of his architect, Bramante, to suspend the execution of the monument, and he gave orders to Michael Angelo to paint the vault of the Sistine Chapel. When the tomb was finally finished in 1550, after the most vexatious delays and disputes, it was set up, quite out of place, in the Church of San Pietro in Vincula, a mere fragment of the original ambitious and elaborate design. The principal interest of the modified tomb centres in the statue of *Moses*, powerful and grand, despite its disadvantageous position, "the crown of modern sculpture," as Grimm enthusiastically says.

The decoration of the Sistine Chapel was undertaken by Michael Angelo with many misgivings and under protest: sculpture was his art; he had done no fresco work since his apprenticeship with Ghirlandaio. But, once begun, the stupendous task was rapidly completed and turned out one of his grandest achievements. He was subsequently commissioned to execute two large frescoes for the ends of the Chapel, the *Fall of the Rebel Angels* and the *Last Judgment*. Only the latter was completed, however, and that not until 1541; despite adverse criticism, much of it just, it is a unique and wonderful, an awe-inspiring creation.

Next, some precious years (1516-19) were partly wasted in quarrying marble at Seravezza, by order of Leo X., for the façade which he had designed for the Church of San Lorenzo, in Florence. Soon after this his versatile genius was called upon to construct fortifications for the Florentines, who had driven out the Medici, and objected to their re-establishment. But the city fell into the hands of the Imperialists, and the sculptor remained in hiding for some time, until Pope Clement, anxious to have the Medici monument finished, announced that his life would be spared. This monument, with the statues of Lorenzo and Giuliano de Medici, and the famous and magnificent figures of "Dawn," "Twilight,"

"Night," and "Day," form one of Michael Angelo's greatest achievements in sculpture.

Though advanced in age, this vigorous artist then entered upon still another phase of his artistic genius: in 1546-7 he was appointed architect of St. Peter's. To this work he devoted the best energies of his remaining days, successfully meeting the criticisms of his enemies, and designing the beautiful dome on which his reputation as an architect practically depends. The fine effect of his plans was ultimately diminished (17th century) by lengthening the front part of the nave, and by the addition of the present façade. It may be added that his achievements in the field of architecture do not rival his productions in sculpture and painting.

It seems not surprising that this versatile, virile artist should also have expressed his vigorous thought, his vivid imagination in verse, and graceful verse also, although his genius is perhaps not as conspicuous in this field as in that of art. A charming episode in his life is his pure and ardent attachment to Vittoria Colonna, the widow of the Marquis of Pescara, whom he first met about 1538, and whose death in 1547 ended an all too short period of happiness for this strange man. He survived her for sixteen years, however, his rugged, uncompromising disposition somewhat softened, perhaps, through her influence. On February 18, 1564, he breathed his last, and the funeral obsequies were celebrated with pomp at Florence, whither his body had been secretly removed.

With all the angularity of his character,—his violent and irritable temper, his sarcasm, and his almost abnormal love of solitude,—Michael Angelo was yet a good man and a most generous one, liberal towards his inferiors, while he himself was abstemious and frugal to the last degree. As an artist, he was unique among his fellows; absolute originality, boldness of drawing, daring in conception and composition, and a marvelous knowledge of anatomy mark his paintings, in which he broke through the traditions of ecclesiastical art, and the many nude figures which called forth much disapproval in his time. If his work often seems bold, exaggerated even in its powerful expressiveness, it must not be forgotten that, like his productions, the artist was likewise extraordinary in the

loftiness of his thoughts and ideals. "His unlimited mastery over form," says J. A. Symonds, ". . . seduced him at the close of his career into a stylistic mannerism," and this was unfortunately aped by his successors. In the grand creations of his chisel we find not the abstract beauty of the antique, but rather the thoughts and feelings which agitated his soul. And not unfrequently were details left unfinished, when his ideas had been sufficiently expressed.

"There was given me at my birth," said he, in one of his poems, "as an assurance of my vocation, that sense of the beautiful, my guide and my light in two arts; but, believe me, it is this alone which raises my eyes to that height which I strive so eagerly to reach in painting or in sculpture. Leave more rash and grosser spirits to search only in the material for a beauty which raises and transports loftier souls even unto heaven. Eyes so weak cannot be lifted from mortal forms upwards towards God, or reach that point to which Divine favor alone can direct them."

VITTORIA COLONNA.

The acquaintance of Vittoria Colonna with Michael Angelo began when she returned from Ferrara to Rome in 1537. That great man was in his sixty-third year, while the poetess was in her forty-seventh year. Their friendship, eminently honorable to both, lasted throughout the remainder of Vittoria's life. Michael Angelo had, at the time in question, already reached the zenith of his fame, although he lived to witness and enjoy it for another quarter of a century. He was a man formed by nature, and already habituated by the social position his contemporaries had accorded to him, to mould men—not to be moulded by them—not a smooth or pliable man; rugged rather, self-relying, self-concentrated, and, though full of kindness for those who needed kindness, almost a stern man; no courtier, though accustomed to the society of courts; and apt to consider courtier-like courtesies and habitudes as impertinent impediments to the requirements of his high calling, to be repressed rather than condescended to. Yet the strong and kindly nature of this high-souled old man was moulded

into new form by contact with that of the comparatively youthful poetess.

The religious portion of the great artist's nature had scarcely shaped out for itself any more defined and substantial form of expression than a worship of the beautiful in spirit as well as in matter. By Vittoria he was made a devout Christian. The change is strongly marked in his poetry; and in several passages of the poems, four or five in number, addressed to her, he attributes it entirely to her influence. Mr. Harford, who was permitted to hear and read the letters from Vittoria to her friend, which are preserved in that collection of papers and memorials of the great artist which forms the most treasured possession of his descendants, gives the following account of them:

"They are five in number; and there is a sixth, addressed by her to a friend, which relates to Michael Angelo. Two of these letters refer in very grateful terms to the fine drawings he had been making for her, and to which she alludes with admiration. Another glances with deep interest at the devout sentiments of a sonnet, which it appears he had sent for her perusal. . . . Another tells him in playful terms that his duties as architect of St. Peter's, and her own to the youthful inmates of the convent of St. Catherine at Viterbo, admit not of their frequently exchanging letters. This must have been written just a year before her death, which occurred in 1547. Michael Angelo became architect of St. Peter's in 1546. These letters are written with the most perfect ease, in a firm, strong hand; but there is not a syllable in any of them approaching to tenderness."

The period of Vittoria's stay in Rome on this occasion must have been a pleasant one. She was the acknowledged leader of the best and most intellectual society in that city; surrounded by a company of gifted and high-minded men, bound to her and to each other by that most intimate and ennobling of all ties, the common profession of a higher, nobler, purer theory of life than that which prevailed around them, and a common membership of what might almost be called a select church within a church, whose principles and teaching its disciples hoped to see rapidly spreading and

beneficially triumphant; dividing her time between her religious duties, her literary occupations, and conversation with well-loved and well-understood friends.

These pleasant Roman days were, however, destined to be of brief duration. They were cut short, strange as the statement may seem, by the imposition of an increased tax upon salt. For when Paul III. resorted, in 1539, to that always odious and cruel means of pillaging his people, Ascanio Colonna maintained that, by virtue of some ancient privilege, the new tax could not be levied on his estates. The pontifical tax-gatherers imprisoned certain of his vassals for refusing to pay; whereupon Ascanio assembled his retainers, made a raid into the Campagna, and drove off a large number of cattle. The Pope lost no time in gathering an army of ten thousand men, and "war was declared" between the sovereign and the Colonna. The varying fortunes of this "war" have been narrated in detail by more than one historian. Much mischief was done, and a great deal of misery occasioned by both the contending parties. But at length the forces of the sovereign got the better of those of his vassal, and the principal fortresses of the Colonna were taken, and their fortifications ordered to be razed.

It was in consequence of these misfortunes, and of that remarkable "solidarity" which united in those days the members of a family in their fortunes and reverses, that Vittoria quitted Rome, probably toward the end of 1540, and retired to Orvieto. But the loss of their brightest ornament was a misfortune which the highest circles of Roman society could not submit to patiently. Many of the most influential personages at Paul III.'s court visited the celebrated exile at Orvieto, and succeeded ere long in obtaining her return to Rome after a very short absence. And we accordingly find her again in the Eternal City in the August of 1541.

An interesting glimpse of the manner in which many of her hours were passed is to be found in the papers left by one Francesco d'Olanda, a Portuguese painter, who was then in the Eternal City. He had been introduced, he tells us, by the kindness of Messer Lattanzio Tolemei of Siena to Vittoria Colonna, the Marchesa de Pescara, and also to Michael

Angelo; and he has recorded at length several conversations between these and two or three other members of their society, in which he took part. The object of his notes appears to have been chiefly to preserve the opinions expressed by the great Florentine on subjects connected with the arts.

But the external circumstances of these conversations, noted down for us by Francesco d'Olanda, give us an amusing peep into the literary life of the Roman world three hundred years ago.

It was one Sunday afternoon that the Portuguese artist went to call on Messer Lattanzio Tolomei, nephew of the cardinal of that name. The servants told him that their master was in the Church of San Silvestro, at Monte Cavallo, in company with the Marchesa de Pescara, for the purpose of hearing a lecture on the Epistles of St. Paul, from a certain Friar Ambrose of Siena. Maestro Francesco lost no time in following his friend thither. And "as soon as the reading and the interpretations of it were over," the Marchesa, turning to the stranger, and inviting him to sit beside her, said, "If I am not mistaken, Francesco d'Olanda would better like to hear Michael Angelo preach on painting than to listen to Friar Ambrose's lecture."

So Vittoria calls to a servant, and bids him go to the house of Michael Angelo and tell him "that I and Messer Lattanzio are here in this cool chapel, that the church is shut, and very pleasant, and ask him if he will come and spend a part of the day with us, that we may put it to profit in his company. But do not tell him that Francesco d'Olanda, the Spaniard, is here."

Then there is some very mild raillery about how Michael Angelo was to be led to speak of painting—it being, it seems, very questionable whether he could be induced to do so; and a little bickering follows between Maestro Francesco and Friar Ambrose, who feels convinced that Michael will not be got to talk before the Portuguese, while the latter boasts of his intimacy with the great man.

Presently there is a knock at the church door. It is Michael Angelo, who has been met by the servant as he was going toward the baths, talking with Orbino, his color-grinder.

"The Marchesa rose to receive him, and remained standing a good while before making him sit down between her and Messer Lattanzio." Then, "with an art which I can neither describe nor imitate, she began to talk of various matters with infinite wit and grace, without ever touching the subject of painting, the better to make sure of the great painter."

"One is sure enough," she says at last, "to be completely beaten, as often as one ventures to attack Michael Angelo on his own ground, which is that of wit and raillery. You will see, Messer Lattanzio, that to put him down and reduce him to silence we must talk to him of briefs, law processes or painting." By which subtle and deep-laid plot the great man is set off into a long discourse on painters and painting.

"His Holiness," said the Marchesa, after a while, "has granted me the favor of authorizing me to build a new convent, near this spot, on the slope of Monte Cavallo, where there is the ruined portico, from the top of which, it is said, that Nero looked on while Rome was burning; so that virtuous women may efface the trace of so wicked a man. I do not know, Michael Angelo, what form or proportions to give the building, or on which side to make the entrance. Would it not be possible to join together some parts of the ancient constructions, and make them available toward the new building?"

"Yes," said Michael Angelo; "the ruined portico might serve for a bell-tower."

He added, however, more seriously, "I think that your Excellency may build the proposed convent without difficulty; and when we go out, we can, if your Excellency so please, have a look at the spot, and suggest to you some ideas."

Then, after a complimentary speech from Vittoria, in which she declares that the public, who know Michael Angelo's works only without being acquainted with his character, are ignorant of the best part of him, the lecture, to which all this is introductory, begins. And when the company part at its close, an appointment is made to meet again another Sunday in the same church. A painter in search of an unhackneyed subject might easily choose a worse one than that suggested by this notable group, in the cool and quiet church.—T. A. TROLLOPE.

SONNET.

MICHAEL ANGELO TO VITTORIA COLONNA.

When of some form and face, Art, pure, divine,
Has caught th' expressive mien, the features' play,
A model next it forms of humble clay
Then the idea and the first birth combine;
But next in marble fair those features shine,
If truthful genius prompt the artist's care;
And thus renascent, beautiful and fair,
Its glories neither Place nor Time confine.
Lady, both great and good, in me is still
That first imperfect model; thanks to thee,
Remodeled, born anew, 'tis mine to be,
If my defects thy pious aid can fill
And the redundant smooth, what shall excuse
My vain dark mind should it such aid refuse!





MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.



THE romantic and tragic story of the beautiful Mary Stuart, Queen of Scotland, has called forth abundant controversy among the many historians who have especially treated the subject. Religious and national prepossessions have swayed the judgment of many, and in regard to some of the most critical events of her career the evidence is so nearly balanced that

honest and impartial biographers may take either side.

Mary Stuart was the only daughter of James V., King of Scotland, and of Marie de Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Guise. Her father was one of those adventurous, romantic, gallant and poetic characters, who leave behind them popular traditions of bravery and of licentiousness in the imagination of their country, like Francis I. and Henry IV., of France. Her mother possessed that genius, at once grave, ambitious and fanatical, which distinguished the princes of the House of Guise. The day of her birth, like the more important events of her history, has been a matter of controversy; but it takes no wider range than between the 7th and 12th of December, 1542. James V., who died on the 13th, just heard of his daughter's birth ere he expired, heart-broken by the defeat of his troops at Solway Moss. "The kingdom came with a lass," said he, "and it will go with a lass." The time was a gloomy and critical one for royalty in Scotland; but the frail infant survived contests and convulsions, in which one strong enough to take part in them might have been sacrificed.

While Mary was yet a babe, it was part of the policy of Henry VIII., King of England, to unite the kingdoms by marrying her to his son Edward. He set about the accomplishment of this scheme with a characteristic rash haste, which raised the spirit of the Scots against it. The young Queen's mother strengthened an alliance with the French court, which political events had created in Scotland, and the Scottish statesmen settled the difficulty with England by concluding a treaty of marriage between her and the Dauphin Francis. By the terms of this agreement it was resolved that she should be sent to France to be educated until the nuptials could be solemnized. In her sixth year the child-queen sailed from Dumbarton on board the French fleet, and arrived at Brest on the 14th of August, 1548. She was educated with the King's own daughters in one of the principal convents of the realm. She did not, however, remain long here. Perceiving the bent of her mind to the society and occupations of a nunnery, which did not accord with the ambitious projects entertained by her uncles of Lorraine, they soon brought her to the court, which was perhaps the politest but most corrupt in Europe. Hence her education now was essentially that of the French court, and it affords a general solution of some of the moral difficulties connected with her career, to gather from the notorious history of the times the principles which she must have then imbibed. On the 24th of April, 1558, she was married to the Dauphin. Mary became the envy of her sex, surpassing the most accomplished in the elegance and fluency of her language, the grace and liveliness of her movements, and the charm of her whole manner and behavior. Catherine de Medici said of her, "Our little Scottish queenling has only to smile in order to turn all the heads in France!" Mary herself did not love the Italian Queen, whom, in her childish scorn for the low-born house of Medici, she called "that Florentine market-woman."

Henry II. died in July, 1559, and in September of the same year Francis was solemnly crowned at Rheims. As the wife of King Francis II., Mary thus became Queen of France as well as of Scotland. Nay, more, on the ground of the illegitimacy of Queen Elizabeth of England, the powerful

family of the Guises made further claim for the young Queen of France to the sovereignty of that country as a descendant of the sister of Henry VIII. The union of the French and Scottish crowns in her person made the claim formidable. Mary was now at the height of her splendor; it was doomed, however, to be of short continuance. Her mother died in June, 1560; and the death of her husband in the following December broke the main element of strength in her pretensions to the throne of England. She was now only Queen of Scotland, a country poor and turbulent. By the death of Francis, Catherine de Medici rose again into power in the French court, and Mary, who did not relish being second where she had been the first, immediately determined on quitting France and returning to her native country.

Leaving with bitter regret the brilliant court of France, she landed at Leith on the 19th of August, 1561, in the nineteenth year of her age, after an absence from Scotland of nearly thirteen years. She was received with a rude joy scarcely calculated to reconcile her to the change to the sordid and dreary chambers of Holyrood. Nor even were important national affairs in a condition to gratify her, for in the previous year the Reformed religion having been established, the Roman Catholic faith to which she was devoted with all her soul had been suppressed, and its profession rendered a crime. Mary knew little of the struggle through which Scotland had passed; her habits and sentiments were therefore utterly at variance with those of her subjects. On the first Sunday after her arrival she commanded a solemn Mass to be celebrated in the chapel of the palace; and as might have been expected, an uproar ensued, the servants of the chapel were insulted and abused, and had not some of the lay nobility of the Protestant party interposed, the riot might have become general. The next Sunday the sturdy Reformer, John Knox, who had himself suffered persecution for his faith in France, preached a thundering discourse against idolatry, and in his sermon he took occasion to say that a single Mass was, in his estimation, more to be feared than ten thousand armed men. Upon this Mary sent for the bold outspoken Reformer, desiring to have an interview with him. She had many contests with Knox

and "the Lords of the Congregation," in which earnestness, zeal and rugged determination on the one side, were met by feminine wit and the overawing influence of royal rank on the other. Her youth, however, her beauty and accomplishments, and her affability, interested many in her favor.

A remarkable proof of the popular favor which she had won appeared in the circumstances attending her new marriage. Various proposals had been made to her from different quarters; but at length she gave up all thoughts of a foreign alliance, and her affections became fixed on her cousin, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, the youthful heir of the noble house of Lennox. On Sunday, the 29th of July, 1565, the ceremony of marriage was performed in the chapel of "ancient Holyrood," according to the rites of the Roman Catholic Church. This union was particularly obnoxious to Queen Elizabeth of England, whose jealous eye had never been withdrawn from her rival. Knox also did not look favorably on it. Nevertheless, the current of opinion among the nobility and higher classes ran decidedly in Mary's favor. There existed, however, no real sympathy of opinion between Mary and the great body of her people. The love of such gayety as she had enjoyed in the French court, and the imprudent lightness of her conduct, to use no harsher term, tended further to estrange them. Pierre De Chastelard, a young French poet, sailed in Mary's retinue when she came over from the Continent, and having gained the Queen's attention by his poetical effusions, proceeded, in the indulgence of a foolish attachment for her, to a boldness and audacity of behavior which called down on him the extremest penalty of the law. Ascending the scaffold erected before the windows of Holyrood Palace, the theatre of his madness and the dwelling of the Queen, he faced death like a hero and a poet. "If," said he, "I die not without reproach, like the Chevalier Bayard, my ancestor, like him I die, at least, without fear." Casting his last looks and thoughts towards the window of the palace, inhabited by the charm of his life and the cause of his death, "Farewell!" he cried, "thou who art so beautiful and so cruel; who killest me, and whom I cannot cease to love!" This event occurred previous to her marriage with Darnley,

and was followed by a still more reprehensible tragedy, the murder in her presence of her humble friend, David Rizzio, the musician. Rizzio was a Piedmontese by birth, and came to Edinburgh in the train of the ambassador of Savoy. Engaged as court musician, Mary soon made him her French secretary. In this situation he was conceived to possess an influence over the Queen which was hateful to the boisterous Darnley and to others of the nobility, some of whom accompanied him when he rudely burst into the Queen's private apartments and assassinated the Italian. Mary never forgave Darnley. Turning to him after the murder, she exclaimed: "Ah, traitor, and son of a traitor! is this the reward you reserved for him who has done so much good and for your honor? Is this my reward for having, by his advice, elevated you to so high a dignity? Ah! no more tears, but revenge! No more joy for me till your heart shall be as desolate as mine is this day!" Mary had been pregnant for seven months, and her emotions were so powerful that the infant she afterwards bore, and who became James I. of England, could never look upon a naked sword without a shudder of fear.

Still another domestic tragedy followed on the 10th of February, 1567, when Darnley himself was murdered. The King had been suffering from smallpox, or some dangerous illness, at Glasgow; when sufficiently recovered, he returned to Edinburgh and was lodged, not in the palace of Holyrood, as heretofore, but in the house of the Kirk o' Field, a mansion standing by itself in an open and solitary part of the town. Ten days after, the house was blown up by gunpowder, and the bodies of Darnley and his attendant were found buried in the ruins, covered with stabs. Whether Mary actually knew of this murder is a matter of controversy between historians. The author of this terrible deed was James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell. He was tried on the charge of murdering the King, but acquitted. Mary, however, with infatuated passion and indecent haste, gave her hand in marriage to the murderer of her second husband, three months only after the crime was committed. The ceremony took place on the 15th of May, 1567. Public indignation could no longer be restrained. The nobles rose against Bothwell and Mary, who

fled before an armed and indignant people from fortress to fortress. At length, on the 17th of June, she was forced to a retirement, which was virtually an imprisonment, in Lochleven Castle.

Mary escaped on the 2d of May, 1568, and, defeated on the field of Langside, fled towards Galloway, and thence passed into England, hoping to secure the favor of Elizabeth; but in this she was mistaken. She was received as a prisoner by the jealous queen to whose throne she had asserted pretensions, and was kept in captivity for nineteen years. The year after her arrival in that country, the Duke of Norfolk, the first nobleman in England, a strict Catholic, and a man of the best character, offered her his hand in marriage. It was a dangerous step, provoking the anger of Elizabeth. He was at once committed to the Tower of London, but released upon promise that he would give up his design of marrying Mary. However, two years later, the Duke, tempted to renew his plots for the release of the Scottish Queen, entered into a secret correspondence with the Court of Spain. He was betrayed by a messenger to whom he had entrusted a letter and bag of gold for Mary's friends in Scotland: he was arrested, tried and executed in 1572.

Finally, fourteen years later, Mary was accused of being accessory to a plot whereby Elizabeth was to be assassinated and Mary herself placed on the English throne. The trial took place before thirty-six royal commissioners in Fotheringay Castle. In her defence Mary solemnly denied the charge, declaring that she was innocent of everything but a natural desire to regain her freedom. She had no advocate to plead for her. Alone, but fearless, she stood before her accusers, her famous beauty dimmed by long imprisonment. Clearly and readily she replied to every question, and demanded to be confronted with the witnesses. This was refused, and soon after she was doomed to die. The warrant for her execution was delayed by the reluctance—pretended or real—of Elizabeth. Henry III. of France pleaded hard for the condemned queen. James VI. of Scotland, too, made a feeble effort to save his mother. At last, however, Elizabeth signed the death warrant.

At Fotheringay, in one of the castle halls, in the gray light of a February morning, 1587, Mary Stuart, aged forty-five, was beheaded. At the block she took a farewell of the master of her household, Sir Andrew Melville. Perceiving him choked with grief, she thus addressed him: "No weakness, my dear Melville! Pity those who thirst for my blood, and who shed it unjustly. As for me, I make no complaint. Life is but a vale of tears, and I leave it without regret. I die in the Catholic faith; I die the friend of Scotland and of France. Bear testimony everywhere to the truth. Once more, cease, Melville, to afflict thyself; rather rejoice that the misfortunes of Mary Stuart are at an end." Whatever may have been her faults and follies, Mary received a tenfold punishment in the slow torture of her nineteen years' captivity, and her violent death is a foul stain on the memory of Elizabeth.

In the history of Mary Stuart blood seems to have been washed out by blood; the guilt of her former years flows, as it were, from her veins, with the crimson stream. We try to find excuses for her conduct in the ferocious and dissolute manners of the age; in that education, depraved, sanguinary and fanatical, which she received at the Court of the Valois; in her youth, her beauty, her love.

DARNLEY AND RIZZIO.

Mary had resolved already on a speedy marriage, and her mind naturally turned to Darnley. His descent was royal, his grandmother being the sister of Henry the Eighth, and his mother cousin-german to Queen Elizabeth. At the installation of Lord Robert Dudley as Earl of Leicester, Darnley, as first prince of the blood, bore the sword of state before the Queen. His own title to the throne of England was second only to that of the Queen of Scotland; he bore the royal name, and by a marriage with him she believed that she would secure to their children an undoubted and unchallengeable title to the English crown. He was now in his nineteenth year; his conduct since his arrival in Scotland, if we may believe Randolph, (a witness whose feelings against him gives

weight to his praise,) had been prudent and popular. He had come to the Scottish court not only with the full approbation, but with the warm recommendation of Elizabeth; and this queen had repeatedly assured Mary that, although she decidedly opposed her marriage to a foreign prince, she might choose any of her English nobility, and be certain of her approbation. When, therefore, she selected Darnley, the Scottish Queen had reason to expect the approval of Elizabeth, and, if we except Knox and his party, the concurrence and support of all classes in the state. Nor, although Lennox and his son were both suspected of being Papists, could Mary augur that the English queen would be much dissatisfied on that account.

It was soon manifest that her choice was fixed on Darnley; and in a dangerous and infectious illness which seized him about this time she attended him in person with the utmost care, earnestness and affection, sitting up with him till midnight, watching his convalescence, and showing delight at his recovery. In a sister to a favorite brother such devotedness would have been commendable; in a queen to her subject, and still more in an affianced mistress to her future husband, it was undignified and indecorous, and gave a handle to the injurious constructions of her enemies. But it was the misfortune of her ardent disposition that she was always under the domination of some strong and engrossing feeling, which sometimes led her to disregard appearances, and to believe she could never sacrifice enough for the object of her approval; nor did she think of the miserable effects of such flattery and attention upon the youth who was exposed to it. To be thus cherished by a queen, and the most beautiful woman in Europe—by her for whose hand so many kings and princes had sued; to have love, honor and power soliciting his acceptance; to be raised from a subject to supreme command, and to find a crown dropping on his head, would have been trying to the best balanced and the firmest mind. Are we to wonder that, on the weak and unstable disposition of Darnley, it operated with fatal and most instantaneous effect? He became proud and overbearing; and, treating the ancient nobility with neglect, attached himself principally to

Riccio, the Queen's secretary for her French correspondence, an Italian, who, being first introduced into the royal household as a musician, had been promoted to this office in consequence of the disgrace of Raullet, her former French secretary. He began also to show symptoms of a passionate and unmanageable temper; talked with great imprudence of the strong party he had in England; declared openly that Moray's power was exorbitant and dangerous; and made himself in a short time so many enemies, that it was whispered he must soon either change his conduct or lose his life.

In July Chisholm, Bishop of Dunblane, having arrived from Rome with a dispensation for the marriage, it was intimated to the people, by a public proclamation, that the Queen had resolved to take to her husband an illustrious prince, Henry, Duke of Albany, for which reason she commanded her subjects henceforth to give him the title of king. Next day, being Sunday, the 29th of July, the ceremony was performed in the royal chapel of Holyrood, at six in the morning. Mary was habited in deep mourning, and it was superstitiously observed that it was the same dress which she wore on the melancholy day of her late husband's obsequies. After the solemnity, and when the youthful pair had risen from the altar, Darnley embraced and kissed the bride, and, retiring from the chapel, left her to hear Mass alone, surrounded only by those nobles who adhered to the ancient faith. On the conclusion of the service, being conducted back to her chamber, she consented, at the earnest entreaty of her husband, to renounce her weeds, and assume a costume more suited to the happiness of the day. The banquet succeeded, in which the Queen was served by the Earl of Athole as sewer, Morton as carver and Crawford as cup-bearer. The King, sitting beside her, was waited on by the Earls of Eglinton, Cassillis and Glencairn. Money in abundance was scattered among the guests, the hall rang with music and cries of "Largess," and the evening closed with the dances and joyous revelry which generally accompany such regal festivals. Mary was then in her twenty-third, and Darnley had probably just completed his nineteenth year. . . .

The plot for the death of Riccio was, strange to say, formed

by no less personages than the young King and his father, the Earl of Lennox. It had its rise in the jealousy and ambition of these unprincipled men, and the imprudent conduct of Mary. In the early ardor of her affection, the Queen had promised Darnley the *crown matrimonial*, by which was meant an equal share with herself in the government; but after a few months she had the misery to discover that her love had been thrown away upon a husband whom it was impossible for her to treat with confidence or respect. He was fickle, proud and suspicious; ambitious of power, yet incapable of business, and the easy dupe of every crafty or interested companion whom he met. It became necessary for Mary to draw back from her first promise. This led to coldness, to reproaches, soon to an absolute estrangement; even in public he treated her with harshness; he became addicted to low dissipation, forsook her company, and threw himself into the hands of her enemies. They persuaded him that Riccio was the sole author of those measures which had deprived him of his due share in the government. But this was not all; Darnley had the folly to become the dupe of a more absurd delusion. He became jealous of the Italian secretary; he believed that he had supplanted him in the affections of the Queen; he went so far as to assert that he had dishonored his bed; and, in a furious state of mind, sent his cousin, George Douglas, to implore Lord Ruthven, in whom he had great confidence, to assist him against "the villain David." Ruthven was at this moment confined to bed by a dangerous sickness, which might have been supposed to unfit him for such desperate projects. He was, as he himself informs us, "scarcely able to walk twice the length of his chamber;" yet he consented to engage in the murder, and Darnley was sworn to keep all secret.

But Randolph, the English minister, having become acquainted with the plot, revealed it to Leicester in a remarkable letter, which yet remains. He informed him that the King and his father, Lennox, were determined to murder Riccio; that within ten days the deed would be done; that, as to the Queen, the crown would be torn from her whose dishonor was discovered; and that still darker designs were med-

itated against her person, which he did not dare to commit to writing. From his letter, which is very long, I must give this important passage. "I know now for certain," said he, "that this Queen repenteth her marriage; that she hateth him [Darnley] and all his kin. I know that he knoweth himself that he hath a partaker in play and game with him; I know that there are practices in hand, contrived between the father and son, to come by the crown against her will. I know that if that take effect which is intended, David, with the consent of the King, shall have his throat cut within these ten days. Many things grievouser and worse than these are brought to my ears; yea, of things intended against her own person, which, because I think better to keep secret than write to Mr. Secretary, I speak not of them but now to your lordship."

Whilst these terrible designs were in preparation some hints of approaching danger were conveyed to the Scottish Queen; but she imprudently disregarded them. Riccio, too, received a mysterious caution from Damiot, an astrologer, whom he used to consult, and who bade him beware of the bastard, evidently alluding to George Douglas, the natural son of the Earl of Angus, and one of the chief conspirators: but he imagined that he pointed to Moray, then in banishment, and derided his apprehensions.

On the 3d of March the fast commenced in the capital, and on the 4th Parliament assembled. It was opened by the Queen in person, and the Lords of the Articles having been chosen, the statute of treason and forfeiture against Moray and the banished lords was prepared. This was on Thursday; and on Tuesday, in the following week, the act was to be passed; but it was fearfully arrested in its progress.

On Saturday evening, March 7th, about seven o'clock, when it was dark, the Earls of Morton and Lindsay, with a hundred and fifty men bearing torches and weapons, occupied the court of the palace of Holyrood, seized the gates without resistance, and closed them against all but their own friends. At this moment Mary was at supper in a small closet or cabinet, which entered from her bed-chamber. She was attended by the Countess of Argyle, the Commendator of

Holyrood, Beaton, master of the household, Arthur Erskine, captain of the guard, and her secretary, Riccio. The bed-chamber communicated by a secret turnpike-stair with the King's apartment below, to which the conspirators had been admitted; and Darnley, ascending this stair, threw up the arras which concealed its opening in the wall, entered the little apartment where Mary sat, and, casting his arm fondly round her waist, seated himself beside her at table. A minute had scarcely passed when Ruthven, clad in complete armor, abruptly broke in. This man had just risen from a sick bed, his features were sunk and pale from disease, his voice hollow, and his whole appearance haggard and terrible. Mary, who was now seven months gone with child, started up in terror, commanding him to be gone; but ere the words were uttered, torches gleamed in the outer room, a confused noise of voices and weapons was heard, and the next moment George Douglas, Car of Faudonside, and other conspirators, rushed into the closet. Ruthven now drew his dagger, and calling out that their business was with Riccio, made an effort to seize him; whilst this miserable victim springing behind the Queen, clung by her gown, and in his broken language called out, "*Giustizia, Giustizia ! sauve ma vie, Madame, sauve ma vie !*" All was now uproar and confusion; and though Mary earnestly implored them to have mercy, they were deaf to her entreaties: the table and lights were thrown down, Riccio was stabbed by Douglas over the Queen's shoulder; Car of Faudonside, one of the most ferocious of the conspirators, held a pistol to her breast, and whilst she shrieked with terror, the bleeding victim was torn from her knees, and dragged amidst shouts and execrations through the Queen's bedroom, to the entrance of the presence chamber. Here Morton and his men rushed upon him, and buried their daggers in his body. So eager and reckless were they in their ferocity, that in the struggle to get at him, they wounded one another; nor did they think the work complete till the body was mangled with fifty-six wounds, and left in a pool of blood, with the King's dagger sticking in it, to show, as was afterwards alleged, that he had sanctioned the murder.

Nothing can more strongly show the ferocious manners of

the times than an incident which now occurred. Ruthven, faint from sickness, and reeking from the scene of blood, staggered into the Queen's cabinet, where Mary still stood distracted and in terror of her life. Here he threw himself upon a seat, called for a cup of wine, and being reproached for the cruelty of his conduct, not only vindicated himself and his associates, but plunged a new dagger into the heart of the unhappy Queen by declaring that her husband had advised the whole. She was then ignorant of the completion of the murder, but suddenly one of her ladies rushed into the room and cried out that their victim was slain. "And is it so?" said Mary, "then farewell tears, we must now think of revenge."

Having finished the first act of this tragedy, the conspirators proceeded to follow out their preconcerted measures. The Queen was kept a prisoner in her apartment, and strictly guarded. The King, assuming the sole power, addressed his royal letters dissolving the Parliament, and commanding the estates to leave the capital within three hours, on pain of treason; orders were dispatched to the magistrates enjoining them with their city force to keep a vigilant watch, and suffer none but Protestants to leave their houses; and to Morton, the chancellor, with his armed retainers, was intrusted the guarding the gates of the palace, with strict injunction that none should escape from it.

This, however, amid the tumult of a midnight murder, was not so easy a task. Huntly and Bothwell contrived to elude the guard. Sir James Balfour and James Melvil were equally fortunate; and as this last gentleman passed beneath the Queen's window, she threw up the sash and implored him to warn the citizens to save her from the traitors who had her in their power. Soon after the common bell was heard ringing, so speedily had the message been carried; and the chief magistrate, with a body of armed townsmen, rushed confusedly into the palace court, demanding the instant deliverance of their sovereign. But Mary in vain implored to speak with them; she was dragged back from the window by the ruffians, who threatened to cut her in pieces if she attempted to show herself; and in her stead the pusillanimous Darnley was thrust

forward. He addressed the citizens, assured them that both he and the Queen were in safety, and, commanding them on their allegiance to go home, was instantly obeyed.

Thus ended all hope of rescue; but although baffled in this attempt, secluded even from her women, trembling and justly fearing for her life, the Queen's courage and presence of mind did not forsake her. She remonstrated with her husband; she even condescended to reason with Ruthven, who replied in rude and upbraiding terms; and at last, exhausted with this effort, she would have sunk down, had they not called for her ladies and left her to repose. Next morning all the horrors of her condition broke fully upon her; she was a prisoner, in the hands of a band of assassins; they were led by her husband, who watched all her motions; he had already assumed the royal power, she was virtually dethroned; who could tell what dark purposes might not be meditated against her person. These thoughts agitated her to excess, and threw her into a fever, in which she imagined the ferocious Ruthven was coming to murder her, and shrieking out that she was abandoned by all, was threatened with miscarriage. The piteous sight revived Darnley's affection; her gentlewomen were admitted, and the danger passed away; yet so strong was the suspicion with which she was guarded, that no lady was allowed to pass "muffled" from the Queen's chamber.

It was now Sunday night, the murder had been committed late on Saturday evening; and, according to their previous concert, Moray, Rothes and Ochiltree, with others of the banished lords, arrived in the capital and instantly rode to the palace. They were welcomed by Darnley; and so little did Mary suspect Moray's foreknowledge of the murder that she instantly sent for him, and throwing herself into his arms in an agony of tears, exclaimed, "If my brother had been here he never would have suffered me to have been thus cruelly handled." The sight overcame him, and he is reported to have wept; but, if sincere, his compunction was momentary, for from the Queen he repaired to Morton, and in a meeting with the whole conspirators it was resolved to shut up their sovereign in Stirling Castle, to compel her to give the crown and the whole government of the realm to Darnley, and to

confirm the Protestant religion, under the penalty of death or perpetual imprisonment.

Meanwhile, Mary's spirit and courage revived. She perceived that her influence over her husband was not at an end, and exerting those powers of fascination and persuasive language which she possessed in so high a degree, she succeeded in alarming his fears and awakening his love. She represented to him that he was surrendering himself a tool into the hands of her enemies and his own: if they had belied her honor, if they had periled her life, and that of his unborn infant, could he believe that, when he alone stood between them and their ambition, they would hesitate to destroy him. Already he might see they took the power into their own hands, and when he sent his servants to her, refused to admit them; and then the flagrant falsehood of accusing him as a party to so base a murder—a deed which, had he really contemplated (but this she was assured he never had), must cover him with infamy in the eyes of the country and of the world. Their only safety lay in escaping together. If, said she, it is your wish, I am ready to forgive even the bloody men whose atrocious act you have just witnessed.—Go and tell them so—but let them treat me as a free Queen, let them remove their guards, avoid the palace which they have polluted with blood, and I will sign a written pardon for them on the spot. Darnley was won by her arguments, and becoming terrified for the consequences of the murder, took refuge in falsehood, denied all connection with the conspiracy, and placed himself in the hands of Mary with the same facility which had lately made him the slave of the conspirators. Ruthven and Morton, however, were not so easily deceived, and insisted that the Queen meant only to betray them. The King replied she was a true princess, that he would stake his life for her faith and honor, and led the conspirators to her presence, where she heard their defence, assured them of her readiness to pardon, and sent them away to draw up a writing for their security. They did so, delivered the paper to Darnley, left the palace, removed the guards and permitted the servants of the household to resume their charge. To lull suspicion, the Queen retired to rest, and Ruthven and his associates, deeming all

safe, betook themselves to the house of Morton, the chancellor, as we have seen, one of the chief actors in the murder; but at midnight Mary rose, threw herself upon a fleet horse, and, accompanied only by the King and Arthur Erskine, fled to Dunbar. The news of her escape flew through the land; her nobles, Huntly, Athole, Bothwell, and multitudes of barons and gentlemen crowded round her; and in the morning Morton, Ruthven and the rest of the conspirators awoke only to hear that their victim had eluded their grasp, that an army of her subjects had already assembled at Dunbar, and that the penalties of treason were suspended over their heads.

Mary thus escaped; and it is impossible to withhold our admiration of the coolness, judgment and courage exhibited by a woman under the dreadful circumstances in which she was called upon to exert these qualities. If we blame her duplicity, let it be remembered that her own life, and that of her infant, were in jeopardy; that there was nothing unreasonable in the idea that the ruffians who had torn her secretary from her knees and murdered him in her chamber, might, before many hours were over, be induced to repeat the deed upon herself.—P. F. TYTLER.

EXECUTION OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

The Council of England was divided in opinion about the measures to be taken against the Queen of Scots. Some members proposed that, as her health was very infirm, her life might be shortened by close confinement; and the Earl of Leicester advised that she be dispatched by poison; but the majority insisted on her being put to death by legal process. Accordingly, a commission was issued for forty-one peers, with five judges, or the major part of them, to try and pass sentence upon Mary, daughter and heir of James the Fifth, King of Scotland, commonly called Queen of Scots, and Dowager of France.

Thirty-six of these commissioners, arriving at the castle of Fotheringay, presented her with a letter from Elizabeth, commanding her to submit to a trial for her late conspiracy. Mary perused the letter with great composure, and as she had long foreseen the danger that hung over her, received the

intelligence without emotion or astonishment. She said, however, that she wondered the Queen of England should command her as a subject, who was an independent sovereign and a queen like herself. She would never, she said, stoop to any condescension which would lessen her dignity, or prejudice the claims of her posterity. The laws of England, she observed, were unknown to her; she was destitute of counsel; nor could she conceive who were to be her peers, as she had but one equal in the kingdom. She added, that, instead of enjoying the protection of the laws of England, which she had hoped to obtain, she had been confined in prison ever since her arrival in the kingdom, so that she derived neither benefit or security from them. When the commissioners pressed her to submit to the Queen's pleasure, otherwise they would proceed against her as contumacious, she declared that she would rather suffer a thousand deaths than own herself a subject to any prince on earth; that, however, she was ready to vindicate herself in a full and free parliament; as, for aught she knew, this meeting of commissioners was devised against her life on purpose to take it away with a pretext of justice.

She exhorted them to consult their own consciences, and to remember that the theatre of the world was much more extensive than that of the kingdom of England. At length the Vice-Chamberlain, Hatton, vanquished her objections by representing that she injured her reputation by avoiding a trial, in which her innocence might be proved to the satisfaction of all mankind. This observation made such an impression upon her, that she agreed to plead, if they would admit and allow her protest of disallowing all subjection. This, however, they refused; but they satisfied her by entering it upon record; and thus they proceeded to a trial.

The principal charge against her was urged by Sergeant Gaudy, who accused her of knowing, approving, and consenting to, Babington's conspiracy. This charge was supported by Babington's confession, by the copies which were taken of their correspondence, in which her approbation of the Queen's murder was expressly declared; by the evidence of her own secretaries, Nan, a Frenchman, and Curll, a Scotchman, who swore that she received the letters of that conspirator, and

that they had answered them by her orders. These allegations were corroborated by the testimony of Ballard and Savage, to whom Babington had shown some letters, declaring them to have come from the captive Queen.

Mary made a sensible and resolute defence; she said Babington's confession was extorted by his fears of the torture, which was really the case: she alleged that the letters were forgeries, and she defied her secretaries to persist in their evidence, if brought into her presence. She owned, indeed, that she had used her best endeavors to recover her liberty, which was only pursuing the dictates of nature; but as for harboring a thought against the life of the Queen, she treated the idea with horror. In a letter which was read during the trial, mention was made of the Earl of Arundel and his brothers. On hearing their names, she shed a flood of tears, exclaiming, "Alas! what hath the noble house of Howard endured for my sake!" She took occasion also to observe, that this letter might have been a base contrivance of Walsingham, who had frequently practiced both against her life and that of her son. Walsingham, thus accused, rose up, and protested that his heart was free from malice; that he had never done anything unbecoming an honest man in his private capacity, nor aught unworthy of the place he occupied in the state. Mary declared herself satisfied of his innocence, and begged he would give as little credit to the malicious accusations of her enemies as she now gave to the reports which she had heard to his prejudice.

Whatever might have been the Queen's offences, it is certain that her treatment was very severe. She desired to be put in possession of such notes as she had taken preparative to her trial; but this was refused her. She demanded a copy of her protest; but her request was not complied with; she even required an advocate to plead her cause against so many learned lawyers as had undertaken to urge her accusation; but all her demands were rejected; and, after an adjournment of some days, sentence of death was pronounced against her in the Star-Chamber in Westminster, all the commissioners except two being present. At the same time a declaration was published by the commissioners, implying that the sen-

tence against her did in no wise derogate from the title and honor of James, King of Scotland, son to the attainted Queen.

Though the condemnation of a sovereign princess at a tribunal to which she owed no subjection was an injustice that must strike the most inattentive, yet the Parliament of England did not fail to approve the sentence, and to go still farther, in presenting an address to the Queen, desiring that it might speedily be put into execution. But Elizabeth still felt, or pretended to feel, a horror for such precipitate severity. She entreated the two Houses to find some expedient to save her from the necessity of taking a step so repugnant to her inclination. But at the same time she seemed to dread another conspiracy to assassinate her within a month; which probably was only an artifice of her ministers to increase her apprehensions, and, consequently, her desire of being rid of a rival that had given her so much disturbance. The Parliament, however, reiterated their solicitations, arguments and entreaties, and even remonstrated that mercy to the Queen of Scots was cruelty to them, her subjects, and her children. Elizabeth affected to continue inflexible, but at the same time permitted Mary's sentence to be made public; and Lord Buckhurst, and Beale, clerk to the Council, were sent to the unhappy Queen to apprise her of the sentence and of the popular clamor for its speedy execution.

Upon receiving this dreadful information, Mary seemed no way moved, but insisted that since her death was demanded by the Protestants, she died a martyr to the Catholic religion. She said that, as the English often imbrued their hands in the blood of their own sovereigns, it was not to be wondered at that they exercised their cruelty towards her. She wrote her last letter to Elizabeth, not demanding her life, which she now seemed willing to part with, but desiring that, after her enemies should be satiated with her innocent blood, her body might be consigned to her servants and conveyed to France, there to repose in a Catholic country, with the sacred remains of her mother.

In the meantime, accounts of this extraordinary sentence were spread into all parts of Europe; and the King of France was among the foremost who attempted to avert the threatened

blow. He sent over Believre as an extraordinary ambassador, with a professed intention of interceding for the life of Mary. But James of Scotland, her son, was, as in duty obliged, still more pressing in her behalf. He dispatched Keith, a gentleman of his bed-chamber, with a letter to Elizabeth, conjuring her to spare the life of his parent, and mixing threats of vengeance in case of a refusal. Elizabeth treated his remonstrances with the utmost indignation; and when the Scottish ambassador begged that the execution might be put off for a week, the Queen answered with great emotion, "No, not for an hour." Thus Elizabeth, when solicited by foreign princes to pardon the Queen of Scots, seemed always disposed to proceed to extremities against her; but when her ministers urged her to strike the blow, her scruples and her reluctance seemed to return.

Whether the Queen was really sincere in her reluctance to execute Mary is a question which, though usually given against her, I will not take upon me to determine. Certainly there were great arts used by her courtiers to determine her to the side of severity, as they had everything to fear from the resentment of Mary, in case of her succeeding to the throne. Accordingly, the kingdom was now filled with rumors of plots, treasons and insurrections; and the Queen was continually kept in alarm by fictitious dangers. She therefore appeared to be in great terror and perplexity; she was observed to sit much alone, and to mutter to herself half sentences, importing the difficulty and distress to which she was reduced. In this situation she one day called her secretary, Davidson, whom she ordered to draw out secretly the warrant for Mary's execution, informing him that she intended to keep it by her in case any attempt should be made for the delivery of that princess. She signed the warrant, and then commanded it to be carried to the chancellor to have the seal affixed to it. Next morning, however, she sent two gentlemen successively, to desire that Davidson would not go to the chancellor until she should see him; but the secretary telling her that the warrant had been already sealed, she seemed displeased at his precipitation. Davidson, who probably wished to see the sentence executed, laid the affair before the Council,

who unanimously resolved that the warrant should be immediately put in execution, and promised to justify Davidson to the Queen. Accordingly, the fatal instrument was delivered to Beale, who summoned the noblemen to whom it was directed, namely, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Derby, Kent and Cumberland; and these together set out for Fotheringay castle, accompanied by two executioners, to dispatch their bloody commission.

Mary heard of the arrival of her executioners, who ordered her to prepare for death by eight o'clock the next morning. Without any alarm, she heard the death-warrant read with her usual composure, though she could not help expressing her surprise that the Queen of England should consent to her execution. She even abjured her being privy to any conspiracy against Elizabeth, by laying her hand upon a New Testament, which happened to lie on the table. She desired that her confessor might be permitted to attend her; which, however, these zealots refused. After the earls had retired, she ate sparingly at supper, while she comforted her attendants (who continued weeping and lamenting the fate of their mistress) with a cheerful countenance, telling them they ought not to mourn, but to rejoice, at the prospect of her speedy deliverance from a world of misery. Towards the end of supper, she called in all her servants and drank to them; they pledged her in order on their knees, and craved her pardon for any past neglect of duty. She craved mutual forgiveness; and a plentiful effusion of tears attended this last solemn separation.

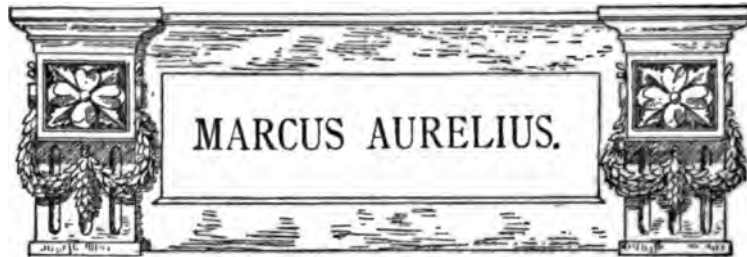
After this she reviewed her will and perused the inventory of her effects. These she bequeathed to different individuals and divided her money among her domestics, recommending them in letters to the King of France and the Duke of Guise. Then going to bed at her usual hour, she passed part of the night in uninterrupted repose, and, rising, spent the remainder in prayer and acts of devotion. Towards morning, she dressed herself in a rich habit of silk and velvet, the only one which she had reserved for this solemn occasion. Thomas Andrews, the under-sheriff of the county, then entering the room, informed her that the hour was come, and that he must attend

her to the place of execution. She replied, that she was ready; and, bidding her servants farewell, she proceeded, supported by two of her guards, and followed the sheriff with a serene composed aspect, with a long veil of linen on her head, and in her hand a crucifix of ivory. In passing through a hall adjoining to her chamber, Sir Andrew Melvil, master of her household, fell upon his knees, and, shedding a flood of tears, lamented his misfortune in being doomed to carry the news of her unhappy fate to Scotland. "Lament not," said she, "but rather rejoice. Mary Stuart will soon be freed from all her cares. Tell my friends that I die constant in my religion, and firm in my affection and fidelity to Scotland and France. God forgive them that have long desired my end, and have thirsted for my blood as the hart panteth for the water brook! Thou, O God, who art truth itself, and perfectly understandest the inmost thoughts of my heart, knowest how greatly I have desired that the realms of Scotland and England might be united. Commend me to my son, and assure him I have done nothing prejudicial to the State or the Crown of Scotland. Admonish him to persevere in amity and friendship with the Queen of England; and, for thy own part, do him faithful service. And so, good Melvil, farewell; once again farewell, good Melvil, and grant the assistance of thy prayers to thy Queen and thy mistress."

In this place she was received by the four noblemen, who with great difficulty were prevailed upon to allow Melvil, with her physician, apothecary and two female attendants, to be present at her execution. She then passed (the noblemen and the sheriff going before, and Melvil bearing up her train) into another hall, where was a scaffold erected and covered with black. As soon as she was seated, Beale began to read the warrant for her execution. Then Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, standing without the rails, repeated a long exhortation, which she desired him to forbear, as she was firmly resolved to die in the Catholic religion. The room was crowded with spectators, who beheld her with pity and distress, while her beauty, though dimmed by age and affliction, gleamed through her sufferings, and was still remarkable in this fatal moment.

She now began, with the aid of her two women, to undress for the block ; and the executioner also lent his hand to assist them. She smiled, and said that she was not accustomed to undress herself before so large a company, or to be attended by such servants. Her women bursting into tears and loud exclamations of sorrow, she turned about to them, put her finger upon her lips, as a sign of imposing silence upon them; and having given them her blessing, desired their prayers in return. The two executioners kneeling and asking her pardon, she said she forgave them, and all the authors of her death, as freely as she hoped forgiveness of her Maker ; and once more made a solemn protestation of her innocence. Her eyes were then covered with a linen handkerchief ; she laid herself down without any fear or trepidation, and when she had recited a psalm, and repeated a pious ejaculation, her head was severed from her body at two strokes. The executioner instantly held it up to the spectators, streaming with blood and agitated with the convulsions of death. The Dean of Peterborough alone exclaimed, "So perish all Queen Elizabeth's enemies!" The Earl of Kent replied, "Amen," while the rest of the spectators wept and sighed at this affecting spectacle ; for flattery and zeal alike gave place to stronger and better emotions. Thus died Mary, in the forty-fifth year of her age, and the nineteenth of her captivity—a princess unmatched in beauty, and unequalled in misfortunes. In contemplating the contentions of mankind, we find almost ever both sides culpable : Mary, who was stained with crimes that deserved punishment, was put to death by a princess who had no right to inflict punishment on her equal.—O. GOLDSMITH.





MARCUS AURELIUS occupies a unique position in the world's history. Though a Stoic philosopher of the strictest views and practice, he was sovereign of the Roman Empire at the time of its widest extent. Though a Pagan, he has elicited the highest praise for moral character and teachings from the

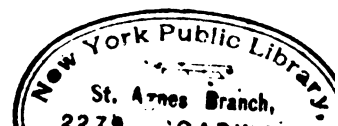
highest Christian authorities, yet he was unflinchingly hostile to Christianity, and his reign was marked by severe persecutions of the early Church. He has left a work which shares the popularity and fame of Thomas A Kempis' "Imitation of Christ." The difficulty of solving this historical enigma is enhanced by the entire transparency of his words and deeds.

Marcus Aurelius, the noblest of the Pagan Emperors, was born of a noble family at Rome, in April, 121 A.D. His father, Annius Verus, who held the office of Prætor, died, leaving him an infant to the care of his mother, Domitia Calvilla. His own original name was Marcus Annius Verus. He was liberally and carefully educated under direction of his grandfather, by able teachers, among whom were Fronto, Rusticus and Herodes Atticus. In early youth he became a devoted lover of the Stoic philosophy, and his practice rendered him the most illustrious ornament of that sect. The natural goodness of his heart, and sweetness of his temper, preserved him from the pride and asperity which sometimes appeared in the Stoic character. In 138, A.D., his uncle Antoninus Pius, became Emperor, as the successor of Hadrian. The latter had adopted Antoninus Pius on condition that he should adopt young Verus, then full of promise. Had the law

permitted, Hadrian would probably have adopted him directly as his successor. After Verus had been adopted by the new Emperor, he bore the name of Marcus Ælius Aurelius Antoninus; but he is generally known as Marcus Aurelius.

He married Faustina, a daughter of Antoninus Pius, who, strange to say, though reared in a nursery of virtues, became, according to the gossiping historians of the time, notorious for her vices. But Aurelius, in his "Meditations," declares the contrary, and testifies to her goodness. After being chosen Consul, in 140, A.D., Aurelius was associated with his uncle in the administration of the Empire, and possessed all the honor and power which Antoninus could confer upon him. Complete concord existed between these imperial rulers till the death of Antoninus, in 161 A.D. A short time before his death, Antoninus recommended Marcus Aurelius as his successor to the leading men of Rome, without mentioning his other adopted son, called Lucius Verus. Marcus could have become the sole Emperor; but he showed his magnanimity by admitting Lucius Verus as a partner in the Empire, and giving him the title of Cæsar and Augustus. Verus, a weak and somewhat vicious person, showed respect for his colleague, and deferred habitually to his judgment and will, so that they reigned together without discord, until Verus died, 169 A.D., after which Aurelius remained sole master of the Empire.

The early years of this reign were disturbed by earthquakes, inundations, plagues of insects and other calamities. The Parthians defeated a Roman army and ravaged Syria. Another Roman army sent to Armenia gained a victory over the Parthians in 165 A.D., and the Parthian war then terminated. Although M. Aurelius preferred peace, he was almost continually involved in war. His reign was disturbed by inroads of the German tribes of Marcomanni and Quadi and other barbarians. In 174 A.D. he gained a decisive victory over the Quadi, which was generally regarded as a miracle by both Christians and Pagans. In this battle the thirsty Romans were refreshed by a shower of rain; while the hail and thunder, which accompanied the rain, confounded and demoralized their enemies. The heathen writers ascribed the victory to Jupiter; but the Christians affirmed that their God granted this



favor to the prayers of Christian soldiers who formed a legion in the Roman army. This "Miracle of the Thundering Legion" gave rise to a famous controversy among the early historians of Christianity.

M. Aurelius was prevented from following up the advantage he had gained by alarming reports of disturbances in the East. According to Dion Cassius, the vicious Empress Faustina, anticipating the speedy death of the Emperor, opened a correspondence with Avidius Cassius, an able general, who had the chief command in the Eastern provinces. She offered him her hand and the throne. Cassius revolted and caused himself to be proclaimed Emperor, in 175, A.D., and made himself master of a large part of Asia; but he was assassinated by his own officers about three months after he assumed the purple. M. Aurelius acted with characteristic magnanimity on this occasion, treated with great lenity those who had taken part in the rebellion, and requested the Senate to pardon all the family of A. Cassius. While he was in Asia, in 176 A.D., his wife, Faustina, died.

Soon after the death of Faustina, Aurelius visited Athens, and was initiated into the Eleusinian Mysteries. Returning to Rome after a long absence, near the end of 176, he celebrated a triumph, in which his son Commodus shared, for the victories in Germany. Archdeacon Farrar in his "Seekers after God," describes the manner in which M. Aurelius performed his arduous duties in these terms: "He regarded himself as being in fact the servant of all. It was his duty, like that of the bull in the herd, to confront every peril in his own person, to be foremost in all the hardships of war, and most deeply immersed in all the toils of peace. . . . These and other duties so completely absorbed his attention, that in spite of indifferent health, they often kept him at severe labor from early morning till long after midnight." It is said that he exposed his person to eight winter campaigns on the frozen banks of the Danube.

In August, 177 A. D., Aurelius again led an army to the German frontier, and the Marcomanni, Quadi and Sarmatæ were again defeated by his army, which he commanded in person. During a campaign against the Marcomanni, he

died in March, 180 A.D., either at Vindobona (Vienna) or at Sirmium in Pannonia. He was succeeded by his son Commodus, who erected to the memory of his father the Antonine Column, which is now standing in the Piazza Colonna at Rome.

The death of Marcus Aurelius caused universal mourning throughout the empire. His thoughts and doctrines are preserved in his excellent ethical work, written in Greek and entitled "Meditations," which remains a memorable manual of Stoic moral discipline. Aurelius had founded at Athens a chair of philosophy for each of the four sects, Stoic, Platonic, Peripatetic and Epicurean. "His life," says Gibbon, "was the noblest commentary on the precepts of Zeno. He was severe to himself, indulgent to the imperfections of others, just and beneficent to all mankind." The only stain on his memory and strange anomaly in his character is his persecution of the Christians. Among the Christians who suffered martyrdom in his reign were Justin Martyr and Polycarp, Bishop of Smyrna. In his "Meditations" he makes a contemptuous reference to the Christians; but he appears to have been really ignorant of their doctrines and conduct. He regarded them as foes of the social order which he considered it was his duty to maintain. "His writings," says John Stuart Mill, "the highest ethical product of the ancient mind, differ scarcely perceptibly from the most characteristic teachings of Christ. This man, a better Christian in all but the dogmatic sense of the word, than almost any of the ostensibly Christian sovereigns who have since reigned, persecuted Christianity. To my mind this is one of the most tragical facts in all history."

THE IMPERIAL PHILOSOPHER.

The salutary principle of adoption had made of the imperial court, in the second century, a genuine nursery of virtue. The noble and skillful Nerva, in establishing this principle, assured the happiness of the human race for nearly a hundred years, and gave to the world the most beautiful century of progress of which the memory has been preserved. Sovereignty, thus possessed in common by a group of superior men, who delegated it or divided it according to the needs of the

moment, lost a part of the attraction which rendered it so dangerous. The chosen one arrived at the throne without having solicited it, and yet without owing it to his birth or to a sort of divine right; he arrived there disabused, wearied of men, prepared long in advance. The empire was a civil burden which each ruler accepted when his hour came, without ever dreaming of hastening that hour. Marcus Aurelius was designated so young that the idea of reigning scarcely had a commencement with him, and exercised no seduction over his mind for a moment. At eight years of age, when he was already *præsul* of the Salian priests, Adrian noticed this sad and gentle child, and loved him for his excellent disposition, his docility and his incapacity to lie. At eighteen years the empire was secured to him. He waited patiently for twenty-two years. The evening when Antoninus felt that he was about to die, after having given as the countersign to the attendant tribune the word *Æquanimitas*, he caused to be carried into the chamber of his adopted son the golden statue of Fortune, which was always found in the apartment of the Emperor. To Marcus Aurelius it brought neither surprise nor joy. For a long time he had been *blasé* to all the pleasures without having tasted them. His profound philosophy had enabled him to see their absolute vanity.

The great inconvenience of practical life, which renders it insupportable to the superior man, is this: if one carries into it the principles of the ideal, good qualities become defects to such an extent that the accomplished man often succeeds less than he whose mainspring is egotism and vulgar routine. Two or three times the virtue of Marcus Aurelius came near ruining him. It made him commit a serious mistake in persuading him to associate with himself in the imperial office Lucius Verus, toward whom he was under no obligation. Verus was a frivolous, worthless man. It required prodigies of goodness and delicacy to hinder him from committing disastrous follies. The wise Emperor, earnest and industrious, carried with him in his litter the stupid colleague he had given himself. He treated him always in a serious manner, and never once revolted against his wearisome companionship. Like all people who have been well educated, Marcus Aurelius

constrained himself unceasingly. His manners came from a general predetermination in favor of firmness and dignity. Minds of this sort, whether from a desire to avoid giving pain, or from respect for human nature, do not resign themselves to an avowal that they see evil in others. Their life is a perpetual dissimulation.

According to some, he must have dissimulated toward himself, because, in his intimate conversation with the gods on the banks of the Gran, speaking of a spouse who was unworthy of him, he thanked them for having given him "a wife so agreeable, so affectionate, so simple." I have shown elsewhere that the patience, or say, if you will, the weakness of Marcus Aurelius on this point has been somewhat exaggerated. Faustina had faults, the greatest of which was to show an aversion toward the friends of her husband. As it was these friends who wrote history, she has suffered before posterity. An attentive criticism has no trouble, however, in showing the exaggerations of the legend. Everything leads us to believe that at first Faustina found happiness and love in that villa of Lorium, or in that beautiful retreat of Lanuvium, on the slopes of Mount Albano, which Marcus Aurelius described to Fronto as a dwelling full of the purest joys. Afterward she grew tired of so much wisdom. Let us tell all—the fine sentences of Marcus Aurelius, his austere virtue, his perpetual melancholy, must have wearied a young, capricious woman endowed with an ardent temperament and with marvelous beauty. He understood this, suffered from it and was silent. Faustina remained always for him his "very good and very faithful wife." Never did any one succeed, even after her death, in making him abandon this pious falsehood. In a bas-relief which may be seen to-day in the Capitoline Museum at Rome, Faustina is represented being carried by Fame to the sky, while the excellent Emperor, standing on the earth, follows her with a look full of love. It seems that in those latter days he was able to delude himself and forget everything; but what a struggle he must have passed through to come to such a point! During long years a sickness of the heart slowly consumed him. The desperate effort which was the essence of his philosophy—that frenzy of renun-

ciation, pushed often to sophism—concealed below it an immense wound. How he must have bidden farewell to happiness to arrive at such an excess! We can never know what that poor bruised heart suffered, or how much of bitterness was concealed by that pale forehead, always calm and almost always smiling. It is true, however, that the farewell to happiness is the beginning of wisdom and the surest means of finding happiness. There is nothing sweeter than the return of joy which follows the renunciation of joy—nothing more vivid, more profound, more charming than the enchantment of the disenchanted.

Some historians, more or less imbued with that policy which thinks itself superior because it cannot be suspected of any trace of philosophy, have naturally sought to prove that so accomplished a man was a bad administrator and a mediocre sovereign. In fact, it appears that Marcus Aurelius erred more than once through too much indulgence. But there was never a reign more fruitful in reforms and in progress. The system of public aid, founded by Nerva and Trajan, received from him admirable development. New colleges for gratuitous education were established; the procurators of subsistence became functionaries of the first class, and were chosen with extreme care; the education of poor women was provided for by the institutions of the "Young Faustiniens." The principle that the State has duties in some sort paternal towards its members (a principle which we must remember with gratitude even when we have out-grown it), this principle, I say, was proclaimed to the world for the first time by the Antonines. Neither the puerile luxury of Oriental monarchies, founded on the baseness and stupidity of mankind, nor the pedantic pride of the monarchies of the middle ages, founded on an exaggerated sentiment of hereditament, and on a *naïve* faith in the rights of blood, can give us an idea of the thoroughly republican sovereignty of Nerva, of Trajan, of Adrian, of Antoninus, of Marcus Aurelius. There was nothing about it of the hereditary or right-divine prince, nothing of the military chieftain; it was a sort of grand civil magistracy without anything that resembled a court, or took from the emperor his essentially private character. Marcus Aurelius,

in particular, was neither little nor much a king in the proper sense of the word. His fortune was industrial, consisting for the most part in brick-yards ; his aversion for "the Cæsars," whom he regarded as a species of Sardanapalus, magnificent, debauched and cruel, constantly displayed itself. The civilian character of his manners was extreme. He restored to the Senate its ancient importance. When he was at Rome he never missed a sitting, and never quitted his seat till the Consul had pronounced the formula, *Nihil vos moramur, patres conscripti*. He prosecuted war almost every year of his reign, and prosecuted it well, although he found in it only *ennui*. His insipid campaigns against the Quades and the Marcomans were well conducted; the disgust which he experienced from them did not hinder him from devoting to them the most conscientious application.

It was in the course of one of these expeditions, when, encamped upon the banks of the Gran, in the midst of the monotonous plains of Hungary, that he wrote the most beautiful pages of the exquisite work which reveals to us his whole soul. It is probable that from an early age he kept a private journal of his thoughts. Therein he wrote the maxims to which he had recourse to fortify himself, reminiscences of his favorite authors, passages from the moralists who spoke most to him, principles which had sustained him during the day, occasionally, too, the reproaches which his scrupulous conscience had addressed to him. "There are those who seek out solitary retreats, rustic cottages, the shores of the sea, mountains; like the others, thou too lovest to dream of these places. Wherefore, since it is permitted thee every hour to retire into thy soul? Nowhere has man a more tranquil retreat, especially if he has in himself those things the contemplation of which is sufficient to render him calm. Know, then, how to enjoy this retreat and renew there thy strength. Know that there thou canst find those short fundamental maxims which will at once give serenity to thy soul, and place thee in a condition to support with resignation the world to which thou must return." During the sad winters of the north this consolation became more necessary to him than usual. He was almost sixty years old; age came to him

prematurely. One evening all the images of his pious youth revived in his memory, and he passed delicious hours in calculating what he owed to each of the good beings that had surrounded him:

“Examples of my grandfather, Verus; gentleness of manner, unalterable patience.

“Qualities taken from my father and souvenirs which he has left me: modesty, manly character.

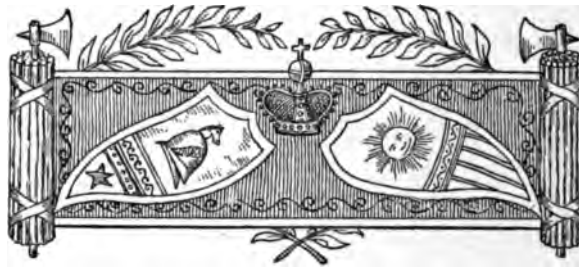
“To imitate my mother’s piety and benevolence; to abstain, as she did, not only from doing wrong, but from conceiving the thought of wrong; to lead her frugal life, which resembled so little the habitual luxury of the rich.”

Then there appeared to him in succession, Diognetus, who inspired him with a taste for philosophy and rendered agreeable to his eyes the pallet, the covering composed of a simple skin, and all the Hellenic apparel and discipline; Junius Rusticus, who taught him to avoid all affectation of elegance in style and who loaned him the work of Epictetus; Apollonius of Chalcis, who realized the stoic’s ideal of extreme firmness and perfect gentleness; Sextus of Chæroneia, so grave and so good; Alexander the grammarian, who censured with such refined politeness; Fronto, “who taught him how much envy, duplicity and hypocrisy there was in a tyrant, and how much hardness there could be in the heart of a patrician;” his brother, Severus, “who made him acquainted with Thræas, Helvidius, Cato and Brutus, and who gave him the idea of a free State where the natural equality of the citizens and the equality of their rights is the rule—of a royalty which places respect for the liberty of its citizens above everything;” and towering above all the others in his immaculate grandeur, Antoninus, his adopted father, whose image he traces for us with a redoubling of gratitude and love. “I thank the gods,” says he, in closing, “for having given me good grand-parents, good parents, a good sister, good teachers, and people for my associates and friends who were nearly all filled with goodness. Never have I allowed myself to fail in regard for them; my natural disposition might have led me on some occasions to commit irreverent acts; but the kindness of the gods did not permit such occa-

sions to arise. I am also indebted to the gods for preserving pure the flower of my youth ; for not having made me a man before the age of manhood ; for having rather postponed it beyond that time ; for having brought me up under the law of a prince and a father who disengaged my mind from all the fumes of pride, and made me comprehend that it is possible, while living in a palace, to dispense with guards, splendid apparel, torches and statues ; who taught me, finally, that a prince can compress his life almost within the limits of that of a simple citizen, without displaying on that account any the less of nobleness or vigor when called upon to act as Emperor and deal with affairs of state. They gave me a brother whose manners were a continual exhortation to watch over myself, and whose deference and attachment made at the same time the joy of my heart. Thanks also to the gods, I made haste to elevate those who had cared for my education to the honors which they appeared to desire. It was the gods who made me acquainted with Apollonius, Rusticus and Maximus, and who presented me, surrounded with so much light, the picture of a life conformed to nature. I have halted on this side of the goal, it is true ; but mine is the fault. If my body has withstood so long the rude life that I lead ; if, in spite of my frequent vexations with Rusticus, I have never passed the limits he prescribed, or done aught which I have now to repent ; if my mother, who died young, was able nevertheless to pass her last years near me ; if, when I have wished to aid some poor or afflicted person, I have never heard it said that money was lacking ; if I have never had need to receive anything of anybody ; if I have a wife of a character so agreeable, so affectionate, so simple ; if I have found so many persons competent to educate my children ; if at the beginning of my passion for philosophy I did not become the prey of some sophist, it is to the gods that I am indebted. Yes, so many benefits could only be the effect of the assistance of the gods and of a happy fortune."

This divine candor breathes in every page. Never did a man write more simply for himself, for the sole purpose of unburdening his heart without other witness than God. Here is not a shadow of a system. Marcus Aurelius, to speak

correctly, has no philosophy ; although he owes almost everything to Stoicism transformed by the Roman spirit, he is of no school. According to our taste he has too little curiosity, for he did not know all that a contemporary ought to have known of Ptolemy and Galen ; he had some opinions about the system of the world which were not up to the level of the best science of his time. But his moral thought, detached as it was from any tie with a system, gained thereby a singular elevation. The author of the book of the "Imitation" himself, although wholly disengaged from the quarrels of the schools, did not attain that elevation ; for his manner of feeling is essentially Christian. Take away the Christian dogmas and his book will retain but a portion of its charm. The book of Marcus Aurelius, having no dogmatic basis, preserves its freshness eternally. Everybody, from the atheist, or him who believes himself one, to the man who is most absorbed in the peculiar beliefs of a particular religion, can find edifying fruits there. It is the most purely human book that exists.—ERNEST RENAN.





CHARLES XII., King of Sweden, was in many respects the modern counterpart, as he was the professed admirer and imitator, of Alexander the Great. Had his success continued after he had reached manhood in the same proportion as marked his youth, he would have revolutionized Europe. But instead of antagonizing a Darius, it was his destiny to be opposed to Peter the Great, who knew how to

make a great defeat a stepping-stone to a greater victory.

Charles XII. was born at Stockholm, June 27, 1682. On his father's death, in 1697, the government was placed in the hands of the queen-dowager and five senators until the young Charles should reach the age of eighteen. But when he reached the age of fifteen the Senate decreed that he had then attained his majority, and he was declared King. He divided his time between gymnastic exercises and boyish study of the history of Alexander the Great, and showed little interest in affairs of State.

Presuming on his youth, three powerful sovereigns conspired to overthrow his kingdom. These were Frederick IV., King of Denmark; Augustus II., King of Poland; and Peter the Great, Czar of all the Russias. Charles greatly surprised his nobles by the manner in which he faced these difficulties. He renounced all court pleasures, banished all luxuries from his table, assumed the dress of a common soldier, a suit of blue cloth with copper buttons, and gave his attention entirely to military duties. The first attack was made by Frederick

of Denmark, who invaded Holstein. Charles at once led his army into the very heart of Denmark, while he also received substantial aid from William III., of England; a combined fleet of English and Dutch vessels drove the Danish fleet into the harbor of Copenhagen and bombarded the city. The Swedish army was so victorious that the Danish monarch made peace in 1700.

Riga, then a Swedish town, had been blockaded by the King of Poland, and Charles was just on the point of marching against him, when news was brought that Peter the Great was besieging Narva with an army of more than 50,000 men, but utterly untrained recruits. Charles, with only 10,000 men, attacked them in their entrenched camp and defeated the more numerous force with the loss of only two thousand. Peter, who was bringing up reinforcements, now retreated, his troops were dispersed, and Charles pursued his conquests into Poland and raised the siege of Riga. Not content with this advantage he proceeded to dethrone Augustus and place Stanislaus on the vacant throne. Nor did he rest until he had overrun Saxony, the hereditary dominions of Augustus, and had broken on the wheel Patkul, the Russian ambassador, whom he charged with treason to Sweden, as having been born in his dominions.

Charles now prepared a new expedition against the Czar of Russia. Twice he had driven the Russians out of Poland, pursuing them and winning several victories. In January, 1708, braving the horrors of a Russian winter, he invaded that empire, surprised and almost captured the Czar, crossed the Beresina and won a battle at Smolensko. Peter sued for peace; but the Swedish King replied that only in Moscow itself would he treat with the Czar. However, he wasted much time in marching in other directions. Finally Charles besieged the Russian fortress Pultowa, until Peter came to its rescue with a large army. In the famous battle which ensued on July 8, 1709, Charles was entirely defeated. Fleeing with a small troop into Turkish territory, he was most hospitably received by the Sultan, who appointed him a body-guard.

Charles entrenched himself near Bender, on the Dniester, with 1,800 men, and endeavored, if possible, to gain the help

of Turkish arms against the Muscovites. As a device to further his design he sent 800 of his men into Poland. Peter pursued them into the territories of the Grand Seignior. This is what Charles had expected. His friends at court had endeavored to stir up the Sultan against Peter; but the Czar's money was more potent with that ruler. The Vizier or Prime Minister had promised Charles an army of 200,000 men to lead into Russia; but he was deposed, and to Numan Couprougli was given the seal of the Empire. The new Vizier persuaded the Sultan that to invade Russian territory was forbidden by Moslem law, inasmuch as the Czar had done him no wrong, but that he ought to help the Swede as an unfortunate prince in his dominions. He also advised the Swedish King to return to his own country. Charles refused and sent back word that he should depend on the Grand Seignior's promise. He, moreover, threatened to hang any bashaws and shave the beards of any Janissaries who in future dared to bring him such advice. Charles was called by the Turks, "the head of iron." When the Grand Seignior received the royal guest's insolent message, he declared that all the rites of hospitality had been exhausted, and gave orders that Charles should be seized. Ismael Pasha, the Governor of the district, surprised the Swedish King's camp; but he, with forty attendants, took refuge in his fortified house and withstood the further attack of the Turks. He is said to have killed twenty Janissaries with his own hand. At last they set fire to his house, and Charles, being wounded, fell and was taken prisoner.

Charles was sent to the Grand Seignior at Adrianople and the minister promised to make good all the damages he had sustained. During the Swedish King's lengthened sojourn at Bender he passed much of his time in reading the tragedies of Corneille and Racine, with the works of Despreaux. When he came to that portion where the latter author refers to Alexander the Great as a fool and madman, Charles tore out the leaf. One of his recreations was chess, a game well suited to interest such a mind. But even while a prisoner he was also engaged in various negotiations with the King of Prussia and others, looking to the renewal of the war with Russia.

After remaining five years in Turkey, Charles, with one attendant, set out, and traveling through Wallachia, Transylvania, Hungary and Germany in disguise, reached Stralsund in Swedish Pomerania, November 21, 1714, after sixteen days of hard riding. His legs were so swollen that his boots had to be cut off. After a rest he reviewed the troops and made careful inspection of the fortifications. The conflict was renewed, and Stralsund was besieged by the united forces of Denmark, Saxony and Prussia, with Russian auxiliaries. The city surrendered in December, 1715; but Charles managed to escape to Carlsrona. To the surprise of all Europe he suddenly appeared in Norway at the head of 20,000 men.

Charles was advised to purchase a peace from Peter the Great at any price; he discovered that the Czar was dissatisfied with his allies, who had all conspired against him to hinder his acquiring any possessions in Germany. Especially was Peter incensed at the King of Poland and at England. Negotiations were opened by means of the Czar's Scotch physician, Erskine, with the Court at Moscow. The scheme was to replace the son of James II. on the English throne, and to re-establish Charles' nephew, the Duke of Holstein, in his dominions. The Czar approved of these designs, and instead of making a descent upon Sweden, as had been stipulated between him and his allies, he sent his troops into winter-quarters. Charles XII. was still in Norway, and advanced on Christiania, but through a scarcity of provisions was obliged to return to Sweden.

In October, 1718, Charles set out on a second expedition, and in December laid siege to the town of Frederickshall, the key of Norway. The cold was terrible; but nothing could resist the resolution of the Swedes. Charles shared in all the labors of his troops. He slept in the open field, covered only with a cloak, when several of his soldiers perished with cold. On the 11th of December the King went in the evening to view the trenches, and while directing the operations, exposed himself to the fire of the enemy. He was attended only by two Frenchmen, M. Siguier, his aid-de-camp, and an engineer. Suddenly Charles was seen to fall, and when Siguier ran to him, he was already dead. A ball

had penetrated his right temple. A story was long circulated, however, that the shot which caused his death was discharged by one of his own officers. But a careful examination of the skull made in 1859, by three eminent medical professors, proved that the fatal shot had been fired from a distance and from a higher level. Thus fell Charles of Sweden in his thirty-seventh year.

The character of Charles XII. was a strange mixture of good and evil. He knew not the meaning of the word danger. At the battle of Narva, when his horse was shot, he disentangled himself and leaping on another animal exclaimed, "These people find me exercise!" One day Charles was dictating some letters to his secretary, when a bomb fell on the house and burst near the royal apartment. One half of the floor was shattered to pieces. The secretary put down his pen. "What is the reason," said the King, with great composure, "that you do not write?" The frightened secretary could only falter out, "The bomb, sir." "Well," replied the King, "and what has the bomb to do with the letter I am dictating? Go on." Before a battle and after the victory Charles was modest and humble; after a defeat he was firm and undaunted. But his resolution and courage were often carried to the excess of obstinacy and rashness. His resentment against the enemies who had taken advantage of him got the better of his prudence. His personal character deeply impressed the Turks, who admired his total abstinence from all intoxicating liquor and his regularity in devotion.

Charles XII. was an extraordinary soldier, but not a great statesman. His great victories were obtained before he had reached manhood; he extorted peace at Copenhagen when he was only eighteen, and in the same year scattered the Russians at Narva. By his victory at Clissow, when he was but twenty-one, he became the master of Poland. Had Charles been able to retain and skillfully to use these advantages, he would have altered the destinies of northern and eastern Europe. But by striving for a yet greater prize, he lost all he had gained, and left his country weaker than he had found it. Sweden has sunk from the foremost rank which she had formerly held, and seems unable to retrieve her loss.

THE BATTLE OF NARVA.

The only thing that Charles had now to do towards the finishing of his first campaign was to march against his rival in glory, Peter Alexiovitch. He was the more exasperated against the Czar, as there were still at Stockholm three Muscovite ambassadors, who had lately sworn to the renewal of an inviolable peace. Possessed of the most incorruptible integrity, Charles could not conceive how a legislator, like the Czar, should make a jest of what ought to be held so sacred. The young Prince, whose sense of honor was extremely refined, never imagined that there could be one system of morality for kings, and another for private persons. The Emperor of Muscovy had just published a manifesto, which he had much better have suppressed. He there alleged, as the reason of the war, the little respect that had been shown him when he went incognito to Riga, and the extravagant prices his ambassadors had been obliged to pay for provisions. Such were the mighty injuries for which he ravaged Ingria with 80,000 men!

At the head of this great army, he appeared before Narva on the first of October, a season more severe in that climate than the month of January is at Paris. The Czar, who in such weather would sometimes ride post for four hundred leagues to see a mine or a canal, was not more sparing of his troops than of himself. He knew, moreover, that the Swedes, ever since the time of Gustavus Adolphus, could make war in the depth of winter as well as in summer; and he wanted to accustom the Russians likewise to forget all distinction of seasons, and to render them, one day, equal to the Swedes. Thus, in a time when frost and snow compel other nations in more temperate climates to agree to a suspension of arms, the Czar Peter besieged Narva, within thirty degrees of the pole, and Charles XII. advanced to its relief. The Czar had no sooner arrived before the place than he immediately put in practice what he had learned in his travels. He marked out his camp, fortified it on all sides, raised redoubts at certain distances, and opened the trenches himself. He had given the command of his troops to the Duke de Croy, a German,

and an able general, but who at that time was little assisted by the Russian officers. As for himself, he had no other rank in the army than that of a private lieutenant. He thereby gave an example of military obedience to his nobility, hitherto unacquainted with discipline, and accustomed to march at the head of ill-armed slaves, without experience and without order. There was nothing strange in seeing him who had turned carpenter at Amsterdam, in order to procure himself fleets, serve as lieutenant at Narva, to teach his subjects the art of war.

The Muscovites are strong and indefatigable, and perhaps as courageous as the Swedes; but it requires time and discipline to render troops warlike and invincible. The only regiments that could be depended upon were commanded by some German officers; but their number was very inconsiderable. The rest were barbarians, forced from their forests, and covered with the skins of wild beasts—some armed with arrows, and others with clubs. Few of them had guns; none of them had ever seen a regular siege; and there was not one good cannoneer in the whole army. A hundred and fifty cannon, which one would have thought must have soon reduced the little town of Narva to ashes, were hardly able to make a breach, while the artillery of the city mowed down at every discharge whole ranks of the enemy in their trenches. Narva was almost without fortifications: Baron Horn, who commanded there, had not a thousand regular troops; and yet this immense army could not reduce it in six weeks.

It was the 15th of November when the Czar learned that the King of Sweden had crossed the sea with two hundred transports, and was advancing to the relief of Narva. The Swedes were not above 20,000 strong. The Czar had no advantage but that of numbers. Far, therefore, from despising his enemy, he employed every art in order to crush him. Not content with 80,000 men, he resolved to oppose to him another army still, and to check his progress at every step. He had already given orders for the march of about 30,000 men, who were advancing from Pleskov with great expedition. He then took a step that would have rendered him contemptible, could a sovereign who had performed such

great and glorious actions incur that imputation. He left his camp, where his presence was necessary, to go in quest of this new army, which might have arrived well enough without him, and seemed by this conduct to betray his fear of engaging in his intrenchments a young and inexperienced prince who might come to attack him.

Be that as it may, he resolved to shut up Charles XII. between two armies. Nor was this all: a detachment of 30,000 men from the camp before Narva was posted at a league's distance from the city, directly in the King of Sweden's road; 20,000 Strelitz were placed farther off, upon the same road; and 5,000 others composed an advanced guard; and he must necessarily force his way through all these troops before he could reach the camp, which was fortified with a rampart and double fosse. The King of Sweden had landed at Pernau, in the Gulf of Riga, with about 16,000 foot, and a little more than 4,000 horse. From Pernau he made a flying march to Revel, followed by all his cavalry, and only by 4,000 foot. He always marched in the van of his army, without waiting for the rear. He soon found himself, with his 8,000 men only, before the first posts of the enemy. He immediately resolved, without the least hesitation, to attack them, one after another, before they could possibly learn with what a small number they had to engage. The Muscovites, seeing the Swedes come upon them, imagined they had a whole army to encounter. The advanced guard of 5,000 men, posted among rocks, a station where a hundred resolute men might have stopped the march of a large army, fled at their first approach. The 20,000 men that lay behind them, perceiving the flight of their fellow-soldiers, took the alarm, and carried their terror and confusion with them into the camp. All the posts were carried in two days; and what upon other occasions would have been reckoned three distinct victories, did not retard the King's march for the space of one hour. He appeared then at last with his 8,000 men, exhausted by the fatigues of so long a march, before a camp of 80,000 Muscovites, defended by 150 pieces of cannon; and, scarcely allowing his troops any time for rest, he instantly gave orders for the attack.

The signal was two musket-shots and the watchword in German,—“With the aid of God.” A general officer having represented to him the greatness of the danger,—“What,” said he, “do you not think that with my 8,000 brave Swedes I may easily beat 80,000 Russians?” But soon after, fearing that what he had said might savor too much of gasconade, he ran after the officer, and said to him, “Are you not of the same opinion? Have not I a double advantage over the enemy,—one, that their cavalry can be of no service to them; the other, that the place being narrow, their number will only incommode them, and thus in reality I shall be stronger than they?” The officer did not care to differ from him; and thus they marched against the Muscovites about midday, on the 30th of November, 1700.

As soon as their cannon had made a breach in their intrenchments, the Swedes advanced with fixed bayonets, having a furious shower of snow on their backs, which drove full in the face of the enemy. The Russians stood the shock for half an hour, without flinching. The King made his attack upon the right of the camp, where the Czar’s quarter lay, hoping to come to an encounter with him, as he did not know that he had gone in quest of the other army, who were daily expected to arrive. At the first discharge of the enemy’s muskets he received a shot in his neck; but as it was a spent ball, it lodged in the folds of his black neckcloth, and did him no harm. His horse was killed under him. M. de Sparr told me that the King mounted another horse with great agility, saying, “These fellows make me go through my exercises;” and continued to fight and give orders with the same presence of mind. After an engagement of three hours, the intrenchments were forced on all sides. The King pursued the right of the enemy as far as the river Narva, with his left wing; if we may be allowed to call by that name about 4,000 men, who were in pursuit of nearly 40,000. The bridge broke under the fugitives, and the river was immediately filled with dead bodies. The rest returned to their camp, without knowing whither they went; and finding some barracks, they took post behind them. There they defended themselves for awhile, as they were not able to

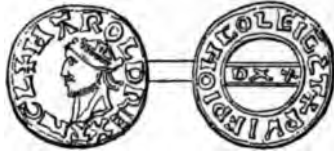
make their escape; but at last their generals, Dolgorovki, Golovkin, and Federovitch, surrendered themselves to the King, and laid their arms at his feet; and while they were presenting them to him, the Duke de Croy came up and surrendered himself with thirty officers.

Charles received all these prisoners of distinction with as much civility and politeness as if he had been paying them the honors of an entertainment in his own court. He detained none but the general officers. All the subalterns and common soldiers were disarmed and conducted to the river Narva, where they were supplied with boats for passing over, and allowed to return to their own country. In the meantime night came on, and the right wing of the Muscovites still continued the fight. The Swedes had not lost above six hundred men; of the Muscovites 8,000 had been killed in their intrenchments; many were drowned; many had crossed the river; and yet there still remained in the camp a sufficient number to cut off the Swedes to the last man. But the loss of battles is not so much owing to the number of the killed as to the timidity of those who survive. The King employed the brief remainder of the day in seizing upon the enemy's artillery. He took possession of an advantageous post between the camp and the city, where he slept a few hours upon the ground, wrapt up in his cloak, intending, at daybreak, to fall upon the left wing of the enemy, which was not yet entirely routed. But at 2 A. M., General Vede, who commanded that wing, having heard of the gracious reception the King had given to the other generals, and of his having dismissed all the subaltern officers and soldiers, sent a messenger to him, begging he would grant him the same favor. The conqueror replied that he should have it provided he would come at the head of his troops, and make them lay their arms and colors at his feet. Soon after, the general appeared with his Muscovites, to the number of about 30,000. They marched, both soldiers and officers, with their heads uncovered, through less than 7,000 Swedes. The soldiers, as they passed the King, threw their guns and swords upon the ground, and the officers presented him with their ensigns and colors. He caused the whole of

this multitude to be conducted over the river, without detaining a single soldier. Had he kept them, the number of prisoners would at least have been five times greater than that of the conquerors.

After this, he entered victorious into Narva, accompanied by the Duke de Croy, and other general officers of the Muscovites. He ordered their swords to be restored to them all; and knowing that they wanted money, and that the merchants of Narva would not lend them any, he sent a thousand ducats to the Duke de Croy, and five hundred to every Muscovite officer, who could not sufficiently admire the civility of this treatment, of which they were incapable of forming the least conception. An account of the victory was immediately drawn up at Narva, in order to be sent to Stockholm, and to the allies of Sweden; but the King expunged with his own hand every circumstance in the relation that tended too much to his own honor, or seemed to reflect upon the Czar. His modesty, however, could not hinder them from striking at Stockholm several medals to perpetuate the memory of these events. Among others they struck one which represented the King on one side, standing on a pedestal, to which were chained a Muscovite, a Dane, and a Pole; and on the reverse a Hercules, holding his club, and treading upon a Cerberus, with this inscription: *Tres uno contudit ictu*. "He crushed three at a blow."—VOLTAIRE.





DURING the reign of Canute, the great Danish "King of all England," in the eleventh century, a remarkable man of Saxon birth came into promi-

nence and power. This was Godwin, a Thane (or Theygn) of West Saxony. He was of humble birth, the son of a herdsman, but early distinguished himself by his exploits. He married Gytha, the sister of Jarl Ulf, who was himself wedded to the sister of Canute. This, of course, brought Godwin near the throne itself. He proved himself a bold warrior, an eloquent speaker, and a man of untiring industry. In 1020 he became the chief counsellor of the King, and during Canute's absence in his wars, he acted as Governor of the realm. At the death of Canute, Godwin, being invested with the Earldom of Wessex, took precedence among all the nobles of England, ranking even above the kinsmen of the King. Possessed of enormous wealth, he held vast estates throughout midland and southern England.

By Canute's desire, his successor was to have been Hardicanute; but Harold seized the crown. The Witan decided that the latter should hold the counties north of the Thames, and Hardicanute all lands south of that river. Hardicanute remained in Denmark, leaving the support of his claim to Earl Godwin and his mother, Emma. Edward, son of Ethelred, began to assert his right to the throne, but soon abandoned the enterprise. His brother Alfred, being enticed to England by a letter from his mother, landed with some Norman followers. Godwin, who really supported the claim of Hardicanute, received him with a great show of affection,

and conducted him to Guildford. In the night the strangers were all seized; Alfred was blinded, and was finally put to death at Ely. One chronicler writes concerning this murder: "No bloodier deed had been done in the land since the Danes came." On Harold's death, Hardicanute landed and took the vacant throne. Suspicion of being a party to Alfred's murder fell upon Earl Godwin; but his peers having sworn to his innocence, he was reinstated into royal favor. He presented to Hardicanute a ship whose stern was plated with gold, and which bore eighty warriors glittering with decorations of gold and silver.

At the death of this King, Edward, son of Ethelred, and half brother of Hardicanute, received the crown, chiefly through the influence of Godwin. This nobleman now held the greatest Earldom of the south, including Sussex, Kent, and part of Wessex. His sons, Harold and Sweyn, were, with their father, the lords of all the land from the Humber to the Severn. They had command of the richest half of England. The other brothers were Wulnoth, Tostig, Gurth and Leofwine. His daughter, Edith, was given in marriage to King Edward.

Edward had spent many years in Normandy, and being Norman in all his tastes and inclinations, presented the chief offices of the state to Normans. This displeased the English nobles, and Godwin was formeost in the revolt. A fight took place at Dover between some citizens and the followers of a Norman count. Edward commanded Godwin to punish the citizens. The haughty Earl snapped all ties of family union, refused to acknowledge the King's authority, and took the field against Edward. Whilst the Witanagemot were discussing the question in dispute, Godwin's army deserted him. Godwin and Harold were sentenced to depart out of England within five days. Harold went to Ireland, and Godwin, accompanied by Sweyn, who was outlawed, sailed for Flanders. Edward was unmanly enough to take revenge on his wife. He stripped her of moneys and land, and sent her to the cheerless prison of a monastery at Wherwell in Hampshire, where his own sister, the Abbess, would be ready enough to persecute one so fair and accomplished as Edith, the daughter of the banished Earl.

Godwin's son, Tostig, married Judith, the sister of the Count of Flanders. Thus the Earl became closely connected with the Count of Flanders; he was father-in-law to the King of England, and uncle of Sweyn, King of Denmark. By the advice of Stigand, an artful and ambitious priest, Edward became reconciled to Godwin, and the Earl returned to England, 1051 A.D. Soon afterwards dying, this powerful nobleman left his title and territory to his son Harold.

Earl Godwin was the first great statesman of England whose rapid rise was due to his sheer ability. Good tempered, a lover of his Saxon race, of quick discernment, he exhibited a singular dexterity in the management of men. His policy showed the daring and originality of his genius. Ambition and selfishness appeared in the aggrandizement of his house. He held aloof from the monastic revival of his time, and in the range of politics was unscrupulous.

Harold, the son of Godwin, was crowned on the day of Edward the Confessor's burial, by the Saxon Archbishop Stigand. This primate was never acknowledged at Rome, and his support of Harold was a new offence to the Pope. Harold's reign was one of war. As a young man he was shipwrecked on the Norman coast, and was seized by William, Duke of Normandy, and made to swear a most sacred oath to favor his pretensions to the English throne. Hence came his constant fear of a Norman invasion. Hardrada, the King of Norway, and Tostig, the outlawed brother of Harold, entered the Humber and took York. Harold met their forces 1066 A.D., at Stamford Bridge, and after a hard fight, succeeded in defeating them. Both Hardrada and Tostig were slain in the battle.

Four days later William of Normandy landed at Pevensey, in Sussex, and marched on Hastings. Harold was in York, but by marching day and night, he reached the hill Senlac, nine miles from Hastings, on the 13th of October. The next day the Normans advanced to the attack, bearing the consecrated banner, presented to William by the Pope. At first the battle went in favor of Harold; but towards sunset, the Saxons, who had during the day stood firm, were drawn from their place of advantage by a manœuvre of the enemy, and

speedily defeated. Harold, the last of the Saxon kings, lay dead on the field. His mother offered William for her son's body its weight in gold; but the stern conqueror cruelly refused and had him buried in the sand by the shore. His body was afterwards interred in Waltham Church.

Harold had simply followed out his father's policy, while avoiding his father's excesses. Affable and kind to all men, he was a liberal giver to the Church; but its power was exerted against him in the contest with William. As a ruler, Harold was the terror of evil-doers and the rewarder of those that did well. Throughout his brief career he was the champion of English independence against the rule of foreigners, but could not avert the destiny of his native land.

GODWIN'S BANISHMENT AND RETURN.

In 1051 Eustace, Earl of Boloign, father of the famous Godfrey who won Jerusalem from the Saracens, and husband to Goda, the King's sister, having been to visit King Edward, was returning by Canterbury to take ship at Dover. One of his harbingers, insolently seeking to lodge by force in a house there, provoked so the master thereof as, by chance or heat of anger, to kill him. The Count with his whole train, going to the house where his servant had been killed, slew both the slayer and eighteen more who defended him. But the townsmen running to arms, requited him with the slaughter of twenty-one more of his servants, and wounded most of the rest; he himself, with one or two, hardly escaping, ran back with clamor to the King; whom, seconded by other Norman courtiers, he stirred up to great anger against the citizens of Canterbury. Earl Godwin in haste is sent for, the cause related, and much aggravated by the King against that city; the Earl was commanded to raise forces, and use the citizens thereof as enemies. Godwin, sorry to see strangers more favored of the King than his native people, answered, that it were better to summon first the chief men of the town into the King's court, to charge them with sedition, where both parties might be heard, that, if not found in fault, they might be acquitted, if otherwise, by fine or loss of life might satisfy the King whose peace they had broken, and the Count whom

they had injured : till this were done, he refused to prosecute with hostile punishment them of his own country unheard, whom his office was rather to defend.

The King, displeased with his refusal, and not knowing how to compel him, appointed an assembly of all the peers to be held at Gloster, where the matter might be fully tried ; the assembly was full and frequent according to summons ; but Godwin, mistrusting his own cause or the violence of his adversaries, with his two sons, Swane and Harold, and a great power gathered out of his own and his sons' earldoms, which contained most of the southeast and west parts of England, came no farther than Beverstan, giving out that their forces were to go against the Welsh, who intended an irruption into Herefordshire ; and Swane, under that pretence, lay with part of his army thereabout. The Welsh understanding this device, and with all diligence clearing themselves before the King, left Godwin detected of false accusation in great hatred to all the assembly. Leofric, therefore, and Siward, dukes of great power, the former in Mercia, the other in all parts beyond Humber, both ever faithful to the King, send privily with speed to raise the forces of their provinces. Which Godwin not knowing, sent boldly to King Edward, demanding Count Eustace and his followers, together with those Boloigniains, who as Simeon writes, held a castle in the jurisdiction of Canterbury. The King, then having but little force at hand, entertained him awhile with treaties and delays, till his summoned army drew nigh,—then rejected his demands. Godwin, thus matched, commanded his sons not to begin fight against the King ; begun with, not to give ground.

The King's forces were the flower of those counties whence they came, and eager to fall on ; but Leofric and the wiser sort, detesting civil war, brought the matter to this accord, that hostages being given on either side, the whole cause should be again debated at London. Thither the King and Lords, coming with their army, sent to Godwin and his son (who with their powers were come as far as Southwark), commanding their appearance unarmed, with only twelve attendants, and that the rest of their soldiers they should

deliver over to the King. They to appear without pledges before an adverse faction denied ; but to dismiss their soldiers refused not, nor in aught else to obey the King as far as might stand with honor and the just regard of their safety. This answer not pleasing the King, an edict was presently issued forth, that Godwin and his sons within five days depart the land. The Earl, perceiving now his numbers to diminish, readily obeyed, and with his wife and three sons, Tosti, Swane and Gyrrha, with as much treasure as their ship could carry, embarking at Thorney, sailed into Flanders, to Earl Baldwin, whose daughter Judith Tosti had married : for Wulnod, his fourth son, was then hostage to the King in Normandy ; his other two, Harold and Leofwin, taking ship at Bristow, in a vessel that lay ready there belonging to Swane, passed into Ireland. King Edward, pursuing his displeasure, divorced his wife Edith, Earl Godwin's daughter, sending her despoiled of all her ornaments to Warewel with one waiting maid, to be kept in custody by his sister, the Abbess there. His reason of so doing was as harsh as his act, that she only, while her nearest relations were in banishment, might not, though innocent, enjoy ease at home.

In 1052, Harold and Leofwin, sons of Godwin, coming into Severn with many ships, in the confines of Somerset and Dorsetshire, spoiled many villages, and, being resisted by those of Somerset and Devonshire, slew in fight more than thirty of their principal men, many of the common sort, and returned with much booty to their fleet. King Edward, on the other side, made ready above sixty ships at Sandwich, well stored with men and provisions, under the conduct of Odo and Radulf, two of his Norman kindred, enjoining them to find out Godwin, whom he heard to be at sea. To quicken them, he himself lay on ship-board, oftentimes watched and sailed up and down in search of those pirates. But Godwin, whether in a mist, or by other accident, passing by them, arrived in another part of Kent, and dispersing secret messengers abroad, by fair words allured the chief men of Kent, Sussex, Surrey, and Essex to his party ; which news coming to the King's fleet at Sandwich, they hastened to find him out ; but missing him again, came up without effect to London. Godwin

advised of this, forthwith sailed to the Isle of Wight, where at length his two sons, Harold and Leofwin, finding him, with their united navy lay on the coast, forbearing other hostility than to furnish themselves with fresh victuals from land as they needed. Thence, as one fleet, they set forward to Sandwich, using all fair means by the way to increase their numbers both of mariners and soldiers.

The King then at London, startled at those tidings, gave speedy order to raise forces in all parts which had not revolted from him; but now too late, for Godwin, within a few days after with his ships or galleys, came up the river Thames to Southwark, and till the tide returned had conference with the Londoners, whom by fair speeches, for he was held a good speaker in those times, he brought to his bent. The tide returning, and none upon the bridge hindering, he rowed up in his galleys along the south bank, where his land army, now come to him, in array of battle stood on the shore; then turning towards the north side of the river, where the King's galleys lay in some readiness, and land forces also not far off, he made show as offering to fight; but they understood one another, and the soldiers on either side soon declared their resolution not to fight English against English.

Thence coming to treaty, the King and the Earl were reconciled, both armies were dissolved, Godwin and his sons restored to their former dignities, except Swane, who touched in conscience for the slaughter of Beorn, his kinsman, was gone barefoot to Jerusalem, and returning home, died by sickness or Saracens in Lycia. His wife Edith, Godwin's daughter, King Edward took to him again, dignified as before. Then were the Normans, who had done many unjust things under the King's authority, and given him ill counsel against his people, banished the realm,—some of them, not blamable, were permitted to stay. Robert, Archbishop of Canterbury, William, of London, Ulf, of Lincoln, all Normans, hardly escaping with their followers, got to sea. The Archbishop went with his complaint to Rome; but, returning, died in Normandy at the same monastery from whence he came. Osbern and Hugh surrendered their castles, and by permission of Leofric passed through his countries with their Nor-

mans to Macbeth, King of Scotland. The year (1053) following, at Winchester, on the second holyday of Easter, Earl Godwin, sitting with the King at table, sunk down suddenly in his seat as dead: his three sons, Harold, Tosti and Gytha, forthwith carried him to the King's chamber, hoping he might revive; but the malady had so seized him that the fifth day after he expired. The Normans, who hated Godwin, give out, saith Malmsbury, that mention happening to be made of Elfred, and the King thereat looking sourly upon Godwin, he, to vindicate himself, uttered these words: "Thou, O King, at every mention made of thy brother Elfred, lookest frowningly upon me: but let God not suffer me to swallow this morsel, if I be guilty of aught done against his life or thy advantage;" that after these words, choked with the morsel taken, he sunk down and recovered not.—JOHN MILTON.



Harold swearing upon the Relics. (From the Bayeux Tapestry.)



MATILDA, the queen of William the Conqueror, was the daughter of Baldwin V., Count of Flanders, called also Baldwin of Lisle, and Baldwin the Debonnaire. Her mother was Adela, the daughter of Robert, and sister of Henry I., King of France. As to the statement, that before her marriage with William, she had been the wife of Gerbod, Advocate of the Abbey of St.

Bertin at St. Omer, it is extremely improbable. It was founded on some charters of Lewis Priory, which have been proved altogether untrustworthy.

Her marriage with William, however, was prohibited by the Council of Rheims, assembled in 1049, on account of "nearness of kin." This relationship has never been satisfactorily explained. In spite of the prohibition, she became the wife of William, 1053 A.D. At the head of the Norman Church now stood William's uncle, Mauger, the Archbishop of Rouen; and he did not shrink from reproving his powerful nephew for the breach of canonical law which he had committed. Lanfranc also severely blamed him for the step. Not until 1059 was it that the marriage was recognized at Rome. In that year Pope Nicholas II. granted them a dispensation. It was given with the understanding that William and Matilda, by way of atonement, were each to erect and endow a monastery for religious persons of their respective sex. The Holy Trinity for the nuns of Caen was the one built by Matilda. It was consecrated June 18, 1066; but the church then hallowed was merely a fragment of the present fabric. William's edifice for the monks of St. Stephen was not consecrated till eleven years later.

The confidence that William reposed on Matilda was unbounded, and very shortly after their marriage he entrusted her with the reins of government in Normandy, during his absence in England. Nine months after their marriage their first son, Robert, was born. When Harold, the son of Godwin, was thrown into the power of William, Matilda is said to have offered him the hand of one of their daughters. Duke William departed from Normandy in 1066 to invade England, and invested Matilda with the regency. She presented her lord with a magnificent vessel of war, called the "Mora," adorned in the most royal style. On the bow was a golden figure-head representing a boy with his right hand pointing to England. During the absence of William Matilda governed Normandy with prudence and skill. After the battle of Senlac or Hastings, William caused his coronation to take place at Westminster. Matilda, though not yet crowned, assumed the title of Queen, probably on the occasion of her husband's return from England, six months afterwards. When William landed on his native shore, a little below the Abbey of Feschamp, all Normans gave themselves up to rejoicing, and vied with each other to honor the "Conqueror." He re-embarked on the 6th of December for England, leaving Matilda and Robert as regents in Normandy.

In 1068 Matilda and her children joined William in England. She was crowned at Winchester on Whitsunday. The graceful and majestic bearing of the Queen, and the number and beauty of her children, charmed the people. After her return to France, in 1069, she appears to have occupied much of her time in the affairs of the Duchy. In 1070 she favored in every way the appointment of Lanfranc as Archbishop of Canterbury. William sent William Fitz-Osborn to assist in military arrangements for the defence of Normandy.

No unhappiness entered the marriage life of William and Matilda until her excessive partiality for her eldest son, Robert, provoked the jealousy of his brothers. Their quarrel led to the father's interference, which resulted in Robert's rebellion. Still passionately loved by Matilda, she refused

him nothing, secretly supplied him with large sums of money, and even stripped herself of her jewels to supply his wants. On William's hearing of this, he bitterly reproached his wife for supporting the rebel against his father. Matilda rejoined, pleading her position and feelings as a mother toward the erring one. However, Matilda hearing that a hermit in Germany possessed the power of prophecy, sent to him entreating his prayers for her husband and Robert, and requesting his opinion on the subject of their quarrel. The answer, which was but a further prediction of misery and trouble, so depressed her that it brought on a lingering illness which terminated fatally on November 3, 1083. She was buried in her Church of the Holy Trinity, at Caen. Her death completely overwhelmed the strong heart of William and for a time he was inconsolable. He raised a magnificent tomb to her memory, very richly adorned, and bearing an epitaph in quaint monkish rhyme. This tomb was restored in 1819. Matilda was handsome and queenly in person; a good ruler, a true wife and loving mother, and a liberal giver in all charity. Indeed, she impoverished herself in helping others. She had four sons, Robert, Richard, William and Henry; and five, perhaps six, daughters. Her eldest, Cecilia, took the veil, and entered the convent at Caen, which Matilda had established.

THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

The most extraordinary memorial of that eventful period of transition, which saw the descendants of the old Saxon conquerors of Britain swept from their power and their possessions, and their places usurped by a swarm of adventurers from the shores of Normandy, is a work not of stone or brass, not of writing and illumination more durable than stone or brass, but a roll of needlework, which records the principal events which preceded and accompanied the Conquest; with a minuteness and fidelity which leave no reasonable doubt of its being a contemporary production. This is the celebrated Bayeux Tapestry. When Napoleon contemplated the invasion of England in 1803, he caused this invaluable record to be removed from Bayeux, and to be exhibited in the National

Museum at Paris; and then the French players, always ready to seize upon a popular subject, produced a little drama in which they exhibited Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror, sitting in her lonely tower in Normandy, whilst her husband was fighting in England, and thus recording, with the aid of her needlewomen, the mighty acts of her hero, portrayed to the life in this immortal worsted-work.

But there is a more affecting theory of the accomplishment of this labor than that told in the French vaudeville. The women of England were celebrated all over Europe for their work in embroidery; and when the husband of Matilda ascended the throne of England, it is reasonably concluded that the skillful daughters of the land were retained around the person of the Queen. They were thus employed to celebrate their own calamities. But there was nothing in this tapestry which told a tale of degradation. There is no delineation of cowardly flight or abject submission. The colors of the threads might have been dimmed with the tears of the workers, but they would not have had the deep pain of believing that their homes were not gallantly defended. In this great invasion and conquest, as an old historian has poetically said, "was tried by the great assize of God's judgment in battle the right of power between the English and Norman nations—a battle the most memorable of all others; and, howsoever miserably lost, yet most nobly fought on the part of England." There was nothing in this tapestry to encourage another invasion eight centuries later.

The tapestry, having served its purpose of popular delusion, was returned to its original obscurity. It had previously been known to Lancelot and Montfaucon, French antiquaries; and Dr. Ducarel, in 1767, printed a description of it, in which he stated that it was annually hung up round the nave of the church of Bayeux on St. John's day. During the last thirty years this ancient work has been fully described, and its date and origin discussed. Above all, the Society of Antiquaries rendered a most valuable service to the world, by causing a complete set of colored fac-simile drawings to be made by an accomplished artist, Mr. Charles Stothard, which have since been published in the "*Vetusta Monumenta*."

In the hôtel of the prefecture at Bayeux is now preserved this famous tapestry. In 1814, so little was known of it in the town where it had remained for so many centuries, that Mr. Hudson Gurney was coming away without discovering it, not being aware that it went by the name of the "Toile de St. Jean." It was coiled round a windlass; and drawing it out at leisure over a table, he found that it consisted of "a very long piece of brownish linen cloth, worked with woollen thread of different colors, which are as bright and distinct, and the letters of the superscriptions as legible, as if of yesterday." The roll is 20 inches broad and 214 feet in length. Mr. Gurney has some sensible remarks upon the internal evidence of the work being contemporaneous with the Conquest. In the buildings portrayed there is not the trace of a pointed arch; there is not an indication of armorial bearings, properly so called, which would certainly have been given to the fighting knights had the needlework belonged to a later age; and the Norman banner is invariably *Argent*, a cross *Or* in a border *Azure*, and not the later invention of the Norman leopards. Mr. Gurney adds, "It may be remarked, that the whole is worked with a strong outline; that the clearness and relief are given to it by the variety of the colors." The likenesses of individuals are preserved throughout. The Saxons invariably wear moustaches; and William, from his erect figure and manner, could be recognized were there no superscriptions. Mr. Charles Stothard adds to Mr. Gurney's account of its character as a work of art, that "there is no attempt at light and shade, or perspective, the want of which is substituted by the use of different colored worsteds. We observe this in the off-legs of the horses, which are distinguished alone from the near-legs by being of different colors. The horses, the hair and moustaches, as well as the eyes and features of the characters, are depicted with all the various colors of green, blue, red, etc., according to the taste or caprice of the artist. This may be easily accounted for, when we consider how few colors composed their materials."

The first of the seventy-two compartments into which the roll of needlework is divided, is inscribed, "Edwardus Rex." The crowned king, seated on a chair of state, with a sceptre,

is giving audience to two persons in attendance; and this is held to represent Harold departing for Normandy. The second shows Harold and his attendants, with hounds, on a journey. He bears the hawk on his hand, the distinguishing mark of nobility. The inscription purports that the figures represent Harold, Duke of the English, and his soldiers journeying to Bosham. The third is inscribed "Ecclesia," and exhibits a Saxon church, with two bending figures about to enter. The fourth compartment represents Harold embarking; and the fifth shows him on his voyage. The sixth is his coming to anchor previous to his disembarking on the coast of Normandy. The seventh and eighth compartments exhibit the seizure of Harold by the Count of Ponthieu. The ninth shows Harold remonstrating with Guy, the Count, upon his unjust seizure.

The compartments from ten to twenty-five, inclusive, exhibit various circumstances connected with the sojourn of Harold at the court of William. Mr. Stothard has justly observed, "That whoever designed this historical record was intimately acquainted with whatever was passing on the Norman side, is evidently proved by that minute attention to familiar and local circumstances evinced in introducing, solely in the Norman part, characters certainly not essential to the great events connected with the story of the work." The twenty-sixth compartment represents Harold swearing fidelity to William, with each hand on a shrine of relics. All the historians appear to be agreed that Harold did take an oath to William to support his claims to the crown of England, whatever might have been the circumstances under which that oath was extorted from him. The twenty-seventh compartment exhibits Harold's return to England; and the twenty-eighth shows him on his journey after landing. The twenty-ninth compartment has an inscription purporting that Harold comes to Edward the King. The thirtieth shows the funeral procession of the deceased Edward to Westminster Abbey, a hand out of heaven pointing to that building as a monument of his piety. The inscription says: "Here the body of Edward the King is borne to the church of St. Peter the Apostle." The thirty-first and thirty-second compart-

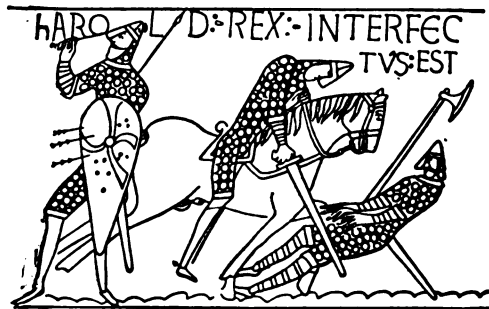
ments exhibit the sickness and death of the Confessor. The thirty-third shows the crown offered to Harold. The thirty-fourth presents us Harold on the throne, with Stigand the archbishop.

Then comes the compartment representing the comet which was held to presage the defeat of the Saxon Harold; and that is followed by one showing William giving orders for the building of ships for the invasion of England. We have then compartments, in which men are cutting down trees, building ships, dragging along vessels, and bearing arms and armor. The forty-third has an inscription, "Here they draw a car with wine and arms." After a compartment with William on horseback, we have the fleet on its voyage. The inscription to this recounts that he passes the sea with a great fleet, and comes to Pevensey. Three other compartments show the disembarkation of horses, the hasty march of cavalry, and the seizure and slaughter of animals for the hungry invaders. The forty-ninth compartment bears the inscription, "This is Wadard." Who this personage on horseback, thus honored, could be, was a great puzzle, till the name was found in Domesday-book as a holder of land in six English counties, under Odo, Bishop of Bayeux, the Conqueror's half-brother. This is one of the circumstances exhibiting the minute knowledge of the designers of this needlework. The fiftieth and fifty-first compartments present us the cooking and feasting of the Norman army. We have then the dining of the chiefs; the Duke about to dine, whilst Odo blesses the food; and the Duke sitting under a canopy. The fifty-fifth shows him holding a banner, and giving orders for the construction of a camp at Hastings.

Six other compartments show us the burning of a house with firebrands, the march out of Hastings, the advance to the battle and the anxious questioning by William of his spies and scouts as to the approach of the army of Harold. The sixty-third presents a messenger announcing to Harold that the army of William is near at hand. The sixty-fourth bears the inscription that Duke William addresses his soldiers that they should prepare themselves boldly and skillfully for the battle. We have then six compartments, each

exhibiting some scene of the terrible conflict. The seventy-first shows the death of Harold. The tapestry abruptly ends with the figures of flying soldiers.

Mr. Amyot, in his "Defence of the Early Antiquity of the Bayeux Tapestry," which is almost conclusive as to the fact of its being executed under direction of Matilda, the wife of the Conqueror, says truly: "If the Bayeux Tapestry be not history of the first class, it is perhaps something better. It exhibits genuine traits, elsewhere sought in vain, of the costume and manners of that age which, of all others, if we except the period of Reformation, ought to be the most interesting to us; that age which gave us a new race of monarchs, bringing with them new landholders, new laws, and almost a new language. As in the magic pages of Froissart, we here behold our ancestors of each race in most of the occupations of life—in courts and camps—in pastime and in battle—at feasts, and on the bed of sickness. These are characteristics which of themselves would call forth a lively interest; but their value is greatly enhanced by their connection with one of the most important events in history, the main subject of the whole design."—C. KNIGHT.



Death of Harold, who is attempting to pull the arrow from his eye.
(From the Bayeux Tapestry.)



"NO sovereign," says Lord Macaulay, "has ever represented the majesty of a great state with more dignity and grace than Louis the Fourteenth." He succeeded to the crown in infancy, and was educated among flatterers; yet to the end of a long life he maintained in his person such absolute assertion of inherent irresponsible power that he was accepted by his contemporaries and is still regarded by

historians as the perfect exemplar of modern kingship. In his councils was found such ability of administrative genius as promoted the power and glory of his kingdom. In the field he was served by military talent which in most cases compelled other nations to submit to his dictation. In his court he was surrounded by a galaxy of wit and beauty, finding life and pleasure in ministering to his diversion. He was indeed the sun, around whom a whole system of inferior planets revolved, and from whom they derived their own brilliancy.

Louis XIV. was born on the 5th of September, 1638. His mother, Anne of Austria, had almost from the day of her marriage been regarded with aversion and treated with neglect by her husband, Louis XIII. At last, after a score of years, some reconciliation was effected, and her hopeless barrenness was redeemed by the birth of a son, who was sur-named by the joyful attendants of the court "Dieu-donné."

His father died at the Castle of St. Germain on the 11th of May, 1643, and the child succeeded to the throne of the greatest kingdom in Europe at the age of four years and eight months.

During his minority France was under the regency of the Queen-mother, who was guided by the shrewd counsels of Cardinal Mazarin, an Italian, who had been the pupil and favorite of the greater Cardinal Richelieu. The French nobility, however, had a strong dislike to the supple foreigner, and brought about the civil war of the Fronde. During this time the Queen was obliged to leave Paris as no longer safe, and seek refuge in St. Germain en Laye. Here the court suffered much, and the King was often in want of necessaries. This humiliation made a deep impression in the mind of Louis, and rendered him afterwards imperious. As soon as the violence of the nobility was curbed and the Fronde brought to an end by the exile of its leaders, Louis became master of affairs, and although Mazarin, who had been recalled to the premiership, exercised its duties to the end of his life, the King was prepared to assert his prerogative.

With the death of Cardinal Mazarin, in 1661, began the real emancipation of Louis XIV. Though not yet twenty-three years of age, he took the administration of affairs into his own hands. Mazarin alone had understood the young king. He said: "There is stuff enough in him to make four kings and an honest man." Henceforth to the last moment of his life, Louis XIV. was not only the nominal, but also the real head of the state, and kept all his ministers aware of his control. When these officials came, after the death of Mazarin, to ask to whom they should report in the future, "To me," was his answer. He devoted his time to business, with unwearied assiduity, and was attentive and methodical in all his arrangements. He dismissed and imprisoned Fouquet, the Minister of Finance, who was tried and condemned to banishment for peculation and treason. Louis aggravated this sentence by shutting him up in the castle of Pignerol, where he died in 1680. Louis made a good choice in appointing M. Colbert to succeed his fallen minister, and much of the splendor of his reign is due to this wise selection.

The ruling principle of Louis XIV. was pure absolutism. The King, according to his idea, embodied the whole nation; all power, all authority, were vested in him. His favorite motto, "L'État, c'est Moi," was quite as much the expression of a principle as of personal pride, and it meant the extension and consolidation of the state from its own centre, in place of the distraction of government occasioned by the feudal system. He completed the work begun by Richelieu; he changed France from a feudal monarchy into an absolute one. He enticed the high nobility from their rural mansions, attracted them to court, gave them pensions or employed them in the regular army, and completely broke down their former spirit of independence. Devotion to the king became as much the fashion for the nobles as opposition to the court had been in the time of the Fronde. After the death of Mazarin, Louis admitted no more ecclesiastics into his council. The spirit of jealousy of the Gallican Church made it less dependent on Rome and more subservient to the crown; and the hostility of the magistracy against the clergy furnished the King with an arm always ready to check any mutinous disposition in the clerical body. Louis XIV. made the throne support the church, but did not look to the church for a support to the throne. The parliament were also subdued, like the nobility and clergy, by the absolute will of Louis.

The education of Louis had been very imperfect, and he was himself in great measure uninformed; but he encouraged science and literature, for which he was rewarded by numerous flatteries. His reign was a brilliant epoch of learning in France. With regard to the arts, Louis had more pomp than taste; he felt a pride in conquering obstacles, as the millions he lavished on Versailles, in a most unfavorable locality, amply testify.

In every way he insisted on the acknowledgment of the greatness of France by foreign powers. His ambassador at London was insulted by the followers of the Spanish ambassador in a question of precedence. Louis at once recalled his minister at Madrid, sent home the Spanish envoy, and threatened Philip with war if he did not make satisfactory amends. His father-in-law agreed, 1662, and the Count of

Fuentes declared in his name, at Fontainebleau, "that the Spanish ministers should not henceforth contend for precedence with those of France." Portugal was feebly defending her independence against Spain, and Louis helped to seat the house of Braganza upon the throne, 1665. The Barbary pirates infested the Mediterranean; the King, in 1665, sent his admiral, the Duke of Beaufort, against them. Beaufort set fire to their towns in Algiers and Tunis, and forced these barbarians to respect the name of France and the commerce of Christian nations.

In 1662, Louis XIV. bought the town of Dunkirk from Charles II. of England, for five millions; it was immediately surrounded by strong fortifications, and became an object of regret and terror to the English. In 1665 a war broke out between the Dutch and English: Louis joined the former, but was careful not to engage many of his ships. By the Treaty of Breda, in 1667, he restored three West India Islands to the English in exchange for Acadia. Louis aided the Emperor against the Turks and the Venetians in the defence of Candia.

The ambition of Louis XIV. now began to be attracted by the Netherlands, to which he possessed some shadow of a claim through his wife. To preserve the balance of power, England, Sweden and Holland formed the Triple Alliance against him. Louis disliked the Dutch, whom he considered as mercantile plebeians, heretics and republicans, "a body formed of too many heads, which cannot be warmed by the fire of noble passions." The Triple Alliance pleased the English people greatly. But little did that nation dream how basely it had been tricked. While Charles openly professed hostility to Louis, he was secretly in the pay of the French monarch, receiving a pension of £200,000 a year. The negotiations between the courts of England and France were conducted by a handsome Frenchwoman, called by the English, Madame Carwell. At Dover, in May, 1670, was signed a secret treaty, of which the principal terms were, that Charles should openly declare himself a Catholic, that he should fight for Louis against the Dutch Republic, and that he should support the claims of that monarch upon Spain. In 1672 an English fleet put to sea to aid France.

Louis XIV. himself took the field with the great Condé and Turenne under his orders. He crossed the Rhine and ravaged the United Provinces. But the Dutch, acting under the orders of their heroic leader, William of Orange, broke down their dykes; the sea rushed over their land, and the French soldiers had to flee for their lives. The war continued until 1678, when it was terminated by the Treaty of Nimeguen, which, with its almost immediate results, secured great advantages to the French crown. Louis kept the Franche Comté and part of the Spanish Netherlands.

Two years after the death of the wise Colbert, Louis XIV., under the prompting of Madame de Maintenon, committed the greatest mistake of his reign. In October, 1685, was signed that most unjust and disastrous measure, the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by which Protestantism was proscribed in France. The country lost thousands of its most industrious citizens, who repaired to foreign countries, carrying with them their manufacturing skill, and all the past efforts of Colbert to encourage French industry were at once rendered abortive by that fanatical act, of which the revolt of the Cévennes and the war of extermination which followed were direct consequences. On the other hand, he had several disputes with the Court of Rome, in which he treated the Pope with great asperity; twice he braved the pontiff, through his ambassadors; twice he seized Avignon, and twice he compelled the papal court to make him humble apologies. The persecution of the Jansenists was another consequence of Louis' intolerance.

The war broke out again in 1689 between Louis XIV. on one side, and the Empire, Holland and England on the other. Louis prepared for a descent upon England to support James II., of England, in Ireland; but the battle of the Boyne and the capitulation of Limerick put an end to the hopes of the Stuarts, and James II. passed the rest of his life an exile in France, where he died a pensioner of Louis. In Germany Louis XIV. caused one of the most atrocious acts recorded in the history of modern warfare. This was the utter devastation of the Palatinate by his commanders, a district of more than thirty miles in length being ravaged, plundered and

burnt, in cold blood, under the pretence of forming a barrier between the French army and its enemies. A cry of indignation resounded throughout all Europe at the disastrous news. In 1693 the unfortunate town of Heidelberg, which had been partly restored by the inhabitants, was taken again by the French Marshal De Lorges; the women were violated, the churches set on fire, and the inhabitants stripped of everything and driven from their homes. On this news being received at Paris, a coin was struck which represented the town in flames, with the inscription, "Rex dixit et factum est!" The barbarous war was ingloriously terminated in 1679 by the Treaty of Ryswick. By this Louis gained nothing, acknowledged William III. as King of Great Britain, and restored the Duke of Lorraine to his dominions.

In 1701 the succession of his grandson to the Spanish crown was disputed by the rest of Europe, and a long series of wars followed, lasting thirteen years. Marlborough, the great English general, humbled the power of France, during these wars, in four great battles. At Blenheim in Bavaria, in 1704, he defeated Marshal Tollard. At Ramillies in South Brabant, in 1706, he overthrew Villeroi. At Oudenarde in East Flanders, in 1708, the French lost 15,000 men, and more than one hundred banners. The capture of Lisle was a result of this victory. And at Malplaquet, on the northeastern frontier of France, in 1709, a still bloodier victory was won by the genius of Marlborough. It was not until 1713 that the peace of Utrecht gave rest to exhausted Europe. Louis succeeded in establishing a Bourbon dynasty in Spain; but this was the only advantage he gained. His best generals were dead, his treasury was exhausted, his subjects were tired of war and of taxes, and he himself was broken down in health and spirits, a mere shadow of what he had been.

Louis had raised the revenue of France to 750,000,000 livres (about \$14,610,000,000), an enormous sum, considering the poverty of the country at that time. Louis spent 3,865,000,000 livres for his last two wars. He died on September 1, 1715, at the age of seventy-seven years, after having reigned seventy-two. He left France, which he had raised to a

pinnacle of glory, excessively exhausted, and ready to become the scene of anarchy and desolation.

Louis XIV. was in early life a sensualist, yet a methodical, deliberate one, and after having enjoyed to the utmost the pleasures of the world and the flesh, he sought, by twenty years of devotion, to save his soul from the devil. To Madame de Maintenon, aided by the eloquence of Bossuet, belongs the credit of reforming him. The most skeptical of historians have not been able to show that Madame owed her influence to any sacrifice of honor, or that she was not really married to him in 1684, about a year after the death of his Queen, Maria Theresa.

Louis, from the death of Mazarin, was faithful to his idea of the duties of a king. He was active, intelligent and regular in business; quick in discovering the abilities of others, an able administrator himself, endowed with a constant equanimity in adversity, as well as prosperity, and a perfect self-command. His manner was noble, and his appearance imposing; he acted the king, but he acted it admirably. To dress and etiquette Louis gave as close attention as he did to the profoundest diplomacy. Whatever he considered worth doing, he did with the utmost exactness. The example he set himself, he required all his officers to imitate. His great ministers organized their departments on plans which their successors long continued to observe. Lionne organized the French Foreign Office and diplomatic service; Colbert organized the internal administration of the country; Louvois organized the War Department so that it became the model for that service in all European countries. The boundaries of France to-day are substantially those which were formed in the reign of the Grand Monarch.

Personally, Louis XIV. was not merely majestic, he was amiable. Those who surrounded him, the members of his family, his ministers, his domestics, loved him. His natural gifts and the experience of his youth made up for his want of learning and study. If he carried his notions of absolutism to an extreme, he was evidently persuaded of his divine right, and acted from a sense of duty as from inclination.

THE CAMPAIGN OF LOUIS XIV. IN BELGIUM.

The King set out from Saint Germain, May 16, 1672, to put himself at the head of the army. Everything was ready. The preparations had kept pace with the negotiations. The military force of France had been raised, by degrees and with little noise, from 72,000 to 125,000 men; 1,600 cannon had been cast in France, many more purchased in foreign countries; great magazines had been prepared in Picardy, and 50,000 soldiers awaited the signal on the northern frontier. All of the operations were to be conducted by Marshal-General Turenne; the King had told this great captain that he wished to learn under him the "trade of war." The active army was divided into three very unequal corps: the principal one, of 25,000 infantry and 10,000 cavalry, was, under the King and Turenne, to operate in the heart of Belgium, between the Meuse and the Lys; the left wing, of 6,000 or 7,000 foot and 2,000 horse, under Marshal d'Aumont, had orders to act between the Lys and the sea; the right, commanded by Lieutenant-General Créquy, 3,500 cavalry or dragoons, and 3,000 infantry strong, of which 2,500 were auxiliaries exacted of the Duke of Lorraine, was posted at Sierck, on the Moselle, to watch the movements of Germany and to threaten Luxemburg.

The King arrived, May 20th, at Amiens, where were the headquarters of Turenne. On the 24th, hostilities commenced by the occupation of Armentières; the commandant was surprised while demolishing his fortifications according to the orders of the Governor of the Netherlands. The Governor, Castel-Rodrigo, on the news of the French invasion, had ordered the second-class places to be everywhere dismantled in order to concentrate in the most important the few forces at his disposal. The principal army corps, assembled at Amiens, Péronne and La Fère, moved rapidly from the Somme and the Oise, on the Sambre, and, leaving on its left Cambrai, Valenciennes and Mons, without attacking them, occupied Binche in passing, and stopped only at Charleroi. Castel-Rodrigo had believed himself unable to hold this key of Brabant; he had ordered the new fortifications, which he

himself had commenced two years before, to be mined, then evacuated the place. The French vanguard entered June 2d.

The young officers exclaimed that it was necessary to march straight to Brussels and overthrow at a blow the Spanish government of the Netherlands; but Turenne observed to the King that Castel-Rodrigo would not fail to accumulate in his capital all the defensive resources which he possessed, and that the French infantry, "composed in great part of raw soldiers, might be repulsed or destroyed by a siege of long duration." The army was employed, therefore, for a fortnight, in building up the ramparts of Charleroi, in order to make it a stronghold in the heart of Belgium; then was turned from the Sambre towards the Scheldt; it seized Ath on the way, then, from the 17th to the 21st of June, invested Tournay. Marshal d'Aumont joined the King and Turenne before Tournay, with his small army corps, which had taken Bergues, June 6th, and Furnes, June 12th. On the 24th, the people of Tournay, seeing the besiegers masters of the counterscarp, revolted, obliged their feeble garrison to withdraw within the citadel, and capitulated in consideration of the preservation of their privileges. The citadel surrendered the next day. The King made his entry into Tournay amidst the acclamations of this ancient city, which, fallen formerly by conquest under foreign dominion, had forgotten neither its origin nor its old French affection. Nothing could be more popular in France than the recovery of Tournay. The discovery of the tomb of Childeric (Hilderik), the father of the great Clovis, had recently revived the national traditions concerning this cradle of the Empire of the Franks.

Tournay taken, they fell back on Douai. The King and Turenne, not having to face an adversary that could keep the field, operated at leisure, and preferred to brilliant strokes, to bold dashes, those substantial conquests of frontiers which immediately became a part of the body of the State and were scarcely ever lost again. The trenches were opened before Douai, July 3d, and the attack was carried on with extreme vigor. Vauban, who had revealed, in the last years of the preceding war, talents of the first order in the conduct of sieges, directed the works. The Spaniards had not had

time at Douai, any more than at Tournay, to reinforce the garrison; the citizens of Douai showed themselves at first much more disposed to resist than those of Tournay had been; but their warlike disposition moderated when they saw the French, at the end of three days, in a position to assault the body of the town. The town and Fort Scarp, which covered it on the north, surrendered July 6th.

A few days after, Marshal d'Aumont invested Courtrai (July 14th). The town capitulated on the 16th, and the citadel on the 18th. The King, meanwhile, brought the Queen to Douai, Orchies, and Tournay to show her to her new subjects: all the beauties of the court accompanied Maria Theresa; the magnificence and gallantry of Versailles were displayed in the midst of war before the wonder-struck Flemings. The inhabitants of Douai effaced the memory of their resistance by the brilliant welcome which they gave the Queen.

The interval was short; Louis rejoined the army, which, master of the course of the Lys through Courtrai, descended the Scheldt and attacked Audenarde. This city, overpowered by formidable artillery, surrendered in two days (July 31st). The capture of Audenarde was designed to pave the way for that of Dendermonde, a place much more important by its position between Ghent, Brussels, and Antwerp; but the royal vanguard did not reach Dendermonde soon enough to prevent Count de Marsin, sent from Brussels by Castel-Rodrigo, from throwing himself into the city with 1,800 men, and inundating the neighborhood by opening the sluices. This was the same Marsin who had been the favorite lieutenant of the great Condé and who, excluded from the amnesty of 1659 by Mazarin, had remained in the service of Spain. Turenne counselled the King not to persist in this siege, which might have consumed the rest of the campaign. August 5th, the army decamped and turned its back on Ghent and Brussels. Cries began to be raised against this *retreat*; they ceased when the army paused before Lille (July 8-10).

The siege of the great Walloon city was a much more brilliant enterprise than the attack on Dendermonde, and

Louis XIV. claims, in his Memoirs, the honor of having personally conceived it. Lille contained 1,800 infantry and 1,000 picked cavalry, 2,000 *curlins*, a provincial militia almost as warlike as the regular troops, and, if the relations of the times are to be believed, 15,000 inhabitants capable of bearing arms. Count de Brouai, the Governor of Lille, spared nothing to raise the municipal spirit and to awaken the popular attachment in favor of the heir of the ancient dukes of Burgundy. He ordered the portrait of the little King, Carlos II., to be carried through the streets, and demanded a new oath from the citizens, who swore in a body to die rather than capitulate. A wooden horse was placed before the town hall, with a truss of hay and an inscription in bad verse, declaring that the horse would eat the hay before the town surrendered.

The besiegers were not dismayed by this factitious enthusiasm, and commenced a double line of contravallation and circumvallation. The Governor had sent to entreat the King to choose the best house in the neighborhood for his residence, and to inform him of it, that he might forbid firing upon the royal quarters. Louis thanked Brouai for this courtesy, but declared that his quarters were his whole camp.

Deeds answered to words ; the King passed the nights in bivouac, and the greater part of the days in the trenches, ready to repulse the sorties in person. One day, when visiting the trenches, he pushed on to a place greatly exposed to the fire of the besieged ; the courtiers pressed him to retire ; he hesitated. The old Duke de Charost, one of his captains of the guard, drew near him and whispered, "Sire, the wine is drawn, it must be drunk." Louis finished his walk without hastening his steps, and was pleased with Charost for having preferred his honor to his life.

The King's presence animated the troops to endure the privations caused by the inexperience of Louvois, who had ill arranged the commissary department, and by the servants that the courtiers brought in their trains, a parasitical crowd that contributed to exhaust the provisions destined for the army. Turenne, exceedingly paternal toward the soldiers, but rude enough with the generals and the ministers,

addressed an admonition to the young Secretary of War, which left lasting rancor in the heart of Louvois and of his father, Le Tellier.

The lines were finished, however, August 18th; Marshal d'Aumont covered the siege and observed the movements of the Spaniards, who were collecting troops at Alost and Ypres to disturb the siege. The 18th, at evening, the trenches were opened. The 21st, a battery of twenty-four guns of large calibre dismounted nearly all the cannon which defended the Gate of Fives and the vicinity. The 23d, the Marquis de Créqui arrived from the banks of the Moselle, with his little army corps. As nothing was stirring on the side of Germany, it had been thought possible to unite all the active forces to insure the success of the enterprise. On the night of the 25th-26th, the counterscarp was carried and twenty-two 24-pounders were mounted there. On the night of the 26th-27th, two half-moons were taken, and the mine was connected with the body of the place.

For several days, terror had reigned in the city, and the 22d, the bourgeois, belying the bravadoes which had been suggested to them, had signified to the Governor that they would capitulate if they were not succored by the 27th. The artisans had responded with excessive coldness to the exhortations of the Spanish leaders, and armed themselves, to the number of 8,000, slowly and with ill grace. On the same night that the French gained the foot of the rampart, the people repaired tumultuously to the town hall, and exacted the communication of the letters by which the Governor of the Netherlands promised aid to the Governor of Lille. The aid was not promised till September 10th. The people would listen no longer, and caused the fire of the ramparts to cease immediately. The Governor deemed it impossible to suppress this movement; he sent deputies to the King to offer to surrender in four days in default of aid; the King demanded that he should surrender the same day. At evening, one of the gates of the city was delivered to the French; the next morning, August 28th, the garrison marched out with the honors of war, and the King made his entry into Lille.

All Walloon Flanders had again become French at the price of less effort and bloodshed than it had cost, in the Middle Ages, to force one of its places. It was because there was encountered no great interest, no great idea, which could lead the people to refuse to return to the bosom of the mother country. Such are the only good and legitimate conquests,—those which fall into the hands of the conqueror like ripe fruit,—those which may indeed transgress the political laws forged by men, but which are in conformity with the laws of Providence, and which realize, far from violating, the principle of nationalities.

Count de Marsin, Commander-General of the Spanish troops, had been at Ypres, since August 25th, with 12,000 men, two-thirds of which were cavalry; he had neither time nor strength to attempt to save Lille. The King and Turenne, from the 27th, conceived the hope of cutting off his retreat to Ghent and Brussels. Lieutenant-General Créquy, whose cavalry had been posted on the Lys, between Lille and Ypres, was ordered to repair rapidly between the canal of Bruges and that of the Sas-de-Ghent. August 28th, the whole army followed Créquy's corps. Marsin, on learning of the loss of Lille, had sent what little infantry he had to Dixmude, Nieuwpoort and Ostend, and had set out himself at full speed, with 8,000 cavalry, for Ghent by the way of Bruges. August 31st, at daybreak, he encountered the French vanguard barring his way to Ghent. Apprised that the main body of the royal army was not far off, he sought to fall back on Bruges. He had not time: charged with irresistible impetuosity, he was broken, overwhelmed, put to rout completely; part of his squadrons were pursued to the sea-shore, on the territory of Dutch Flanders; the rest were chased to the gates of Bruges; 2,000 cavalry were killed, taken, or dispersed.

September 1, the whole French army was found assembled before the walls of Ghent. Several generals urged the King to profit by the defeat of Marsin to attack this great city; but the army was greatly fatigued by so much labor and marching, and especially by the bad weather; heavy rains had begun during the siege of Lille and had not yet ceased; the

infantry was much diminished by garrisoning the new conquests, and it was not certain that the cities of the Flemish tongue would yield as easily as those of the French tongue, although the example of Dunkirk augured well in this respect. Political considerations acted also on the mind of the King: Louis still desired to be circumspect towards Holland, and, above all, to mature vast secret projects which might, to a certain point, restrain his arms. He resolved to attempt nothing more of importance this year, and only to fortify himself in the positions taken. September 2d, he set out for Saint-Germain, leaving the army to Turenne.

The Marshal-General was obliged, however, to undertake another enterprise after the King's departure. The Governor of the Netherlands having thrown a garrison into Alost, in order to cover Brussels and to harass the French garrison, Turenne, September 11th, assaulted Alost by main force, compelled it to capitulate the next day, and razed the fortifications. Being unable, on account of the bad weather, to establish himself on the canal from Brussels to Antwerp, he occupied the cities and burghs of the Dender until the end of October, then distributed the army again into winter-quarters, November 1st.

The invasion of Belgium had excited lively agitation in all the European Cabinets, and the evolutions of diplomacy had been neither less active nor less complicated during this short campaign than the marches and countermarches of strategy.—HENRI MARTIN.

DEATH OF LOUIS XIV.

Great preparations were made for the celebration of the feast of St. Louis, which takes place on the 25th of August. The king, for the last time, dined in public, surrounded by his brilliant court. But he fainted at the end of the entertainment, and was conveyed to bed in a high fever. On the following morning he was so much better as to command a concert in his ante-chamber; but in the evening he sent for Marshal Villeroy, and gave him instructions to have the royal guards in readiness to support the council of regency. In the course of the day he added a codicil to his will, ordaining

that his successor should be removed for safety to the castle of Vincennes; that Fleury, Bishop of Frejus, should be his preceptor, and Le Tellier his confessor. He then received the usual rites of the church.

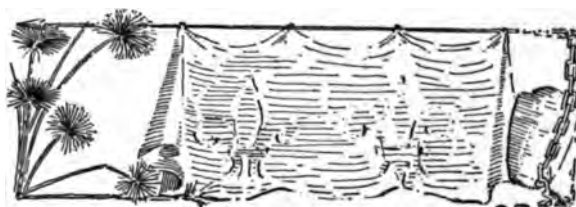
Louis now prepared to meet death with a magnanimity worthy of his race. He took a solemn farewell of the princes of the blood, and spoke so affectionately to the Duke of Orleans, that the latter burst into tears. His great-grandson and heir was then brought in by the Duchess of Ventadour, his governess. The king took the child in his withered arms, and having blessed him, said: "My little boy, you are going to be a great king, but your happiness will depend on your submission to God, and the care you take of your subjects; avoid war as much as possible; it is the ruin of nations; follow not the bad example I have set you in this respect. I have often engaged in war too lightly, and have continued it from vanity; do not imitate me, but be a pacific prince; let your chief object be to satisfy your subjects; profit by the good education which the Duchesse de Ventadour is giving you; obey her, and follow the good lessons she will teach you." Then, turning to the duchess, he said: "I have to thank you, madam, for the care with which you are bringing up this child, and for the tender love you manifest towards him. Continue your cares, I beseech you; may you deserve, and may he give you all his confidence."

Gangrene had now made its appearance in the king's legs, and was rapidly spreading; but he still continued to regulate the affairs of the kingdom with his ministers. As society fatigued him, few were permitted to approach him; but Madame de Maintenon remained day and night by his bed; but her services were merely mechanical, and she exhibited a total want of feeling. Almost the only phrase the king addressed to her was certainly not likely to be agreeable: "The only thing that consoles me, madame," said he, "is that you will soon rejoin me."

Louis XIV. died on the 1st of September, 1715, four days before attaining his seventy-seventh year. At a signal from the physician, the chamberlain of France cried out, "The king is dead." At the same instant, the sumptuous apart-

ments of Versailles were thrown open, and the Duchess of Ventadour led forward a child of five years of age, in royal robes; while heralds and courtiers proclaimed: "The king is alive! Long live Louis Fifteenth of the name, our lord and master!"

By his will, the king bequeathed his heart to the church of the Jesuits, as his father, Louis XIII., had done more than seventy years before. His bowels, according to custom, were interred in Notre Dame. The funeral procession to St. Denis was poor and ineffective: the multitude exhibited no signs of sorrow; on the contrary, it seems as if it had been a day of festivity and rejoicing. "There was nothing but eating and drinking along the whole road to St. Denis," says a contemporary journalist. Pamphlets, lampoons and satires assailed his memory before his body was deposited in the grave. Never was there a monarch so flattered during life, and so insulted after death. Massillon alone paid due homage to his memory in that immortal funeral oration which proclaims that "God alone is great," and that all earthly pomp and magnificence must terminate in such a fate as that of the royal dust which lay before him.—W. COOKE TAYLOR.





LA VALLIÈRE.



THE story of the Duchess de La Vallière, the first mistress of Louis XIV. of France, is regarded by some French writers as edifying as that of the repentant Magdalen. It forms the basis of several works of fiction, among which are a novel by Madame de Genlis, and one of the most effective of Dumas' romances. This virtuous interest taken in a tale of court scandal may illustrate the wide distance between French and English views of social morality.

Louise-Françoise De La Baume Le Blanc De La Vallière was born in August, 1644, at Touraine, of a distinguished family. Her mother was re-married to M. de St. Remi, chief-house-steward of Gaston, Duke of Orleans, and was attached to the court of this prince, and resided successively at Orleans and Blois. All the memoirs of that period give to her the character of a wise and good-natured woman. When the only brother of Louis XIV. married Henrietta of England, Mademoiselle de la Vallière was appointed her maid of honor. Amid the pleasures of a young and gallant court, she won esteem by her rectitude, her innate love of virtue, her gentleness and sincerity, her peculiar artlessness. Elizabeth Charlotte, Duchess of Orleans, said of her: "She had a perfect figure, her eyes appeared far more beautiful than those of Madame de Montespan, her deportment was modest. The only

defect in her appearance was a slight limp; but her glance had an inexpressible charm. She spoke with the innocent playfulness of childhood."

When the young girl began to share in the festivities of the court, she at first conceived for Louis XIV. a lively admiration, which feeling, before the beginning of his marked attention, speedily ripened into sincere love. It was in the diversions of Fontainebleau that the intimacy of their liaison commenced, and almost before she was aware, the childlike Mademoiselle de la Vallière forfeited her virtue to become the mistress of a king. It was not ambition or vanity that caused her fall, but self-sacrificing love for the monarch who consummated her ruin. She never, during her life, admitted another attachment. She concealed, as long as it was possible, the actualities of her position from the other ladies of the court, and especially from the Queen, Maria Theresa. Yet La Vallière had a friend who was destined to become her rival and supplanter—one who excelled in art and won her victories by stratagem—Madame de Montespan. There was a time, indeed, when La Vallière and De Montespan appeared together with the Queen at the fêtes at Versailles, at military reviews and at the frontiers. People hastened from all points to see the women who had basked in the brilliancy of the royal sun, and asked each other in all simplicity if they had seen the three queens. The true Queen, indeed, suffered torments of jealousy, and more than once she was heard to exclaim, with reference especially to Madame de Montespan, "That woman will be the death of me."

La Vallière bore four children, of whom only two lived beyond infancy; Marie-Anne de Bourbon, named Mademoiselle de Blois, and afterward Princess of Conti, who was born in 1666, and the Count of Vermandois, born in 1667. In the same year the King deeded her the duchy of Vaujour, and two baronies situated, the one in Touraine, and the other in Anjou, in favor of Mademoiselle de la Vallière and the princess, her daughter. After receiving this honor and after her children were legitimized, she was in despair, for she had believed that no one would know of her maternity. She called her daughter Mademoiselle, and the Princess called her

"belle maman." Madame de Sévigné said of La Vallière in 1680: "It is right to believe Madame de Montespan precisely the opposite of this pretty violet who hides under the leaf, and who was ashamed to be a mistress, a mother, a Duchess." A feeling of despair and shame did overtake her, and one morning she fled from the palace of the Tuileries to the Convent of Ste-Marie, at Chaillot; but she was persuaded to return to court. A second time she fled, and a second time the King induced her to return. Her feelings were now tortured by the presence of Madame de Montespan, who was advanced to the first place in the King's regard, and in 1674 Mademoiselle de la Vallière executed the resolution she had long contemplated. She retired, for the third time, to the convent.

Her profession as a Carmelite nun took place on June 3, 1675, and the Queen herself gave her the black veil. But La Vallière was never more present to the King's thoughts than after she had abandoned his court. Never had she appeared so adorable to him as when the sight of her had been forbidden him. But the Duchess, now become Sister Louise of Mercy, said that if the King came to her convent, she would hide herself so effectually that he could not find her. When she lost her brother in 1676, the King sent her word that if he were a good enough man to see a Carmelite so pious as she, he would go in person to tell her how he regretted the loss she had sustained. Louis XIV. joyfully granted all she asked, not for herself, but for her relatives, and was glad to learn that the Queen and all the court gave the pious Carmelite marks of their interest and veneration. The Queen often visited her husband's former mistress, and Sister Louise redoubled her austerities. She also received, as an inmate of the convent, Madame de Montespan, once her friend, afterwards her rival, now her repentant sister. On June 6, 1710, after a long and serious illness, La Vallière died in the midst of nuns to whom her gentleness and kindness had long given delight. The Princess de Conti, notified too late, reached the Carmelite convent only in time to see her mother breathe her last. She was buried at Paris in the Carmelite Church of the Rue Saint-Jacques.

Thirty-six years of austere penitence in the strictest conventual enclosure, and severe mortifications, did not seem to the Duchess de la Vallière a sufficient expiation for the griefs she had occasioned the saintly Queen, Maria Theresa. She wrote a devotional work which was edited by Bossuet, and a collection of her letters was published about half a century after her death.

THE ROYAL LOVER.

Among the festivities at Fontainebleau in July, 1661, a ballet took place, in which both the King and the Duchess of Orleans bore an active part ; Louis XIV. figured on the occasion as Ceres ; and the *Grand Monarque*, who resented the most trifling want of respect from those around him, made his appearance in a Greek tunic and a coronet of golden wheat-ears ; declaimed his own praises in the rhymes of Benserade ; and, finally, figured in this unregal costume before the eyes of the whole court. At the termination of the ballet, the company dispersed themselves about the park, where they found in every direction tables sumptuously provided, of which the honors were done by nymphs and forest deities, crowned with ivy ; but all these magnificent arrangements were almost unheeded by Mademoiselle de la Vallière, who was absorbed by the image of the king-goddess, whom she had so lately seen exhibiting the graces of his person amid applauding crowds ; and she at length felt the gayety by which she was surrounded so oppressive that she suggested to Mesdemoiselles de Chalais, de Tonnay-Charente (afterwards Madame de Montespan), and de Montalais, that they should walk into the forest and repose themselves for a time in one of its dim recesses.

To this proposal they willingly consented ; and after strolling for awhile, listening to the nightingales and watching the stars, which from time to time peeped through the foliage as it swayed beneath the voluptuous breeze of evening, they finally seated themselves under a large tree upon the border of the wood, and began to discuss anew the pleasures of the day and the chief actors in the gay scene which had formed their principal feature. For a time Louise bore no share in the conversation ; but she was at length startled from her

silence by an appeal to her judgment, when she unguardedly declared that she could give no opinion upon the subject discussed, and was only surprised that any man should be remarked beside the King.

This reply drew down upon her, as a natural consequence, the sarcasm of the whole party, who accused her of being so difficult that nothing save a crowned head would satisfy her vanity ; when the poor girl, anxious to exculpate herself from a charge which she felt must overwhelm her with ridicule, should it become the gossip of the court, hastily exclaimed that they did her injustice ; for that his crown could add nothing to his natural advantages ; but was, on the contrary, the safeguard of those about him, as without it he would indeed be doubly dangerous.

She had no sooner made this unwise rejoinder than she became aware of the extent of her imprudence ; and while her three companions remained silent in astonishment, she sprung from the ground to escape, and discovered that two men were partially concealed behind the tree against which she had been leaning. A faint shriek instantly directed the attention of the whole party to the fact, and, terrified beyond control, they simultaneously fled in the direction of the chateau, where they arrived panting and breathless.

Once alone in her apartment, whither she immediately hastened, Louise de la Vallière wept bitterly over the folly of which she had been guilty. It was the first time that she had ventured to express her feelings, and the long pent-up secret had escaped her she knew not how, although she was painfully conscious of the ridicule with which it was calculated to overwhelm her. In the agony of her repentance she flung herself upon her knees, and earnestly prayed that the consequences of her fault might be averted ; but her emotion and alarm were, nevertheless, so great, that for a couple of days she was unable to perform her duties, or even to leave her room. Now, for the first time, she felt in their full force the difficulties of the position which she had coveted ; and she trembled as she looked forward to again appearing before the malicious eyes of the court. There was, however, no alternative ; and she was at length compelled to make the trial.

Montalais was, as she well knew, the greatest gossip-monger in the whole city ; while Mademoiselle de Tonnay-Charente, who piqued herself upon her wit, was not likely to suffer so favorable an opportunity for its display to remain unimproved ; and thus, beset on all sides, and only too well aware of her own want of self-possession, the poor girl stole from her chamber on the evening of the third day to take her place in the saloon of *Madame*. She traversed the anteroom without exciting either word or look which implied the betrayal of her secret ; and for a moment she began to entertain the hope that she had wronged her companions, and that her folly was undivulged ; but a remark from the Duke de Roquelaure, who chanced to be in the circle of *Madame* when she entered, soon undeceived her ; and the shock was so great that she staggered, and would have fallen, had not Mademoiselle de Tonnay-Charente promptly come to her assistance, attributing her sudden faintness to fatigue : a plea of which she readily availed herself to request her dismissal for the evening.

When she found herself again alone, the unhappy girl more than ever saw the necessity of struggling against a weakness which could only tend to increase the difficulty of her position, and, at whatever cost, to combat the terror and shame by which she was oppressed. Having formed this resolution, she entered the apartments of *Madame*, on the following day, with an apparent composure which belied her real feelings.

As she had anticipated, the King was already there, and engaged in conversation with the different ladies of the suite, carefully addressing a few words to each as he passed down the room. He was yet at some distance from the door near which she sat, and thus she saw him slowly approach, and began to comprehend that she should probably be spoken to in her turn : an honor which had never yet occurred to her, and which caused her heart to beat with mingled joy and apprehension. At length, as she had anticipated, he paused before her, and inquired what she had thought of the ballet of the previous Saturday, if, indeed, she still remembered it ?

With some difficulty she compelled herself to answer ; but her agitation was increased by remarking that the King started as he heard her voice, and looked at her with a marked atten-

tion which drew upon them the observation of all by whom they were immediately surrounded. After remaining a few seconds with his eyes steadily fixed upon her, Louis, with a profound bow to the blushing and bewildered girl, prepared to leave the room; but, before he did so, he again turned more than once toward the spot where she was sitting.

Thenceforward Mademoiselle de la Vallière found herself the marked object of the attentions of the King; and, fortunately for her composure, she continued unaware that His Majesty had been one of the eavesdroppers of the wood of Fontainebleau, induced to this somewhat treacherous indiscretion by the suggestion of M. de Beringhen, who, seeing the four fair girls retire from the brilliant scene around them to hold a conference in the forest, had laughingly remarked, that they were about to confide to each other the secrets of their hearts, and that the opportunity was a favorable one for ascertaining the identity of their favorite cavaliers. The King had entered willingly into the jest; but as it was too dark to permit either himself or his companion to discover who were the fugitives, they were compelled to trust to their after-penetration to divine this important point; and thus it was that Louis XIV., jealous above all things of being loved for his own sake, had the gratification of discovering that one heart at least acknowledged the power of his attractions, not as a monarch, but as a man. The sequel of the incident we have already shown; and when he recognized the voice of Mademoiselle de la Vallière, it was scarcely wonderful that he should examine with attention the person of whose attachment he had obtained such unequivocal testimony.

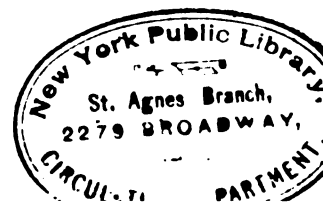
The delight of Louise was great, when she perceived that the King looked upon her with an eye of favor; while his manner was at the same time so guarded, and so respectful, and he so carefully abstained from any allusion which could lead her to look beyond the present moment, or to imagine that his courtesy was intended to imply more than a mere generous interest, that she soon found herself enabled to converse with him with easy and graceful composure; and thus to exhibit all the charm of a young, pure heart, still uncontaminated by its commerce with a court.

Every evening, when he joined the circle of *Madame*, after having paid his respects to the princess and the principal ladies of her circle, he contrived to secure a brief conversation with Mademoiselle de la Vallière; and as the passion of Louis for *Madame Henriette* was at least suspected, it became a matter of general belief that it was for her sake alone he made his visits so long and so continuous: a faith which Louise entertained in common with those about her, and which blinded her to the peril to which she was exposed.

Only a few days subsequent, a great hunt took place, at which all the ladies of the court were present; and at the termination of the sport, tables were spread under the trees in the park, at a considerable distance from the chateau, about which the whole party assembled. The repast was a gay one, but the heat excessive, while the clouds which were gathering above their heads foretold a storm. Nevertheless, heedless of the warning, the feast proceeded; nor did it suffer any interruption until the large drops that had been for some time plashing heavily upon the leaves, suddenly gave place to a burst of rain, which descended in such torrents that all idea of etiquette was forgotten; and the different individuals of the royal party rushed away in every direction to shelter themselves as best they might.

In the confusion, Mademoiselle de la Vallière was running she knew not where, when she found the King beside her, who, politely taking her hand, hurried her towards a large tree, whose massy foliage offered a sure protection from the storm. Grateful for such distinguished care, but conscious of the observation it would not fail to create, Louise would have retired; but the first words of the King, full of grave reproach, arrested her purpose; and throughout the whole of the two long hours that the storm endured, remorselessly pouring down upon feathered toques and satin draperies, it was remarked by those who were sufficiently near to note the circumstance, that Louis remained bareheaded, with his plumed hat in his hand; and that he maintained an earnest and animated conversation with his fair companion, to which only one interpretation could be given.

Thenceforward the King avoided all particular notice of



Mademoiselle de la Vallière, when they met in the apartments of *Madame*; but when, in the evening, the ladies drove through the different avenues of the park, he quitted after a time the carriage of the princess, and mounting his horse, soon stationed himself beside the window of that which was occupied by Louise—while not content with thus expressing the increase of his passion, he sustained with her a daily correspondence, which convinced her only too well, had such a conviction still been wanting, of the extent of his attachment and the refinement of his mind.

At that period the fashion of lotteries had obtained greatly at court, and the Queen-Mother, who, despite her increasing malady, was anxious not to be altogether overlooked, although unable to leave her own apartments, was one of the most constant in providing these entertainments, to which, having only a small circle of her own, she was careful to invite *Madame* and her immediate friends and retinue. On one occasion the King drew the principal prize, which was a pair of bracelets of great value, when an immediate anxiety was felt to ascertain to whom they would be offered, although little doubt was entertained that they would become the property of *Madame Henriette*; and, accordingly, all eyes were turned in her direction, to detect at once the mingled pleasure and triumph with which she must welcome such an offering.

Meanwhile, Mademoiselle de la Vallière stood apart, thinking not of the ornaments, but of the hand which held them, and anxious merely for the moment when, released from the trammels of her service, she should once more see the King at her side, and listen to his words addressed only to herself. For a moment Louis sat motionless with the glittering baubles in his hand, as his keen eye swept the circle, and then slowly rising, he made his way through the throng of ladies, and presented them to La Vallière, who, having attentively examined their workmanship, returned them with a profound courtesy, remarking that they were indeed extremely beautiful.

"In that case, Mademoiselle," said the King, graciously, "they are in hands too fair to resign them;" and, with a salutation as stately as her own, he returned to his seat.

Madame bit her lip and turned pale ; but she soon recovered her self-possession, and made her acknowledgments most gracefully for the honor conferred upon one of her own suite, while the Queen looked on with a quiet smile, utterly unsuspecting of the truth. Feelingly does La Vallière exclaim, as she records this incident of her life, "That confidence was a sad misfortune for us all. One tear from her would have saved me!"—J. PARDOE.





THE period during which the Marquise de Montespan was the dominant influence in the court of Louis XIV. was the most brilliant of that eventful reign. La Vallière represented the gayety of youth, Montespan, the pleasure-seeking of middle life, and Maintenon the rigor and conventionality of age.

Françoise Athénais de Rochechouart de Mortemart was born at the château of Tonnay-Charente in 1641, being the younger daughter of Rochechouart, first Duke of Mortemart. She was educated at Saintes, in the convent of Sainte Marie. Taking the name of Tonnay-Charente from her birth-place, she became maid of honor to the Duchess of Orleans. The queen-mother, Anne of Austria, enforced a rigid etiquette at the court; but the Duke and Duchess of Orleans gave almost unbridled license to those who gathered around them in pursuit of pleasure. The King was greatly attracted by the brilliant Duchess Henrietta, and Anne exerted herself to rouse the jealousy of Monsieur, as the Duke was called. The King was also convinced that it was necessary to make some sacrifice to appearances, and accordingly it was arranged that an

intrigue should be feigned with some lady in attendance on the Duchess. The intrigue, however, became a serious attachment to the innocent La Vallière.

At the age of twenty-two Mademoiselle Tonnay-Charente married the Marquis of Montespan, and became lady in attendance on the Queen. Her beauty and wit seemed to impress all at the court except the King himself. She was, however, a friend to the trusting La Vallière and showed no jealousy of the King's liaison. Meanwhile her friendship for his mistress seems to have led Louis to engage in conversation with her, and gradually her intellectual power obtained control over his passions. La Vallière, though sincerely devoted to the King, was ever sensitive to the unlawfulness of their connection, and endeavored in all ways to conceal it as far as circumstances would permit. Montespan had no such scruples, and when the King turned his attentions to her received them without hesitation. She became his mistress in 1668, and within two years was openly acknowledged as such. Her husband in vain attempted to exclude the royal lover, who used his power to banish the nobleman to his estate. In 1676 the injured husband obtained from the court a legal separation.

The influence of the Marquise de Montespan was paramount for fourteen years. She directed the employment of ministers and officers of the court. She prevailed upon the King to legitimize their six children, who were carefully educated under the tuition of the widow of the poet Scarron, who, under her later name, Madame de Maintenon, was eventually to win the fickle King's affections and succeed to the place of power. Montespan had already been superseded by Madame de Fontanges, and was discarded by the King in 1686. For some years she retained a place at court and even made efforts to regain her former position. Finally realizing that the attempt was hopeless, she withdrew and sought refuge in the convent which the piety of La Vallière had established. Afterwards establishing one of her own, she devoted her time to regrets for the pleasures of the court, and endeavored to make some amends by distributing her income in alms. She died at Bourbon-l'Archambault in 1707, at the age of sixty-three.

THE CROWN OF AGRIPPINA.

Among her other expensive tastes, Madame de Montespan had a most inordinate passion for jewels. While yet a girl she had delighted in diamonds and precious stones ; and the generosity of the King upon this point was so unmeasured, that, after her disgrace, she herself declared that she possessed a collection worthy of an Asiatic prince, and that even were she to be deprived of the whole of her fortune, save her pearls and diamonds, she could still command opulence.

This taste was shared by Louis XIV., who in his private cabinet had two immense pedestals of rosewood, fitted in the interior with shifting shelves, in which he kept the most precious of the crown-jewels, in order that he might examine and admire them at his ease, an occupation in which he took great delight ; nor did he ever hear of a gem of price, either in Asia or Europe, without making strenuous efforts to secure the prize.

His most costly possession was, however, the famous Crown of Agrippina, a work of consummate art, composed of eight tiers of immense brilliants in a transparent setting ; and after having overwhelmed the insatiable Marchioness with pearls, diamonds, sapphires, emeralds, and rubies, he one day permitted her to carry to her own apartment this priceless coronet ; where it remained for so long a period unreclaimed that she at length began to feel convinced that it had been a gift ; and fearful of accident, should she leave it in the slight casket which it then occupied, she ordered another to be made more suited to its value. This done, and the imperial crown safely deposited in its new case, and secured by several minute locks, she deposited her treasure in the chest which contained her other jewels, where she visited it from time to time, and always with increased admiration.

When the Princess of Modena passed through France on her way to England, where she was about to become the wife of the Duke of York, Louis XIV. gave her a magnificent reception ; and as she was young and handsome, nothing was left unattempted to gratify and amuse her during her brief sojourn at the court.

It chanced that upon one occasion the conversation of the King's circle turned upon regal decorations, and particularly upon the various forms and fashions of crowns; when the Marquis de Dangeau, who prided himself upon his antiquarian knowledge, observed that it was in the time of Nero the imperial crown was first arched; to which the monarch replied that he had not been aware of the fact, but that the crown of his mother was entirely open; adding, that he possessed one himself which was authentic, and which the Marchioness de Montespan would give them the opportunity of examining.

Thus summoned to drag her hidden treasure into light, the disconcerted favorite found herself compelled to go in search of the glittering circlet; and after the absence of a few minutes she placed it upon a small table, where it excited universal attention and enthusiasm. The Italian princess, the Duke de St. Aignan, M. de Dangeau, and the other courtiers who were present, lost themselves in hyperbole on the brilliant water, equal size, and rare perfection of the matchless diamonds; but when the King, raising it in hand, obtained a closer and more perfect view of the jewels, he immediately fixed his eyes sternly upon the Marchioness, exclaiming, "How is this, madam? This is no longer my Crown of Agrippina; all the stones have been changed." Madame de Montespan turned pale, and trembled; but having in her turn examined the coronet closely, she found herself compelled to admit that such was indeed the fact. The setting was still intact, but the antique brilliants had been replaced by paste.

On arriving at this conviction the appalled favorite had nearly fallen to the ground, and it required all the expostulations of those by whom she was surrounded to enable her to preserve herself from fainting; while the King at once declared that, let the substitution have been made as it might, no one could for a moment attach any suspicion to herself; and she then felt compelled to explain the circumstance of the new casket, which she had caused to be made for the greater security of the coronet.

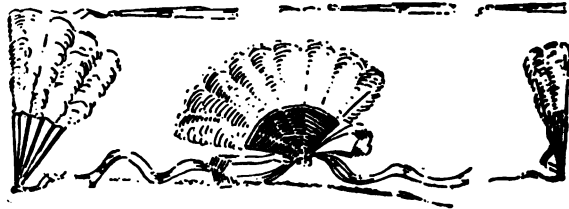
She had no sooner told her tale than Louis XIV. turned with a smile to the Princess of Modena, requesting her to relate the adventure at the English court, and to inform the

King, in his name, that nothing was at the present moment so difficult to preserve as a crown, for that even guards and locks no longer sufficed ; and then, addressing Madame de Montespan, he added, that she would have acted more wisely in committing it sooner to his own custody, as he should have acquitted himself tolerably well in such an office.

The honor of Madame de Montespan was, however, involved in this unhappy incident ; and she had no sooner retired to her own apartments than she summoned the whole of her attendants, not even excepting her steward, and complained bitterly of the mortification to which she had been subjected in the presence of the King ; but she detected only regret and consternation upon the faces by which she was surrounded, until the steward suddenly reminded her that she would do well to invoke the aid of the authorities ; for that there could exist no doubt that the fraud had been committed by the maker of the casket.

He was immediately sought for ; but, on arriving at his house, the officers were informed that he had left Paris more than two years ; and that, having been unsuccessful in some commercial speculations, he had disposed of his business, and with the slender remains of his property had emigrated to Pondichery. It was, however, ascertained that he had affected an attachment for one of the waiting-women of the marchioness, who had, during his visits, allowed him free access to the whole of her apartments ; where the Crown of Agrippina, which he valued at as high a price as its temporary mistress, had proved too strong a temptation for his honesty.

He was ultimately taken and hanged ; upon which occasion Louis XIV. endeavored to console Madam de Montespan with the remark, "He has at least left us the setting, but Cromwell would have seized it whole."—J. PARDOE.





MADAME DE MAINTENON

was born in a prison, and became for thirty years the mistress of a royal palace. The vicissitudes of her fortune exemplify and verify the proverb that truth is stranger than fiction. As Françoise D'Aubigné, she was born November 27, 1635, in the prison of Niort, where her father, Constant D'Aubigné, was

confined. Her grandfather, Agrippa D'Aubigné, was a historian and warrior remarkable for his learning, wit and audacity, and was a favorite companion of King Henry IV.

Her father, who was nearly destitute of virtue, had been imprisoned several times for his crimes and turbulence. He also impoverished himself by gambling and other vices. He belonged to the Huguenot party; but his wife was a fervent Catholic, and the daughter was baptized in that religion. Her childhood and youth were passed in almost extreme poverty.

Constant D'Aubigné was released from prison in 1639, and took his family to Martinique, where he died in 1645. His widow then returned to France, and as she was too poor to support her daughter, Madame de Villette, Constant's sister, gave the child a home, treated her kindly and educated her in the Protestant religion. By another turn of fortune the girl went to live for some years with her godmother, the Comtesse de Neuillant, who resorted to every means to convert her to the Catholic religion, yet afterwards neglected her.

In 1650, at the tender age of fifteen, she lost her mother, and as her mother's little pension then ceased, the poor girl was left destitute of resources except her rare beauty and talents. The Chevalier de Meré, who had become acquainted with the "young Indian," as he called her from her residence in the West Indies, introduced her to Scarron, somewhat famous as a wit and comic writer. Scarron's house was a favorite resort of the literary, noble and fashionable persons of Paris. The host was a cripple, having lost the use of all his limbs, and was supported by a pension paid by the State. Scarron offered either to pay for her admission to a convent or to marry her. The girl of sixteen accepted the latter alternative, was married to him in 1651, and became his faithful attendant.

Madame Scarron's presence added a new attraction to the house. She had beautiful spiritual eyes, and her voice and manners were found most fascinating. Her leading attributes were moderation, discretion, serenity, religious faith, superlative tact and invincible firmness. Madame de Sévigné, who was her intimate friend, describes her society and conversation as truly delicious. Although Madame Scarron was compelled to associate with licentious persons, she appears to have had no vicious habits. People were surprised that she could possess such phenomenal virtue, conjoined with beauty and poverty. Bishop Hurd, an English prelate, declares that she was the most virtuous woman of her time. Her confessor once advised her to be dull and taciturn in society in order to mortify her inordinate desire to please and to gain admiration. She obeyed for a time; but finding that this program caused herself and others to yawn, she relapsed into her former genial habit.

Scarron died in 1660 and then Anne of Austria, the queen-mother, ordered that his pension should be continued to his widow, and increased it to 2,000 livres. Madame Scarron had gained the favor of rich and aristocratic persons who used their influence to promote her prosperity. On the death of the queen-mother in 1666, the King refused to continue her pension, and she was again reduced to poverty. She was about to leave Paris for Lisbon to become lady-attendant to the Queen of Portugal; but in this crisis she gained the favor

of Madame de Montespan, the King's mistress, who persuaded the King to continue her pension. In 1669 Madame Scarron was appointed governess of the Duc de Maine, infant son of Louis XIV. and Madame de Montespan, and she was established at Vaugirard with a large income to bring up in secrecy that son and other offspring of the same connection. In this delicate situation she was embarrassed by a desire to keep her employment secret from her acquaintances. She even had blood drawn from her veins as a remedy for blushing.

In 1674 Louis XIV. determined to have his children at court, and their governess accompanied them. The King now had opportunities of seeing and conversing with her; and though he was prejudiced against her at first, her even temper and superlative tact gradually gained his favor. In 1678 an estate which she had acquired at Maintenon by savings from her income, was raised to a marquise by the King who gave her the title of Madame de Maintenon. This mark of royal favor roused the jealousy of Madame de Montespan. The stormy temper of the imperious mistress rendered the position of Madame Scarron almost intolerable. In 1680 Louis separated them by making Madame de Maintenon second lady-in-waiting to the dauphiness, and Madame de Montespan retired from court. Surely there never was a plainer or stranger example of virtue rewarded. Yet the new favorite's progress did not stop here. She obtained a definite status at court as first lady-in-waiting to the dauphiness about 1684, and thenceforward gained a complete ascendancy over the King. At the age of fifty she was privately married by the Archbishop of Paris to Louis, who was three years younger. He was then the most powerful monarch of Europe, and his court a model for all others. She was never publicly recognized as Queen, and never claimed the title, but their marriage is well attested and is not disputed.

For thirty years this aged woman who had mounted to the throne, submitted cheerfully to the terribly strict etiquette of the court, and succeeded, as far as was possible, in entertaining one whose capacity for pleasure had been sated. In the royal councils she had great influence, and she was often consulted on public affairs by the King, who considered her one of his

wisest counsellors. He sometimes asked her opinion in these terms: "*Qu'en pense votre Solidité?*" "What does your Solidity think about it?" Her political influence was of a moderating character and was supreme in matters of detail.

Madame de Maintenon used her influence to convert the King from his immorality, and had the supreme sagacity to exemplify the cause of religion and virtue before him. He had been a zealous professor and defender of the faith, but did not allow it to affect his conduct too strictly. He was more willing to expiate his own sins by punishing severely heretics and other sinners.

After becoming the unacknowledged Queen of France, Madame de Maintenon founded at Saint Cyr a large boarding school for young ladies in indigent circumstances, and she devoted much time and attention to their education, for which she had by nature excellent qualifications. She was a born teacher, and some of her pupils loved her more than their own mothers. When the King grew old and fretful, the task of diverting or entertaining him became arduous and irksome. A contemporary writer says: "I have seen her divert the King by a thousand inventions for four hours together, without repetition, yawning or slander."

On her husband's death she retired to St. Cyr, and took no further part in public affairs. She continued to be an object of interest to distinguished persons who visited France; but Peter the Great was probably the only one who was able to obtain an audience with her.

She died in 1719, leaving valuable letters, of which ten volumes have been published. "It would be hard," says Macaulay, "to name any woman who with so little romance in her temper has had so much in her life." The cynical Saint Simon, who was an eye-witness of her career at court, admits that she had incomparable grace, but represents her as cold, cunning, selfish, false and deceitful. But this testimony is contradicted and overborne by a cloud of witnesses, and by the palpable facts of the case. Her virtue, her religious devotion, her love for children, her faithfulness to two husbands whose widely different positions yet taxed to the utmost woman's nature, entitle her to lasting regard.

REVOCATION OF THE EDICT OF NANTES.

Towards the end of the month of March, 1684, the rumor of some intrigues between the courts of Spain and Austria furnished a pretext for assembling an army on the frontier of the Pyrenees, and, although Spain in her weakness immediately gave satisfaction as to her intentions, the army was not disbanded, as Louvois had persuaded the King that it might be used to advantage in the conversion of the heretics. It was resolved to try the experiment first in Béarn, where the troops were ready at hand; and Foucault, the intendant of the province, a man without scruples, was selected as the agent for carrying it into effect. He was zealously seconded by the clergy and by the parliament of Pau. He began by finding excuses for demolishing fifteen out of the twenty temples which then existed in Béarn, and eleven hundred persons were converted, or forced to conform outwardly to Romanism, in the course of the two months of February and April, 1685.

The King, dazzled by this "success," let Foucault run his course, and allowed his own conscience to be satisfied with his bare promise to restrain the soldiers from violence, which was kept by billeting the military (chiefly dragoons who, being accustomed to act as horse or foot, were judged best for the purpose) on the Protestants, and allowing them to live at discretion. The victims were exposed to every description of brutality, while their property was wasted and destroyed; persons of whatever sex or age were exposed to the most refined torments, and the females were subjected to the most disgusting outrages. It was a common practice for the soldiers to relieve each other in keeping their hosts from sleep day after day, until they became nearly insane, and in that state signed the abjuration of Protestantism without knowing what they were doing. The terror caused by these proceedings was so great, that on the first news of the approach of the dragoons, whole towns sent in their submission to the superintendent, and went through the outward formalities of reconciliation with the Roman church. The remaining temples in Béarn were demolished, and before the end of August

only a few hundred of the twenty-two thousand Protestants who had existed in that province remained obstinate.

The King was greatly delighted with the success of this experiment, and was easily persuaded to extend it to other provinces. Orders were sent at the end of July to conduct the dragoons into Guienne, and although these orders were accompanied with directions which prohibited the employment of personal violence, it was well known that the King turned a deaf ear to all complaints, because he was unwilling that the Protestants should have any excuse for thinking that he disapproved anything that was done to convert them. All such directions were looked upon therefore as no better than dead letter, and as intended merely to shield the King from direct responsibility in the face of the world. The result was more satisfactory here even than in Béarn. After experiencing during a few days the violence of the soldiery, the greater part of the Protestants of Montauban, which was their head place in Guienne, conformed. Bergerac held out longer, but it was at last compelled to submit. The towns and villages around hardly waited for the approach of the soldiers, but prevented it by sending in their submissions. Sixty thousand Protestants were thus converted in Lower Guienne, and twenty thousand in Upper Guienne, in the course of about three weeks. It is only necessary to read the letters of Madame de Maintenon to understand the exultation which prevailed in the court of Louis XIV.

From Guienne a part of the troops were sent to complete the conversion of Limousin, Saintonge, and Poitou, where considerable progress had already been made in this work, while the rest were sent into Languedoc, where the Protestants were more numerous than in any other country. It was estimated that there were not less than two hundred and forty thousand Huguenots in Lower Languedoc and the mountainous districts depending upon it, and much more resistance appears to have been anticipated there. But this was not the case, and Nimes and Montpellier, after a short experience of the soldiery, followed the example of Montauban. To overcome any reluctance on the part of the notables of the former city, a hundred soldiers were billeted in each of their

houses. Sixty thousand persons abjured Protestantism in three days in the diocese of Nîmes. The Cévennes and Gévaudan, and after them Dauphiné and other districts, and even Rochelle itself, were converted with the same facility. Louis XIV. rejoiced in the complete success of his design, and became more and more convinced of his own infallibility; while Madame de Maintenon, who could hardly avoid doubting the sincerity of the abjuration, exulted, as she wrote in her letters, in the prospect that, "if the fathers were hypocrites, the children at least would be good Catholics."

Meanwhile Louis was preparing to perform what he intended and expected, to be the last act of that melancholy drama. The King had long felt some scruples with regard to the violation of the engagements of his grandfather, Henri IV., as consecrated in the celebrated Edict of Nantes, but in a secret consultation with some of his clergy he had been persuaded that he not only might, without any injury to his conscience, revoke that great act, but that it was his duty to do so. A final consultation on this subject was held in the earlier part of October, at which several personages of the court showed some reluctance in incurring the responsibility of a measure the result of which seemed so very hypothetical. The two Colberts, Seignelai and Croissi, suggested delay; and even the young dauphin, then twenty-four years of age, interposed, and represented that the whole body of the Protestants might be driven by desperation to take up arms in their own defence, or, if they did not dare to do that, they might leave the kingdom in greater numbers, which would weaken the state by ruining its commerce and agriculture. The King replied that he had foreseen and provided against all contingencies; that if his subjects rebelled, he was strong enough to crush them; and that he thought the question of interest one worthy of very little consideration when it stood in the way of the restoration of unity to the church, and interfered with his authority over the consciences as well as the persons of his subjects.

The tone in which the King spoke silenced all further opposition, and it was resolved that the Edict of Nantes should be revoked. The declaration to this effect, drawn up by the

aged Chancellor Le Tellier, now on the brink of the grave, was signed by the King on October 17, 1685. All Protestant temples in France were, by this document, ordered to be immediately demolished, and the Protestants were inhibited from assembling anywhere for the exercise of their mode of worship on pain of forfeiture of life and goods. All the Protestant ministers, unless they became converts to Romanism, were ordered to quit the kingdom within a fortnight. All special schools for the instruction of the children of Protestants were forbidden; and all children born after the date of the edict, were ordered, under heavy penalties both to the priest whose duty it was to execute the edict in this respect and to the parents, to be baptized by the *curé* of the parish and afterwards brought up to the Catholic religion. The Protestants who had made their escape into foreign countries were allowed a delay of four months to return, by which they were to recover possession of their property, but if they passed this time, the property was to be finally confiscated. The Protestants were forbidden in future to leave the kingdom under pain of condemnation to the galleys for the men, and imprisonment during life for the women. All the former declarations and denunciations against relapse were confirmed.

An article was added in conclusion, which is supposed to have been the work of the Colberts, and which stated that those who remained Protestants might, until it pleased God to enlighten them equally with the others, remain within the King's dominions, and continue their commerce and enjoy their goods, without being interfered with on pretext of their religion. This edict was registered in the parliament of Paris on the 22d of October, but it had already been sent around to the governors and intendants of the provinces. Instructions were at the same time sent to these officers, by which they were directed not to permit the Protestant ministers who went into exile to dispose of their estates or to take with them their children who were above seven years of age. They were also recommended to show some consideration for the Protestant gentlemen and the great merchants and manufacturers, and not to pursue the work of conversion with too much violence.

The effect of the last article of Louis' edict became almost immediately an object of bitter complaint on the part of the zealous persecutors. Those who had persisted in their religion, claimed the protection of this article, and desired to be permitted to live unmolested; and those who had conformed began to repent of the facility with which they had allowed themselves to be converted, and ceased to present themselves at the mass. The King's officers, in reply to their pressing representations on this subject, received answers from Louvois which set all their apprehensions at rest, and which assured them that the article of the edict to which they objected was not intended to be observed. In a circular letter sent round to them in the month of November, 1685, Louvois told them distinctly that "it was his majesty's will that the last rigors should be used towards those who were unwilling to conform to his religion, and that those who had the foolish glory to remain last, ought to be persecuted to the last extremity." He added, that the soldiers were to be allowed to live with great license.

It was after this declaration that the terrible *dragonnades*, as the quarterings of the dragoons on the Protestants were called, were resumed with greater fury than ever, and the Protestants among whom they were lodged were exposed to every description of abominable torture that had been practiced by the persecutors of the primitive Christians, or by the brutal *routiers* of the Middle Ages. The King permitted every violence short of rape and murder; but the first of these crimes appears to have been perpetrated very frequently with impunity, and many persons expired under the tortures inflicted upon them, or remained cripples for life. Females of all ages and conditions were subjected, sometimes for several hours together, to obscene outrages and exposures which no pen can describe. When the victims, of whatever sex, were reduced by these brutal means to the last extremity, they were induced to abjure at a moment when they were unconscious of what they were doing, and as quickly as possible after the abjuration, they were taken to the communion, after which, unless they continued in the profession which had been forced upon them, they exposed themselves to the

penalties denounced against relapse. Of those who resisted the attempts to withdraw them from their faith, many were distributed in the prisons in different parts of France, and were thrown in some cases into the deep and filthy dungeons of the old feudal castles, which had not been used for several generations, and where, to make them still more insupportable, their keepers often threw in upon them the putrid remains of animals. The females were shut up in the convents, and were sometimes there treated with great rigor and cruelty; though the nuns, when they became acquainted with their heretical sisters, generally showed compassion for their sufferings. Other particular edicts accompanied or immediately followed the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, one of the most oppressive of which was that published in the January of 1686, ordering that all children from five to sixteen years of age should be taken from their Protestant parents or relatives and given to Catholic relatives, or, if they had no Catholic relatives, to persons of that persuasion elected by the judges.

Louis imagined that his triumph over Protestantism was complete, but this illusion was soon dispelled. The Protestants recovered quickly from the panic into which the horrors of the dragonnades had thrown them, and multitudes of the new converts retracted the concessions which had been drawn from them in a moment of despair or confusion, ceased to show themselves in the churches, and withdrew their children from the Catholic schools. The rage of the government was proportional to its mortification at this unexpected result, and new rigors were invented against those who relapsed. Meanwhile many of the banished ministers began to repent of the readiness with which they had deserted their posts at the command of the temporal power, and they passed the frontier under various disguises, and returned to their congregations. The Protestants began to assemble for worship in the mountains and in secluded spots, and even in private houses in the towns. At the beginning of July, 1686, an edict appeared which decreed the punishment of death against all ministers returning into France without permission, and condemning to the galleys all persons who gave them asylum. Every in-

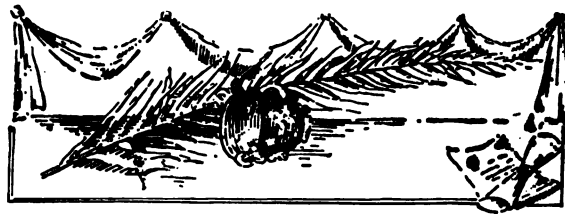
dividual taking part in a meeting for Protestant worship was also condemned to death. Armed with these authorities, when the soldiers discovered one of the solitary assemblies of the Huguenots, they wantonly slaughtered, on the spot, many of the individuals who composed it, and the rest were dragged away to the gibbet or the galleys.

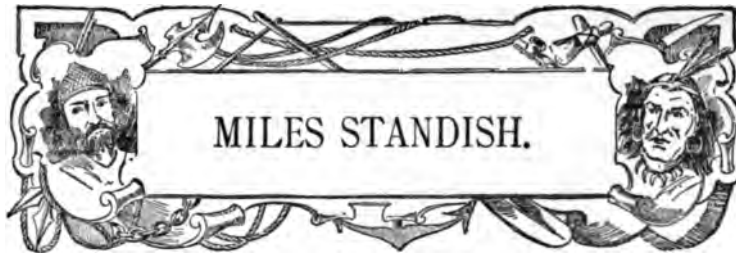
At the same time the emigration of the Protestant population of France was increasing greatly, and could only be met by throwing still greater difficulties in the way of the fugitives. On May 7, 1686, condemnation to the galleys for life was decreed against all persons whatever who aided the Protestants in escaping out of the kingdom. Armed vessels were employed to watch the coasts, all the frontier passages were guarded, and the Catholic peasantry were encouraged everywhere to attack and massacre the wretched Huguenots who were attempting to make their way towards them. Some of the emigrants perished in the attempt to make themselves a way by force, others were taken and carried back as prisoners; and as the number of these latter was very great, the government was afraid to let them be all crowded on the royal galleys, and they were distributed in various prisons.

The failure of the first adventurers rendered their fellows more cautious without being less bold, and for months the stream of emigration went on under a variety of disguises and other means of concealment. Whole families watched for the dark and stormy nights to put out to sea in open boats, and great numbers reached the shores of England in safety, and met there with a hospitable reception. Even the guards placed upon the frontiers gradually allowed themselves to be softened either by compassion or much more frequently by interest, and it was thus that the richest and best part of the Protestant population, those who could pay for connivance, escaped with most ease. On such conditions the officials who guarded the frontier not only allowed the emigrants to escape, but they secretly instructed them in the means of doing so unobserved. When the government became aware of the multitudes who thus passed the frontier in spite of its efforts, its vengeance was directed anew against those who were supposed to give them assistance, and by an edict of October 12,

1687, the punishment of death was denounced against what were called the "accomplices of the deserters."

It is said that in the space of five years the emigrants carried out of the kingdom no less than sixty millions of French money. A large number of the richer refugees made their way to Holland and settled in Amsterdam and other places. But the loss to France in money thus drained from it was trifling in comparison to that of its population, for the Protestants were universally acknowledged to be the steadiest and most industrious of the King's subjects, the best mechanics and manufacturers, and the most successful traders. Of these it is reckoned that at the lowest computation hardly less than two hundred and fifty thousand emigrated during the period between the revocation of the edict of Nantes and the end of the seventeenth century. We are assured that, before the year 1689, nine thousand of the best of the French sailors, and twelve thousand soldiers, with six hundred officers, had passed into the service of foreign states.—T. WRIGHT.





ALTHOUGH the doughty captain of the Pilgrim Fathers wrote his name "Myles Standish," we follow the usual custom in modernizing his spelling. He was born in the year 1584, in Lancashire, England, of a good family, of which there were two branches long established in that country—the Standishes of Standish, and the Standishes of Duxbury Hall. It is related by Froissart that the rebel, Wat Tyler, when advancing to strike King Richard the Second, was slain "by a squyer of the Kynges called John Standysshe," who was knighted for the deed.

Like many other adventurous young Englishmen of that day, Miles served for some time in the Dutch armies, in the long war which Holland carried on against Spain, and which resulted at last in the establishment of Dutch independence. A suspension of hostilities having taken place, by the truce of 1609, Miles Standish settled with the English Separatists, who had fled to Amsterdam from persecution in their native land. Here they had John Robinson as their pastor, and William Brewster as their ruling elder. They soon, however, retired in a body to Leyden, the seat of a famous university, and a beautiful city of 70,000 inhabitants. Notwithstanding the oppression which they had endured from the British government, they were very unwilling to abandon their native language, or the name of Englishmen. Gradually the exiles came to the conclusion that Holland was not a desirable place for their permanent home.

A plan of emigrating to America was broached, and Standish, though not a member of their church, volunteered to

accompany them. Some have asserted that he was really a Roman Catholic; but his continuance with the Pilgrims renders this improbable. He and his wife Rose, whom he had married in the Isle of Man, were among those who determined to embark at once. A small vessel of sixty tons burthen, called the "Speedwell," was purchased. She sailed from Delft-Haven, twelve miles from Leyden, on the 20th of July, 1620. Touching at Southampton, in England, they found the "Mayflower," 120 tons burthen, with a party of English emigrants on board. Both vessels set sail from that port on the 5th of August, 1620. They had, however, gone but a hundred miles when the "Speedwell" sprung a leak. They put back to Dartmouth for repairs, and again set sail on the 21st of August. The "Speedwell" again began to leak, and they returned to Plymouth. The "Speedwell" passengers were now put on board the "Mayflower," but owing to the already crowded condition of this vessel, twenty had to be left behind.

The Pilgrims, as they were henceforth called, entered Cape Cod harbor, and dropped anchor, 21st of November, 1620. A party of sixteen men, "every one his musket, sword and corslet, under the command of Captain Miles Standish, were dispatched ashore on a second exploration." They examined the country and the coast of Cape Cod Bay, and selected as a landing-place Plymouth harbor, which Captain John Smith had previously visited and laid down on his map of New England. Here the whole company disembarked on December 22, ever since known and celebrated as "Forefathers' Day."

Shortly after the colonists had settled at New Plymouth, as they called their settlement, with fond remembrance of their last stopping-place in Old England, Standish was chosen their military captain. In the winter that followed, half the colonists perished from scurvy. At one time there were but six or seven able to attend the sick. Of these Standish was one, and he showed great zeal and assiduity; but he lost his faithful wife, Rose. In the autumn of 1621, he, with a shallop and ten men, explored Massachusetts Bay some forty miles to the northward. Before this, another party of Eng-

lish settlers had established themselves about thirty miles north of Plymouth at Wissagusset, now Weymouth, the first settlement in that quarter. The Wissagusset colonists were an idle and vicious set, and soon made themselves very obnoxious to the neighboring Indians. These Indians entered into a plot to destroy the settlers. Standish, with eight men, being sent to look into the situation, found the Indians full of taunts and bravadoes, even going so far as to twit the gallant captain with being "but a little man." He decoyed the two chiefs, with a half brother of one of them, into a hut, and there, after a desperate struggle, the Indians fighting to the last, slew them. The other Indians, on hearing of this, fled.

No part of Standish's career has been made more familiar to general readers than his awkward attempt to obtain a second wife, and its romantic and mirthful result. Here we give only a prose outline of the facts which the poet Longfellow has embellished with matchless skill. The captain's heart had been touched by the charms of a lovely daughter of William Mullins, who, with her father, had been his fellow passenger in the "Mayflower." Standish, distrusting his own persuasive power, sent his friend, John Alden, to obtain the father's consent. The father received the proposal favorably, but added that the young lady herself must first be consulted. She was accordingly sent for, and Alden re-delivered his message to her, to which the blushing maiden, fixing her eyes upon him, artlessly replied: "Prithee, John, why do you not speak for yourself?" It is scarcely necessary to add that she became the wife of John Alden, not of Miles Standish. In August, 1623, arrived the third company of colonists. To one of these new-comers, Barbara by name, the gallant captain, now a wiser and bolder man, offered himself in marriage, and was quickly accepted.

In 1625 Standish was sent to England to solicit supplies for New Plymouth. The plague was raging in London, and times were very hard. He succeeded, with much difficulty, in getting credit for the colony to the small extent of £150, and that at the exorbitant interest of over fifty per cent., and, with the goods thus purchased, he returned in 1626. He, however, entered into an arrangement, by which the London

partners in the colony agreed to sell out their interest for £1,800, to be paid in nine annual instalments. Eight of the principal colonists gave their private bond for that amount, Standish's being the second signature to the document.

In 1635 Standish was employed in another important enterprise. The French had driven away a party of Plymouth men from Penobscot, and this expedition was to reinstate their brother colonists; but it proved a failure. In 1637 the little town of Duxbury was incorporated, named after the English home of the captain's ancestors. There had been a settlement there for six years previously, and Standish was one of the first settlers, having a farm of 170 acres. Standish, until 1634, was annually chosen one of the Governor's assistants. He was treasurer of the colony for several years, and held the office until his death, which occurred at Duxbury, October 3, 1656. He left a widow and three sons, Miles, Alexander and Josiah.

No one has better described the appearance and character of Miles Standish, than the poet Longfellow in the following hexameters:

"Short of stature he was, but strongly built and athletic,
Broad in the shoulders, deep-chested, with muscles and sinews of
iron,
Somewhat hasty and hot, he could not deny it, and headstrong,
Stern as a soldier might be, but hearty and placable always,
Not to be laughed at and scorned because he was little of stature,
For he was great of heart, magnanimous, courtly, courageous."

THE SETTLEMENT OF PLYMOUTH.

As soon as the state of the weather permitted, a party of ten, including Carver, Bradford and others of the principal men, set off with eight seamen in the shallop on what proved to be the final expedition of discovery. The severity of the cold was extreme. "The water froze on their clothes, and made them many times like coats of iron." Coasting along the cape in a southerly direction for six or seven leagues, they landed and slept at a place where ten or twelve Indians had appeared on the shore.

The Indians ran away on being approached, and at night it was supposed that it was their fires which appeared at four or five miles' distance. The next day, while part of the company in the shallop examined the shore, the rest, ranging about the country where are now the towns of Wellfleet and Eastham, found a burial-place, some old wigwams, and a small store of parched acorns buried in the ground; but they met with no inhabitants. The following morning, at daylight, they had just ended their prayers, and were preparing breakfast at their camp on the beach, when they heard a yell, and a flight of arrows fell among them. The assailants turned out to be thirty or forty Indians, who, being fired upon, retired. Neither side had been harmed. A number of the arrows were picked up, "some whereof were headed with brass, others with hart's horn and others with eagle's claws."

Getting on board, they sailed all day along the shore in a storm of snow and sleet, making, by their estimate, a distance of forty or fifty miles without discovering a harbor. In the afternoon, the gale having increased, their rudder was disabled, and they had to steer with oars. At length the mast was carried away, and they drifted in the dark with a flood tide. With difficulty they brought up under the lee of a "small rise of land." Here a part of the company, suffering from wet and cold, went on shore, though not without fear of hostile neighbors, and lighted a fire by which to pass the inclement night. In the morning, "they found themselves to be on an island, secure from the Indians, where they might dry their stuff, fix their pieces and rest themselves; and this being the last day of the week, they prepared there to keep the Sabbath. On Monday they sounded the harbor, and found it fit for shipping, and marched also into the land, and found divers corn-fields, and little running brooks, a place, as they supposed, fit for situation; . . . so they returned to their ship again with this news to the rest of the people, which did much to comfort their hearts." Such is the record of that event which has made the *twenty-second* of December a memorable day in the calendar.

No time was now lost. By the end of the week the "Mayflower" had brought her company to keep their Sab-

bath by their future home. Further examination confirmed the agreeable impressions which had been received. There was found a convenient harbor, "compassed with a goodly land." The country was well wooded. It had clay, sand and shells, for bricks, mortar and pottery, and stone for wells and chimneys. The sea and beach promised abundance of fish and fowl, and "four or five running brooks" brought a supply of "very sweet, fresh water." After prayer for further divine guidance, they fixed upon a spot for the erection of their dwellings, in the neighborhood of a brook "and many delicate springs," and of a hill suitable for a look-out and a defence. A storm interrupted their proceeding. When it was passed "so many of them as could, went on shore, felled and carried timber, to provide themselves stuff for building." Then came Sunday, when "the people on shore heard a cry of some savages, as they thought, which caused an alarm and to stand on their guard, expecting an assault; but all was quiet."

They were still without the shelter of a roof. At the sharp winter solstice of New England, there was but "a screen of leafless branches between them and the blasts." But it was the Lord's hallowed time, and the work of building must wait. Next followed the day (Christmas) solemnized, in the ancient fanes of the continent they had left, with the most pompous ritual of what they esteemed a vain will-worship. And the reader pauses to ponder and analyze the feeling of stern exultation with which its record was made: "Monday, the 25th day, we went on shore, some to fell timber, some to saw, some to rive, and some to carry; so *no man rested all that day.*"

The first operations were the beginning of a platform for the ordnance, and a building, twenty feet square, for a store-house and for common occupation. Nineteen plots for dwellings were laid out on the opposite sides of a way running along the north side of the brook. The number of plots corresponded to that of the families into which the company was now divided; the appropriation was made by lot; and the size of each plot was such as to allow half a rod in breadth and three rods in depth for each person included in the family. It was "agreed that every man should build his own house." "The

frost and foul weather hindered them much." Time was lost in going to and from the vessel, to which, in the severe cold, they were obliged often to repair for lodging.

These were discouraging circumstances, but far worse troubles were to come. The labor of providing habitations had scarcely begun when sickness set in, the consequence of exposure and bad food. Within four months it carried off nearly half their number. Six died in December, eight in January, seventeen in February, and thirteen in March. At one time, during the winter, only six or seven had strength enough left to nurse the dying and bury the dead. Destitute of every provision which the weakness and the daintiness of the invalid require, the sick lay crowded in the unwholesome vessel, or in half-built cabins heaped round with snow-drifts. The rude sailors refused them even a share of those coarse sea-stores which would have given a little variety to their diet, till disease spread among the crew, and the kind administrations of those whom they had neglected and affronted brought them to a better temper. The dead were interred in a bluff by the water-side, the marks of burial being carefully effaced, lest the natives should discover how the colony had been weakened. The imagination vainly tasks itself to comprehend the horrors of that fearful winter.

Meantime, courage and fidelity never gave out. The men carried out the dead through the cold and snow, and then hastened back from the burial to wait on the sick; and as the sick began to recover, they took the places of those whose strength had been exhausted. There was no time and there was no inclination to despond. The lesson rehearsed at Leyden was not forgotten, "that all great and honorable actions are accompanied with great difficulties, and must be both enterprised and overcome with answerable courages." The dead had died in a good service, and the fit way for survivors to honor and lament them was to be true to one another, and to work together bravely for the cause to which dead and living alike had been consecrated. The devastation increased the necessity of preparations for defense; and it was at the time when the company was diminishing at the rate of one on every second day, that a military organization was formed,

with Standish for the captain, and the humble fortification on the hill overlooking the dwellings was mounted with five guns. "Warm and fair weather" came at length, and "the birds sang in the woods most pleasantly." Never was spring more welcome than when it opened on this afflicted company.

As yet there had been no communication with the natives, though their fires had been observed at a distance, some tools had been lost by their thievery, and two of them had been seen on the neighboring hill, and been invited by signals to a conference. At length, on "a fine warm morning," an Indian came into the hamlet, and, passing along the row of huts, was intercepted before the common house, which he would have entered. In broken English he bade the strangers "Welcome," and said that his name was Samoset, and that he came from Monhegan, a place distant a day's sail, and five days' journey by land, toward the east, where he had learned something of the language from the crews of fishing-vessels. They gave him food and kept him all day. . . .

As their New Year's Day approached, they "proceeded with their common business, from which they had been so often hindered by the savages' coming, and concluded both of military orders and of some laws and orders thought behooveful for their present state and condition." At the same time they re-elected Carver to be their Governor. They had now completed such preparation as was to be made for severing the last tie that bound them to the scenes of their earlier life, and the "Mayflower" set sail on her return voyage, with scarcely more than half the crew which had navigated her to America, the rest having fallen victims to the epidemic of the winter. The delay in landing her passengers and stores had been protracted by a fire, which had destroyed the roof of the storehouse; and this, with the unwillingness of the colonists to part with her while their situation remained so precarious, and the necessity of recruiting the health of her crew, had occasioned her detention through the winter, at a cost which was afterward complained of by the adventurers. She carried back not one of the emigrants, dispiriting as were the hardships which they had endured, and those they had still in prospect.—J. G. PALFREY.

COLUMBUS AND THE MAYFLOWER.

O little Fleet! that on thy quest divine
Sailedst from Palos one bright autumn morn,
Say, has old Ocean's bosom ever borne
A freight of Faith and Hope, to match with thine?

Say, too, has Heaven's high favor given again
Such consummation of desire, as shone
About Columbus, when he rested on
The new-found world and married it to Spain?

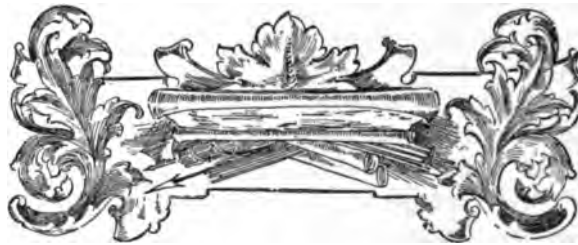
Answer—Thou refuge of the Freeman's need,
Thou for whose destinies no Kings looked out,
Nor Sages to resolve some mighty doubt,
Thou simple May-Flower of the salt-sea mead!

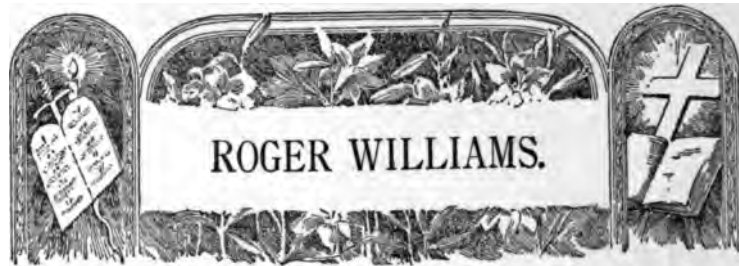
When Thou wert wafted to that distant shore—
Gay flowers, bright birds, rich odors, met thee not,
Stern nature hailed thee to a sterner lot—
God gave free earth and air, and gave no more!

Thus to men cast in that heroic mould
Came Empire, such as Spaniard never knew—
Such Empire, as beseems the just and true;
And at the last, almost unsought, came Gold.

But He, who rules both calm and stormy days,
Can guard that people's heart, that nation's health,
Safe on the perilous heights of power and wealth,
As in the straitness of the ancient ways.

—RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.





THE religious liberty which now characterizes the American people was first advocated in all its fullness and applied in practice by Roger Williams, the founder of the Providence Plantation, now known as the State of Rhode Island. For this benefit to the human race his name deserves to be held in everlasting remembrance.

Roger Williams was born in 1600, in an obscure country parish, amid the mountains of Wales. He was the son of William Williams, of Conwyl Cayo, near Lampeter, in the county of Carmarthen, South Wales. At the early age of fifteen he went up to London, and by his taking in shorthand some sermons and speeches in the Star Chamber, and then presenting them to Sir Edward Coke, he gained the interest of that great lawyer. Coke sent him to Sutton's Hospital, now called Charterhouse School. Williams entered Jesus College, Oxford, April 30, 1624. This college was founded by a Welshman, and has always been a favorite resort of students from that principality. He took orders in the Church of England, but soon left that communion.

Roger Williams preferred religious liberty amid the wilds of America to absolute submission to the ceremonies of the English church as then prescribed by law. Accompanied by his wife, he sailed from Bristol, England, and after a voyage of sixty-six days arrived at Boston the 5th of February, 1631. A few weeks after their arrival, Mr. Williams received a call from the church at Salem to become an assistant pastor. He

accepted the invitation, but the civil authorities interfered to prevent his settlement, giving as their reason that Williams had refused to join the congregation at Boston, because they would not publicly declare their repentance for having held communion with the Church of England, and "he declared his opinion that the magistrate might not punish a breach of the Sabbath, nor any other offence that was a breach of the first Table." Williams did not deny that multitudes of persons in national churches are to be regarded as true Christians; but he maintained that "every national church is of a vicious constitution, and that a majority in such churches are unregenerate." Williams, however, settled at Salem, April 12th, 1631; but his continuance was destined to be of short duration. The authorities raised such persecution against him, that before the summer ended he sought a residence in the more liberal colony of Plymouth, where he became assistant to the pastor, the Rev. Ralph Smith.

While in Plymouth Williams enjoyed friendly intercourse with several Indian chiefs, and by acts of kindness secured their confidence. After two years' residence at Plymouth, he was invited to return to Salem, but soon got into trouble again with the authorities. On December 27, 1633, according to Winthrop's account, "the Governor and assistants met at Boston, and took into consideration a treatise which Mr. Williams had sent to them, and which he had formerly written to the Governor and Council of Plymouth, wherein, among other things, he disputed their right to the lands they possessed here, and concluded that, claiming by the King's grant, they could have no title, nor otherwise except they compounded with the natives." They charged him with having written "a quarto against the King's patent and authority." The conduct of Williams on this occasion to the magistrates and clergy was mild and conciliating; and, although he did not retract his opinions, he offered to burn the offensive book, and furnish satisfactory evidence of his loyalty.

In July, 1635, Williams was summoned to Boston to answer new charges brought against him. He held that it was wrong to compel an ungodly person to take an oath;

"that the magistrate ought not to punish the breach of the first Table, otherwise than in such cases as did disturb the civil peace;" "that a man ought not to give thanks after sacrament, nor after meat." The court found that Mr. Williams deserved to be banished from the Colony for holding such doctrine. This cruel and unjustifiable sentence was passed November 3, 1635. His opponents confess that, both at Plymouth and Salem, he was respected and beloved as a pious man and an able minister.

Finding that his enemies intended to send him back to England, Williams left his home secretly and fled to the shores of Narragansett Bay. In the latter part of June, 1636, Williams and his companions founded the first settlement in what is now Rhode Island, and called the town Providence. His success in purchasing lands, and establishing a new colony, was the result chiefly of his personal influence with the Indians. Roger Williams was the sole negotiator with the Indians, and the legal proprietor of the lands which they ceded to him. He established a purely democratic form of government. In September, 1641, Rhode Island passed an act "that the law concerning liberty of conscience in point of doctrine be perpetuated." The authorities of Massachusetts, not satisfied with having driven Williams and others from their territory, laid claim to jurisdiction over the settlements in Narragansett Bay. Roger Williams was appointed to procure a charter for Rhode Island, and in June, 1643, embarked at New York for England. He obtained the charter, dated March 17, 1644, and returning, landed in Boston on September 17th.

The Indians having threatened the Colonies of Plymouth and Massachusetts, Williams mediated with the chiefs, and in August, 1645, concluded a treaty. Thus were the settlements of New England saved from a general Indian war by his personal influence. Cromwell, then Lord Protector of England, sent letters which showed his interest in the new Colony and his friendship for Williams. In 1656-8, when Massachusetts showed once more her intolerant spirit towards the Quakers, Rhode Island refused to join in this persecution.

Williams retired from the office of President of the Colony

in May, 1658. He engaged, in 1672, in a famous debate with the Quakers, which he afterwards published, giving it the quaint title: "George Fox digged out of his Burrows." The last public act of Williams was to sign a document, which bears date January 16, 1683, settling a dispute relative to the boundaries between the Providence lands and those of an adjacent township. He died in May, 1684, at the age of eighty-four, and was buried with all the solemnity the Colony was able to show. Roger Williams, in his writings, which were chiefly controversial, manifested a lively imagination and vigorous reasoning powers. Integrity, undaunted courage and prompt decision, marked all his conduct. Every man, of whatever clime, or color, or condition, he regarded as a brother. In all the relations of domestic and social life, his conduct was most exemplary; and over his whole course his piety shed a hallowed lustre. Though he was baptized by immersion in 1639, he afterwards withdrew from the Baptist church and became a "Seeker." He was the apostle of religious freedom, or as he called it "soul-liberty."

THE SETTLEMENT OF PROVIDENCE.

At a time when Germany was the battle-field for all Europe in the implacable wars of religion; when even Holland was bleeding with the anger of vengeful factions; when France was still to go through the fearful struggle with bigotry; when England was gasping under the despotism of intolerance; almost half a century before William Penn became an American proprietary; and two years before Descartes founded modern philosophy on the method of free reflection,—Roger Williams asserted the great doctrine of intellectual liberty. It became his glory to found a State upon that principle, and to stamp himself upon its rising institutions in characters so deep that the impress has remained to the present day, and can never be erased without the total destruction of the work.

The principles which he first sustained amidst the bickerings of a colonial parish, next asserted in the general court of Massachusetts, and then introduced into the wilds on Narragansett Bay, he soon found occasion to publish to the world,

and to defend, as the basis of the religious freedom of mankind; so that, borrowing the rhetoric employed by his antagonist in derision, we may compare him to the lark, the pleasant bird of the peaceful summer, that, "affecting to soar aloft, springs upward from the ground, takes his rise from pale to tree," and at last, surmounting the highest hills, utters his clear carols through the skies of morning.

He was the first person in modern Christendom to assert in its plenitude the doctrine of the liberty of conscience, the equality of opinions before the law; and in its defense he was the harbinger of Milton, the precursor and the superior of Jeremy Taylor. For Taylor limited his toleration to a few Christian sects; the philanthropy of Williams compassed the earth; Taylor favored partial reform, commended lenity, argued for forbearance, and entered a special plea in behalf of each tolerable sect; Williams would permit persecution of no opinion, of no religion, leaving heresy unharmed by law, and orthodoxy unprotected by the terrors of penal statutes. Taylor still clung to the necessity of positive regulations enforcing religion and eradicating error; he resembled the poets, who, in their folly, first declare their hero to be invulnerable, and then clothe him in earthly armor; Williams was willing to leave Truth alone, in her own panoply of light, believing that if, in the ancient feud between Truth and Error, the employment of force could be entirely abrogated, Truth would have much the best of the bargain.

Winter was at hand; Williams succeeded in obtaining permission to remain till Spring, intending then to begin a plantation on Narragansett Bay. But the affections of the people of Salem revived, and could not be restrained; they thronged to his house to hear him whom they were so soon to lose forever; it began to be rumored that he could not safely be allowed to found a new State in the vicinity: "many of the people were much taken with the apprehension of his godliness;" his opinions were contagious; the infection spread widely. It was therefore resolved to remove him to England in a ship that was just ready to set sail. A warrant was accordingly sent to him to come to Boston and embark. For the first time he declined the summons of the

court. A pinnacle was sent for him; the officers repaired to his house; he was no longer there.

Three days before he had left Salem, in winter snow and inclement weather, of which he remembered the severity even in his late old age. "For fourteen weeks he was sorely tost in a bitter season, not knowing what bread or bed did mean." Often in the stormy night he had neither fire, nor food, nor company; often he wandered without a guide, and had no house but a hollow tree. But he was not without friends. The same scrupulous respect for the rights of others which had led him to defend the freedom of conscience, had made him also the champion of the Indians. He had already been zealous to acquire their language, and knew it so well that he could debate with them in their own dialect. During his residence at Plymouth he had often been the guest of the neighboring sachems; and now when he came in winter to the cabin of the chief of Pokanoket, he was welcomed by Massasoit; and "the barbarous heart of Canonicus, the chief of the Narragansetts, loved him as his son to the last gasp." "The ravens," he relates with gratitude, "fed me in the wilderness." And in requital for their hospitality he was ever, through his long life, their friend and benefactor; the apostle of Christianity to them, without hire, without weariness, and without impatience at their idolatry; the guardian of their rights; the pacificator, when their rude passions were inflamed; and their unflinching advocate and protector, whenever Europeans attempted an invasion of their soil.

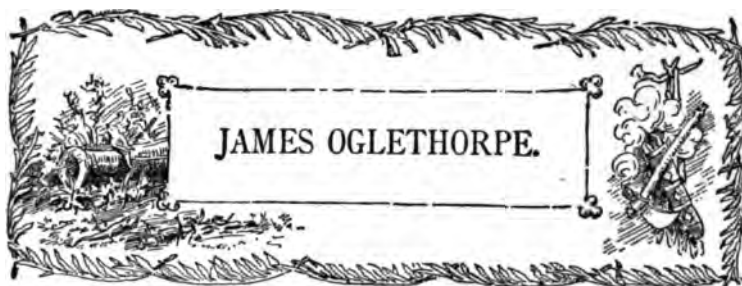
He first pitched, and began to build and plant at Seekonk. But Seekonk was found to be within the patent of Plymouth; on the other side of the water, the country opened in its unappropriated beauty, and there he might hope to establish a community as free as the other Colonies. "That ever-honored Governor Winthrop," says Williams, "privately wrote to me to steer my course to the Narragansett Bay, encouraging me from the freeness of the place from English claims or patents. I took his prudent motion as a voice from God."

It was in June that the lawgiver of Rhode Island, with five companions, embarked on the stream; a frail Indian

canoe contained the founder of an independent State and its earliest citizens. Tradition has marked the spring near which they landed; it is the parent spot, the first inhabited nook of Rhode Island. To express his unbroken confidence in the mercies of God, Williams called the place PROVIDENCE. "I desired," said he, "it might be for a shelter for persons distressed for conscience."

In his new abode, Williams could have less leisure for contemplation and study. "My time," he observes of himself,—and it is a sufficient apology for the roughness of his style, as a writer on morals,—“was not spent altogether in spiritual labors; but, day and night, at home and abroad, on the land and water, at the hoe, at the oar, for bread.” In the course of two years he was joined by others, who fled to his asylum. The land which was now occupied by Williams was within the territory of the Narragansett Indians; it was not long before an Indian deed from Canonicus and Miantonomah made him the undisputed possessor of an extensive domain.—
GEORGE BANCROFT.





JAMES EDWARD OGLETHORPE, the founder of Georgia, was of an ancient and distinguished English family, whose ancestors had held the estates of Oglethorpe in Yorkshire before the Norman conquest. He was the third son of Sir Theophilus Oglethorpe of Godalming, Surrey, England. James Edward, however, was born on June 1, 1689, in St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, then near,

and now in London. He matriculated at Corpus Christi College, Oxford; but soon left that seat of learning and entered the army. From his father he inherited a love of arms, Sir Theophilus having been a major-general in the British service. James, on obtaining a commission in the guards, entered the army as an ensign in 1714. He served on the Continent under the Duke of Marlborough, and Prince Eugene of Savoy gave him an appointment on his staff. He was not long in gaining the good-will and confidence of his commander.

In 1718 Oglethorpe returned to England, and, in 1722, was for the first time elected to the House of Commons, as one of the members for Haslemere. His parliamentary career was thoroughly independent and consistent. He was a high Tory in politics. He first gave his attention to the terrible condition of English prisons used for the confinement of debtors. The law then contained no provision for honest debtors: all insolvents were served alike; being thrown into

jail, where, unless they satisfied the insatiate warden, they were subjected to the most barbarous treatment. By Oglethorpe's efforts in the Commons, he succeeded in greatly ameliorating the condition of these prisoners. But this alone did not satisfy him; he conceived a plan for the profitable employment of honest debtors, by transporting them to the southeastern frontier of South Carolina, and there establishing a colony.

Oglethorpe started a company for settling and establishing this colony, which was to be called Georgia, in honor of the King. A charter was obtained the 9th of June, 1732. Parliament granted them the sum of £10,000, and an additional amount was raised by private subscription. The money was to be applied towards the expense of feeding, clothing, arming and transporting such poor people as they should select from those who offered to go to America and begin the settlement. Oglethorpe was empowered to exercise all the functions of a colonial Governor. On November 16, 1732, he set sail on the "Anne" with about 114 men, women and children; 35 families in all. They reached Charleston January 13, 1733, but next day set sail for Port Royal, some eighty miles southward, whence the colonists were to be conveyed to the river Savannah. On arriving, Oglethorpe landed with a few men, and explored the country for about twenty miles, selecting a spot on Yamacraw Bluff, the present site of Savannah. The colony was soon largely increased by the Protestants of the Palatinate of Salzburg, who fled from persecution in their native land. On May 21, 1733, Oglethorpe made a treaty of peace with the Indians. After fifteen months' absence from his native land, he determined to revisit England, and, accompanied by several Indian chiefs, set sail for that country in April, 1734. Oglethorpe made the visit of the Indians subserve his favorite purpose of exciting attention to the advancement of the race in secular and religious knowledge. The Indians returned to Georgia in about four months. Oglethorpe resumed his seat in Parliament. He procured, after much trouble, the passage of an Act, which was aimed at preventing the introduction of slavery in Georgia. This measure became law in 1735.

In October, 1735, Oglethorpe returned to his colony, taking with him three hundred emigrants. In this voyage he was accompanied by the brothers John and Charles Wesley, who came out as missionaries. On February 5, 1736, they cast anchor in the Savannah River. The Spaniards in Florida became aggressive, and Oglethorpe, having found that a much stronger force than the colony could furnish would be requisite for its preservation, determined in person to represent the state of affairs to the British Ministry. When he returned to England, the King made him a colonel and gave him a regiment of 600 men, and a grant of £20,000. On his return to Georgia, his first care was to strengthen all his frontier posts.

In 1739, England declared war against Spain. Oglethorpe invaded Florida but received a repulse at St. Augustine, in 1741. In the following year the Spaniards invaded Georgia; but Oglethorpe repulsed them. A charge was brought against him by a man named Cook in 1743, and he, returning to England, was tried by court-martial and acquitted. In 1745, he was gazetted major-general. Being sent north in pursuit of the Pretender, and failing in the object for which he was sent, he was arrested. There was a suspicion that the family had Jacobite proclivities; and Oglethorpe was again tried for failure in executing his orders, but acquitted. This so disgusted him that he resigned his Georgian charter to the British Government. Two years later he resigned his seat in the Commons.

When General Gage returned from America, Oglethorpe was offered the command; but this he refused to accept. When the first ambassador from the United States, John Adams, arrived at the Court of St. James, Oglethorpe was the first man in England to call on him. He died in 1785, and was buried in Cranham parish church.

Hannah More said of Oglethorpe, "He is quite a proud chevalier, heroic, and full of the old gallantry." In Parliament Oglethorpe followed the dictates of truth, humanity and justice. He received no opinions upon second hand. "As a philanthropist," an American historian observes of him, "Oglethorpe, without creating a private estate, or seeking any

emolument for his labors, made as great efforts and sacrifices for Georgia, as William Penn had done for Pennsylvania." His was no selfish benevolence. In his military career he showed little ability.

THE FOUNDATION OF GEORGIA.

In the days when protection of property was avowed to be the end of government, the gallows was set up as the penalty for a petty theft; and each year, in Great Britain, at least four thousand unhappy men were immured in prison for the misfortune of poverty. A small debt exposed to a perpetuity of imprisonment; one indiscreet contract doomed the miserable dupe to life-long confinement. The subject won the attention of James Oglethorpe, a member of the British Parliament; a man of an heroic mind and a merciful disposition; in the full activity of middle life; rich in varied experience; who had been disciplined alike in the schools of learning and action; a pupil of the University of Oxford; an hereditary loyalist; receiving his first commission in the English army during the ascendancy of Bolingbroke; a volunteer in the family of Prince Eugene; present at the siege of Belgrade, and in the brilliant campaign against the Turks on the Danube. To him, in the annals of legislative philanthropy, the honor is due of having first resolved to redress the griefs that had so long been immured from the public gaze,—to lighten the lot of debtors. Touched with the sorrows which the walls of a prison could not hide from his merciful eye, he searched into the gloomy horrors of jails,

"Where sickness pines, where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice."

In 1728 he invoked the interference of the English Parliament; and, as a commissioner for inquiring into the state of the jails in the kingdom, his benevolent zeal persevered, till, "from extreme misery, he restored to light and freedom multitudes, who, by long confinement for debt, were strangers and helpless in the country of their birth." He did more. For them, and for persecuted Protestants, he planned an asylum and a new destiny in America, where former poverty would be no

reproach, and where the simplicity of piety could indulge the spirit of devotion, without fear of persecution from men who hated the rebuke of its example.

It was not difficult for Oglethorpe to find associates in his disinterested purpose. To further this end, a charter from George II., dated the ninth day of June, 1732, erected the country between the Savannah and the Alatamaha, and from the head-springs of those rivers due west to the Pacific, into the province of Georgia, and placed it for twenty-one years, under the guardianship of a corporation, "in trust for the poor." The common seal of the corporation, having on one side a group of silk-worms at their toils, with the motto, *Non sibi, sed aliis*,—Not for themselves, but for others,—expressed the disinterested purpose of the patrons, who, by their own request, were restrained from receiving any grant of lands, or any emolument whatever. On the other side of the seal, the device represented two figures reposing on urns, emblematic of the boundary rivers, having between them the genius of "Georgia Augusta," with a cap of liberty on her head, a spear in one hand, the horn of plenty in the other. But the cap of liberty was, for a time at least, a false emblem; for all executive and legislative power, and the institution of courts, were, for twenty-one years, given exclusively to the trustees, or their common council, who were appointed during good behavior. The trustees, men of benevolence and of leisure, ignorant of the value or the nature of popular power, held these grants to contain but "proper powers for establishing and governing the colony." The land, open to Jews, was closed against "Papists." At the head of the council stood Shaftesbury, the antagonist of Locke; but its most celebrated member was Oglethorpe.

So illustrious were the auspices of the design, that hope at once painted brilliant visions of an Eden that was to spring up in the Western Continent to reward the ardor of such disinterested benevolence. The kindly sun of the new colony was to look down on the abundance of purple vintages, and the silkworm yield its thread to enrich the British merchant, and employ the British looms. The benevolence of England was aroused; the charities of an opu-

lent and enlightened nation were to be concentrated on the new plantation; individual zeal was kindled in its favor; the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts sought to promote its interests; and Parliament showed its good will by at once contributing ten thousand pounds.

But, while others gave to the design their leisure, their prayers, or their wealth, Oglethorpe, heedless of danger, devoted himself to its fulfillment. In November, 1732, embarking with about one hundred and twenty emigrants, he began the voyage to America, and in fifty-seven days arrived off the bar of Charleston. Accepting a hasty welcome, he sailed directly for Port Royal. While the colony was landing at Beaufort, its patron ascended the boundary river of Georgia, and chose for the site of his chief town the high bluff on which Savannah now stands. At the distance of half a mile dwelt the Yamacraws, a branch of the Muskhogees, who, with Tomo-chichi, their chieftain, sought security by an alliance with the English. "Here is a little present," said the red man, as he offered a buffalo skin, painted in the inside with the head and feathers of an eagle. "The feathers of the eagle are soft, and signify love; the buffalo skin is warm, and is the emblem of protection. Therefore love and protect our little families."

On the first day of February, 1733, or, according to the new style of computation, on the twelfth, the colonists, on board of a small sloop and periaguas, arrived at the place intended for the town, and before evening encamped on shore near the edge of the river. Four beautiful pines protected the tent of Oglethorpe, who, for near a twelve-month, sought no other shelter. In the midst of the pleasant region, the streets of Savannah were laid out with the greatest regularity; in each quarter a public square was reserved; the houses were planned and constructed on one model—each a frame of sawed timber, twenty-four feet by sixteen, floored with rough deals, the sides with feather-edged boards unplanned, and the roof shingled. Such a house Oglethorpe afterwards hired as his residence, when in Savannah. Ere long a walk, cut through the native woods, led to the large garden on the river side, destined as a nursery of European fruit and of the

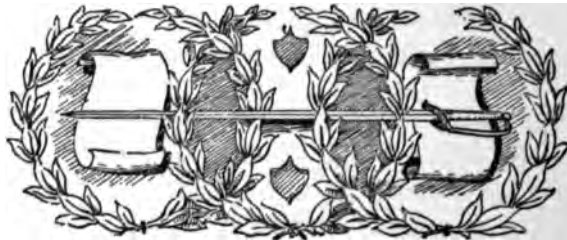
wonderful products of America. Thus began the commonwealth of Georgia. The humane reformer of prison discipline was already the father of a State, "the place of refuge for the distressed people of Britain and the persecuted Protestants of Europe."

The fame of the hero penetrated the wilderness; and, in May, the chief men of the eight towns of the Lower Muskogees, accepting his invitation, came down to make an alliance. Long King, the tall and aged civil chief of the Oconas, spoke for them all: "The Great Spirit, who dwells everywhere around, and gives breath to all men, sends the English to instruct us." Claiming the country south of Savannah, he bade the strangers welcome to the lands which his nation did not use; and, in token of sincerity, he laid eight bundles of buckskins at Oglethorpe's feet. "Tomo-chichi," he added, "though banished from his nation, has yet been a great warrior; and for his wisdom and courage, the exiles chose him their king." Tomo-chichi entered timorously, and, bowing very low, gave thanks that he was still permitted "to look for good land among the tombs of his ancestors." The chief of Coweta stood up and said, "We are come twenty-five days' journey to see you. I was never willing to go down to Charleston, lest I should die on the way; but when I heard you were come, and that you are good men, I came down, that I might hear good things." He then gave leave to the exiles to summon the kindred that loved them out of each of the Creek towns, that they might dwell together. "Recall," he added, "the Yamassees, that they may be buried in peace among their ancestors, and may see their graves before they die." On the first of June, a treaty of peace was signed, by which the English claimed sovereignty over the land of the Creeks as far south as the St. John's; and the chieftains departed laden with presents.

A Cherokee appeared among the English. "Fear nothing," said Oglethorpe, "but speak freely;" and the mountaineer answered, "I always speak freely. Why should I fear? I am now among friends; I never feared even among my enemies." And friendly relations were cherished with the Cherokees. In the following year, Red Shoes, a Choctaw

chief, proposed commerce. "We came a great way," said he, "and we are a great nation. The French are building forts about us, against our liking. We have long traded with them, but they are poor in goods; we desire that a trade may be opened between us and you." And when commerce with them was begun, the English coveted the harbors on the Gulf of Mexico.

The good faith of Oglethorpe in the offers of peace, his noble mien and sweetness of temper, conciliated the confidence of the red men; and he, in his turn, was pleased with their simplicity, and sought for means to clear the glimmering ray of their minds, to guide their bewildered reason, and teach them to know the God whom they ignorantly adored.—
GEORGE BANCROFT.





MARYLAND shares with Rhode Island the honor of having established religious freedom in America. For this position it is indebted to its liberal-minded Roman Catholic founders, the Lords Baltimore, whose name is honorably perpetuated in the chief city of the State.

George Calvert, first Lord Baltimore, was born at Kipling in Yorkshire, England, about 1580. In 1594, Calvert entered Trinity College, Oxford, being but fourteen years of age, and on the 30th of August, 1605, he received the degree of M.A. After leaving Oxford he traveled abroad, and on his return became the secretary of Sir Robert Cecil. Sir Robert subsequently obtained for Calvert the office of clerk of the crown in the province of Connaught, Ireland. Calvert received an appointment as clerk of the council in 1608, and in the following year took his seat in Parliament as member for Bossiney. In 1617 he received from King James I. the honor of knighthood, and in 1619 he became Secretary of State. He was a great friend of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and depended for the King's favor on that nobleman's influence.

In 1624, having joined the Roman Church, Calvert resigned his office as Secretary of State. On February 16, 1625, he was made a peer, with the title of Baron of Baltimore in the county of Longford, in Ireland. In 1621 Calvert had established the colony of Avalon, in Newfoundland. In 1627 he found it necessary to visit the colony in person; he re-

mained but a few weeks, but returning in 1628, remained until the autumn of 1629. During this period he successfully repulsed the attack of some French privateers; but the Puritans began to complain of the number of priests Baltimore had brought with him. This circumstance and the extreme severity of the climate induced him to apply to the King for a grant of land further south. He sailed for Virginia, and being delighted with the climate, endeavored to secure a grant of land lying south of the James River. He was opposed by the members of the late Virginia Company, and then sought to obtain a patent for a new colony north and east of the Potomac, but died April 15th, 1632, before the completion of the grant. He was buried in the Church of St. Dunstan-in-the-West in London.

Sir George Calvert, afterwards first Lord Baltimore, deserves to be ranked among wise and benevolent law-givers, for he connected his hopes of the aggrandizement of his family with the establishment of popular institutions. In the fierce controversies of his time he was taunted with being "an Hispaniolized Papist," but the justice of history must avow that in his acts and legislation he constantly exhibited true charity. His example served to introduce into American institutions the principles of religious liberty.

CECILIUS CALVERT, second Lord Baltimore, obtained, on June 20, 1632, the Charter of Maryland which his father had sought. He sent his brother Leonard to establish the colony, and governed it for forty-three years by deputies, never once himself visiting it. Cecilius was universally commended for his moderation; he sought the exercise of his own religion, and was prepared to practice the toleration he demanded. He married Anne Arundel. He sent out his only son, Charles, to be Governor in 1662. The young ruler inherited the energy as well as the virtues of his father. He passed an act for the public maintenance of those who should be injured in the defence of the colony. A mint also was established for the coining of money. He died November 30, 1675. Cecilius Calvert, for the needed comfort and protection of the settlers, expended £20,000 per annum. Through the benignity of his administration, no person professing to

believe in the divinity of Christ was permitted to be molested on account of his religion. Men of foreign birth enjoyed equal advantages with those of the English and Irish nations. He even invited the Puritans of Massachusetts to Maryland, offering them lands and privileges and free liberty of religion. His rule was marked by conciliation and humanity. To foster industry, to promote union, to cherish religious peace; these were the honest purposes of Cecilius Calvert, Lord Baltimore. His benevolent designs were the fruit of his personal character, his proprietary interests, and the necessity of his position.

THE ARK AND THE DOVE.

Cecil Calvert succeeded to his father's honors and fortunes. For him, the heir of his father's intentions, not less than of his father's fortunes, the charter of Maryland was published and confirmed; and he obtained the high distinction of successfully performing what the colonial companies had hardly been able to achieve. At a vast expense he planted a colony, which for several generations descended as a patrimony to his heirs.

Virginia regarded the severing of her territory with apprehension, and before any colonists had embarked under the charter of Baltimore, her commissioners had in England remonstrated against the grant as an invasion of her commercial rights, an infringement on her domains, and a discouragement to her planters. In Strafford Lord Baltimore found a friend,—for Strafford had been the friend of the father,—and the remonstrance was in vain; the Privy Council sustained the proprietary charter, and, advising the parties to an amicable adjustment of all disputes, commanded a free commerce and a good correspondence between the respective colonies.

Nor was it long before gentlemen of birth and quality resolved to adventure their lives and a good part of their fortunes in the enterprise of planting a colony under so favorable a charter. Lord Baltimore, who, for some unknown reason, abandoned his purpose of conducting the emigrants in person, appointed his brother to act as his lieutenant; and,

on Friday, the twenty-second of November, with a small but favoring gale, Leonard Calvert, and about two hundred people, most of them Roman Catholic gentlemen and their servants, in the "Ark and the Dove," a ship of large burden, and a pinnace, set sail for the northern bank of the Potomac. Having stayed by the way in Barbadoes and St. Christopher, it was not till February of the following year that they arrived at Point Comfort, in Virginia; where, in obedience to the express letters of King Charles, they were welcomed by Harvey with courtesy and humanity. Clayborne also appeared, but it was as a prophet of ill omen, to terrify the company by predicting the fixed hostility of the natives.

Leaving Point Comfort, Calvert sailed into the Potomac; and with the pinnace ascended the stream. A cross was planted on an island, and the country claimed for Christ and for England. At about forty-seven leagues above the mouth of the river, he found the village of Piscataqua, an Indian settlement nearly opposite Mount Vernon. The chieftain of the tribe would neither bid him go nor stay; "he might use his own discretion." It did not seem safe for the English to plant the first settlement so high up the river; Calvert descended the stream, examining, in his barge, the creeks and estuaries nearer the Chesapeake; he entered the river which is now called St. Mary's, and which he named St. George's; and, about four leagues from its junction with the Potomac, he anchored at the Indian town of Yoacomoco. The native inhabitants having suffered from the superior power of the Susquehannas, who occupied the district between the bays, had already resolved to remove into places of more security in the interior; and many of them had begun to migrate before the English arrived. To Calvert, the spot seemed convenient for a plantation; it was easy, by presents of cloth and axes, of hoes and knives, to gain the good will of the natives, and to purchase their rights to the soil which they were preparing to abandon. They readily gave consent that the English should immediately occupy one-half of their town, and, after the harvest, should become the exclusive tenants of the whole. Mutual promises of friendship and peace were made; so that, upon the twenty-seventh day of

March, the Catholics took quiet possession of the little place; and religious liberty obtained a home, its only home in the wide world, at the humble village which bore the name of St. Mary's.

Three days after the landing of Calvert, the "Ark and Dove" anchored in the harbor. Sir John Harvey soon arrived on a visit; the native chiefs also came or stayed to welcome or watch the emigrants, and were so well received, that they resolved to give perpetuity to their league of amity with the English. The Indian women taught the wives of the new-comers to make bread of maize; the warriors of the tribe instructed the huntsmen how rich were the forests of America in game, and joined them in the chase. And, as the season of the year invited to the pursuits of agriculture, and the English had come into possession of ground already subdued, they were able, at once, to possess cornfields and gardens, and prepare the wealth of successful husbandry. Virginia, from its surplus produce, could furnish a temporary supply of food, and all kinds of domestic cattle. No sufferings were endured; no fears of want were excited; the foundation of the Colony of Maryland was peacefully and happily laid. Within six months, it had advanced more than Virginia had done in as many years. The proprietary continued with great liberality to provide everything that was necessary for its comfort and protection, and spared no costs to promote its interests; expending, in the first two years, upwards of forty thousand pounds sterling. But far more memorable was the character of the Maryland institutions. Every other country in the world had persecuting laws; "I will not,"—such was the oath for the Governor of Maryland,—"I will not, by myself or any other, directly or indirectly, molest any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion." Under the mild institutions and munificence of Baltimore, the dreary wilderness soon bloomed with the swarming life and activity of prosperous settlements; the Roman Catholics, who were oppressed by the laws of England, were sure to find a peaceful asylum in the quiet harbors of the Chesapeake; and there, too, Protestants were sheltered against Protestant intolerance.

Such were the beautiful auspices under which the province of Maryland started into being; its prosperity and its peace seemed assured; the interests of its people and its proprietary were united; and, for some years, its internal peace and harmony were undisturbed. Its history is the history of benevolence, gratitude and toleration. No domestic factions disturbed its harmony. Every thing breathed peace but Clayborne. Dangers could only grow out of external causes, and were eventually the sad consequences of the revolution in England.—GEORGE BANCROFT.





THE irresistible genius of Washington Irving has so covered the period of the Dutch settlement and government of New York with a comical aspect that it is almost impossible to consider seriously the characters and adventures of the sturdy phlegmatic founders of the American metropolis. Stuyvesant was the most prominent representative of that worthy people

in the present limits of the United States.

Peter Stuyvesant was born in the year 1602, the son of a clergyman in Friesland, one of the northern provinces of the Netherlands. Peter received a good education, and is said to have distinguished himself as a Latin scholar. Even at school he exhibited the impetuosity and self-will for which he was afterwards noted. He entered the army, and shortly exhibiting administrative ability, he was appointed Director of Curaçoa, in the Caribbean sea, which had been settled by the Spaniards, but afterwards captured by the Dutch. He attacked the Portuguese on the Island of St. Martin, and in the engagement which followed lost a leg. He returned to Holland in 1644 to procure medical assistance.

The Colony of New Netherland, by the maladministration of Governor Kieft, was in a deplorable condition. He had estranged the Indians by cruelty and baseness, and for five years war had raged between those people and the Dutch Colony. Governor Kieft, on petition to the home government, had been recalled. Stuyvesant, his health being restored, was appointed to succeed him. He arrived at Manhattan in May, 1647, and immediately set himself to reform

the abuses of the last administration. He conciliated the Indians, passed laws for the strict observance of the Sabbath, and curtailed the sale of intoxicating liquors; but we are also told assumed "state and pomp like a peacock's." On the 17th of September, 1650, Governor Stuyvesant sailed from Manhattan for Hartford, Connecticut. Here he arranged with the New England Commissioners a boundary line, which had for a long time been in dispute between the two Colonies. In 1651 he erected on the Delaware river, near the present site of New Castle, a fort, which he called Casimer.

A municipal government was organized in the year 1653 for the city of New Amsterdam, now New York. Sweden now claimed the land on which Fort Casimer was built, and in 1654 sent a force to capture it. Bikker, who held the fort for Stuyvesant, had but a small garrison, and surrendered it to John Rising, the Swedish commander. The Governor of New Netherland was highly indignant, and shortly after seized a Swedish ship which had anchored off Staten Island. He sent word to Rising that he should hold the ship, cargo and crew, "until a reciprocal restitution shall have been made." Rising refused to parley on the matter. Stuyvesant, with seven vessels and over six hundred men, surrounded Fort Casimer, which soon capitulated. The Swedish Governor also surrendered Fort Christiana, which was two miles further up the river. Thus, after seventeen years, Swedish dominion on the South River was brought to an end.

The arbitrary rule of Stuyvesant was obnoxious to the majority of his subjects, and a convention, made up of two deputies from each village in New Netherland, demanded a popular government, and remonstrated against the establishment of arbitrary power. They also complained that laws had been enacted without the consent of the people. There ensued a bitter controversy between them and the Governor. Stuyvesant ordered them to disperse "on pain of our highest displeasure;" adding, "We derive our authority from God, and from the company, not from a few ignorant subjects." Petitions were sent to Holland protesting against his administration. Stuyvesant was rigorously rebuked by the home government; but this made little difference to such a man.

He was born to govern, not to be governed. He prosecuted all those who did not agree with him on religious matters. The Quakers especially received the most cruel treatment at his hands. A person for entertaining a Quaker, even for a single night, was fined fifty pounds.

Upon the restoration of Charles II. in England, Republicans and Dissenters, disappointed and persecuted, were disposed, in ever-increasing numbers, to take refuge in the New World. Relations between Holland and England had been greatly strained. In 1667 little Holland inflicted on England such a humiliation as she had never before endured. The Dutch fleet destroyed Sheerness, burned the ships lying off Chatham, and sailed up the Thames as far as Tilbury Fort. "The roar of foreign guns was heard for the first and last time by the citizens of London."

England claimed the New Netherlands, and Charles II. granted to his brother James, the Duke of York, all land lying between the Connecticut River and the Delaware. On August 20, 1664, an English fleet, under command of Colonel Nicholls, anchored off Coney Island. He sent four men ashore to demand the surrender of Fort Amsterdam. Stuyvesant was for resisting the demand, but the people forced him to yield, and on September 3d he delivered up the city of New Amsterdam. Stuyvesant died in New York City in August, 1682. After the English occupation he lived on his farm or *bouwerij*, just outside the city limits, until his death. He was buried at St. Mark's Church in that city.

Peter Stuyvesant exhibited a character of high morality in private life, as well as in his negotiations with the English and Indians. He showed in these firmness of manner, sharpness of perception, clearness of argument, and soundness of judgment. As a Church and State man, he was thoroughly conservative. As usual with the majority of governors sent from Europe, he took sides, on his arrival, with the office-holders whom he found in the country, and who had already inflicted so much injury on the Province. Thus he became separated from the mass of his countrymen, and proved himself really a tyrant against the people in their struggles for freer institutions.

PETER THE HEADSTRONG.

Peter Stuyvesant was the last, and, like the renowned Wouter Van Twiller, the best of our ancient Dutch governors, Wouter having surpassed all who preceded him, and Pieter or Piet, as he was socially called by the old Dutch burghers, who were ever prone to familiarize names, having never been equalled by any successor. He was, in fact, the very man fitted by nature to retrieve the desperate fortunes of his beloved province, had not the fates, those most potent and unrelenting of all ancient spinsters, destined them to inextricable confusion.

To say merely that he was a hero would be doing him great injustice: he was, in truth, a combination of heroes; for he was of a sturdy, raw-boned make like Ajax Telamon, with a pair of round shoulders that Hercules would have given his hide for (meaning his lion's hide), when he undertook to ease old Atlas of his load. He was, moreover, as Plutarch describes Coriolanus, not only terrible for the force of his arm, but likewise of his voice, which sounded as though it came out of a barrel; and, like the self-same warrior, he possessed a sovereign contempt for the sovereign people, and an iron aspect, which was enough of itself to make the very bowels of his adversaries quake with terror and dismay. All this martial excellency of appearance was inexpressibly heightened by an accidental advantage, with which I am surprised that neither Homer nor Virgil have graced any of their heroes. This was nothing less than a wooden leg, which was the only prize he had gained in bravely fighting the battles of his country, but of which he was so proud, that he was often heard to declare he valued it more than all his other limbs put together; indeed, so highly did he esteem it, that he had it gallantly enchased and relieved with silver devices, which caused it to be related in divers histories and legends that he wore a silver leg.

Like that choleric warrior Achilles, he was somewhat subject to extempore bursts of passion, which were rather unpleasant to his favorites and attendants, whose perceptions he was apt to quicken, after the manner of his illustrious

imitator, Peter the Great, by anointing their shoulders with his walking-staff. Though I cannot find that he had read Plato, or Aristotle, or Hobbes, or Bacon, or Algernon Sydney, or Tom Paine, yet did he sometimes manifest a shrewdness and sagacity in his measures that one would hardly expect from a man who did not know Greek, and had never studied the ancients. True it is, and I confess it with sorrow, that he had an unreasonable aversion to experiments, and was fond of governing his province after the simplest manner; but then he contrived to keep it in better order than did the erudite Kieft, though he had all the philosophers, ancient and modern, to assist and perplex him. I must likewise own that he made but very few laws, but then again he took care that those few were rigidly and impartially enforced; and I do not know but justice, on the whole, was as well administered as if there had been volumes of sage acts and statutes yearly made, and daily neglected or forgotten.

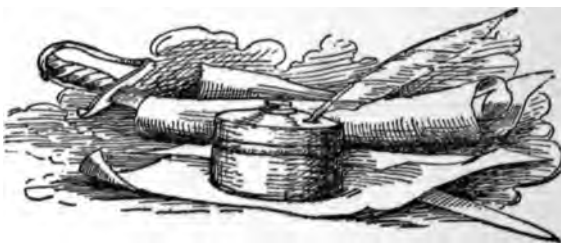
He was, in fact, the very reverse of his predecessors, being neither tranquil and inert, like Walter the Doubter, nor restless and fidgeting, like William the Testy; but a man, or rather a governor, of such uncommon activity and decision of mind, that he never sought nor accepted the advice of others; depending bravely upon his single head, as would a hero of yore upon his single arm, to carry him through all difficulties and dangers. To tell the simple truth, he wanted nothing more to complete him as a statesman than to think always right, for no one can say but that he always acted as he thought.

He was never a man to flinch when he found himself in a scrape: but to dash forward through thick and thin, trusting by hook or by crook, to make all things straight in the end. In a word, he possessed in an eminent degree that great quality in a statesman, called perseverance by the polite, but nicknamed obstinacy by the vulgar,—a wonderful salve for official blunders, since he who perseveres in error without flinching gets the credit of boldness and consistency; while he who wavers in seeking to do what is right gets stigmatized as a trimmer. This much is certain, and it is a maxim well worthy the attention of all legislators, great and small, who

stand shaking in the wind, irresolute which way to steer, that a ruler who follows his own will pleases himself, while he who seeks to satisfy the wishes and whims of others runs great risk of pleasing nobody. There is nothing, too, like putting down one's foot resolutely, when in doubt, and letting things take their course. The clock that stands still points right twice in the four-and-twenty hours, while others may keep going continually, and be continually going wrong. Nor did this magnanimous quality escape the discernment of the good people of Niew Nederlands; on the contrary, so much were they struck with the independent will and vigorous resolution displayed on all occasions by their new Governor, that they universally called him *Hard-Koppig Piet*, or *Peter the Headstrong*—a great compliment to the strength of his understanding.

If from all that I have said thou dost not gather, worthy reader, that Peter Stuyvesant was a tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leathern-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited old governor, either I have written to but little purpose, or thou art dull at drawing conclusions.

—W. IRVING.





ALTHOUGH John Fitch constructed the first steamboat that navigated American waters, he obtained little credit for the invention. Only recently has justice been done to the claims of this humble mechanic, whose misfortune it was that his merits were concealed under a rough garb.

John Fitch was born on the 21st of January, 1743, at Windsor, Connecticut. His father, Joseph Fitch, was descended from an old Saxon family which had emigrated to Essex, England, and had finally crossed to America, and settled at Windsor. When only four years old, John Fitch lost his mother, and at the age of eight he was put to work on the farm. Out of his scanty earnings he managed to purchase a copy of "Salmon's Geography," which he studied. When he was thirteen, after much difficulty, he persuaded his father to allow him to take lessons in surveying. Chiefly owing to the cruel treatment of his elder brother, life at home was no longer bearable, and at seventeen, John ran away. Arriving at Wethersfield, he shipped on board a vessel bound for New York. His treatment here was worse even than he had received at home, and he transferred himself to a Providence sloop.

Soon tired of a sailor's life, Fitch apprenticed himself to a clock-maker; but receiving little instruction in the practical part of this business from his master, he left and set up a

brass foundry, in which undertaking he had some success. Believing he could make more money in manufacturing potash, he gave up the brass work ; but the potash business proved a failure. On the 28th of December, 1767, he married a Miss Lucy Roberts. This union brought nothing but misery to both parties, and in less than two years they separated on account of incompatibility of temper. The fruit of this marriage was two children, a son and a daughter. The children were taken by the mother, who seems to have alienated any affection they might have had for their father. In later years he wrote them frequently, offering them land and property, but received no response.

At the age of twenty-six he left his little homestead and became a wanderer, traveling in Massachusetts, New York and New Jersey. When the American Revolution broke out, he found occupation in repairing arms at Trenton. The British army entering that place, destroyed the little property he had accumulated and also his tools. Fitch now enlisted in a company of New Jersey volunteers, and was made lieutenant. At the expiration of his term of service he received \$4,000 of Continental paper; for this he realized in specie only one hundred dollars. Working for a time as deputy surveyor under the State of Virginia, he, in 1780, set out on foot for Kentucky, and took up lands between Kentucky and Green Rivers. When he returned to Philadelphia, in 1781, he was the owner of 1,600 acres of land. In 1782, whilst descending the Ohio to New Orleans with a cargo of flour and groceries, he, with eight others, was taken prisoner by a party of Indians under Captain Buffalo. Fitch was passed from one tribe to another, and from one owner to another in exchange for skins, until he computed that he had traveled 1,200 miles through the North-western territory. In October of the same year his captivity ended by his being purchased from the Indians by a British officer at Detroit. Subsequently he was exchanged as a prisoner of war, and returned to the United States in the winter of 1782-3. By means of knowledge gained, during his Indian captivity, of the country, on his return he drew a map embracing the territory from the Lake of the Woods to the mouth of the Ohio River. He was

assisted in this by Thomas Hutchins, Geographer of the United States, and by William McMurray. These rough maps appear to have been in great demand.

One Sunday, on returning from church, the idea entered his mind of "gaining a force by steam." On the 29th of August, 1785, he had so matured this idea that he presented the subject to the Continental Congress. The matter was referred to a special committee who neglected even to make a report upon it. Fitch returned to work on his map of the Indian Country, only, however, with the desire to accumulate funds which should enable him to carry out his design as to a steamboat. Patrick Henry secured for him one hundred and fifteen subscribers. In April, 1786, a company was formed to carry on the steamboat enterprise. Mr. Harry Voight, as superintendent, assisted Fitch in the construction of the engine. They both agreed that the paddles were to be worked by cranks. The boat was commenced at Philadelphia, and on the 1st of May, 1787, was considered ready for launching, and was named the "Perseverance." Her first private trial greatly disheartened Fitch. In smooth water she attained only a speed of three miles an hour; but improvements were made, and in October, 1788, she made a public trial and secured a speed of eight miles an hour. She made on the 12th of October, a trip up the Delaware to Burlington against the tide; on this journey she covered the twenty miles at the average speed of $6\frac{1}{3}$ miles an hour, having on board thirty passengers. Rittenhouse testified that he "was on board when the boat worked against both wind and tide, with a very considerable degree of velocity, by the force of steam alone." Dr. Thornton certifies that shortly after her Burlington trip she made eighty miles in a day. Fitch and his associates were presented with a handsome flag by the Governor of Pennsylvania, and received a complimentary notice from the resident minister of France.

A spirited contest, however, had arisen about the new application of steam. The State of New Jersey had granted Fitch the exclusive right to navigate her waters by "fire or steam," New York had given him a monopoly for fourteen years, and Virginia, Pennsylvania and Delaware granted privileges; but

in 1787 New York repealed the law in favor of Fitch, the poor Pennsylvanian, and transferred its privileges to Robert R. Livingston, a prominent citizen of New York. On the 26th of August, 1791, a patent to both Fitch and his chief opponent, James Rumsey, of Virginia, who had secured the favor of many members of Congress, was granted for propelling boats by steam, leaving the question of priority and originality to be settled in the courts. So disheartened was Fitch by the contention that he determined to return and settle in Kentucky. In the "Columbian Magazine" for December, 1786, a description of Fitch's "Perseverance" is given; though it is certified that up to September, 1786, Rumsey had not applied a steam-engine or a force-pump to his boat.

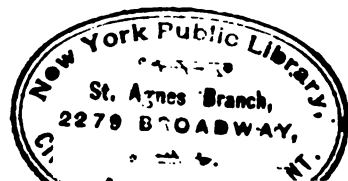
In 1792 Fitch sailed for France to start a steamboat company in Europe; but on his arrival, on account of the Revolution, his hopes of success there were dispelled. He now visited London, and in 1793 published a pamphlet on navigation, entitled, "An Explanation for Keeping a Ship's Traverse at Sea by the Columbian Ready Reckoner." His money becoming exhausted, he worked his way across the Atlantic before the mast, arriving in Boston in 1794. In 1796 he again went to Kentucky, and engaged in a series of law suits to recover his lands. Thoroughly broken down in health and spirits, he gave way to the use of liquor, and gradually drank himself to death, dying about the middle of 1798. He was buried at Bardstown, Kentucky.

Fitch had in 1796 left a sealed manuscript with the Library Company of Philadelphia, giving instructions that it should not be opened until thirty years after his death. At the expiration of this period the seal was broken, and it bore evidence to the fact that in April, 1785, the idea first occurred to him of propelling carriages along roads by steam. A week after he took up the idea of water-craft; respecting this, he writes, "I did not know that there was a steam-engine on earth, when I proposed to gain a force by steam. I leave my first draft and descriptions behind, that you may judge whether I am sincere or not. A short time after drawing my first draft for a boat, I was amazed and chagrined to find at Parson Erwin's, in Bucks County, a drawing of a steam-

engine; but it had the effect to establish me in my other principles, as my doubts, at that time, lay in the engine only." Fitch describes himself thus, "My temper of mind, being so different from any man's, causes me many difficulties. I am modest, in easy circumstances, and imperious, and violent, and petulant, when in difficulty. I hope the considerate may forgive this, and I wish to correct myself." Fitch was thoroughly honest, original in his ideas, obdurately fixed in his purposes; yet, like other inventors, somewhat restless in life. Unfortunately, the roughness of his appearance and manner, as well as the peculiarity of his temper, prevented him from winning friends, when friends were most necessary to his enterprises. It is remarkable that Franklin, whose character and career might have seemed to lead him to favor the inventive mechanic Fitch, gave his influence to his less worthy rival, Rumsey. Harshly treated as a boy, unhappy in his domestic relations, baffled at every step of his inventive career, and sinking to the grave a disappointed man, John Fitch must forever be an object of sympathy to students of character.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE DELAWARE.

In May, 1787, the steam-engine was completed; but it was found that "the *wooden* caps to the cylinders" admitted air. They were also horizontal, and "the piston was leaky." Money was advanced by the company to set them right. The machinery was all taken out from the foundation and set up again—a very tedious job. After a heavy expenditure and a waste of time, the works were again fixed with a perpendicular cylinder. It was then discovered that the condensation was imperfect. They were obliged to "throw the condenser away," and procure others according to the draft of Voight, who entitled his invention "a pipe condenser." Several other forms of condensers had been previously tried, but were found to be useless. The steam valves were also imperfect. In lieu of these, Voight invented a double cock, "through which the steam could pass to the cylinder, and when it had done its work to repass said cock to the condenser." Whilst these alterations were being made, the pro-



jectors and company were expectant, but as soon as one defect was remedied another became apparent. At length it was supposed that everything was perfect; but, lo! a new and unforeseen difficulty arose. The engine worked so briskly that the boiler could not furnish sufficient steam to supply it continuously. Yet the boat had been moved, and at a rate, too, when going, of three or four miles an hour; but frequent stoppages were necessary to accumulate fresh supplies of steam. The shareholders now became discouraged, and some of them abandoned the project. Fitch in despair was inclined to give up the attempt; but he determined to try another appeal. They relented, and more money was furnished. The necessary alterations were made. The machinery worked exceedingly well, and there was plenty of steam.

The new boat was tried on the 22d of August, 1787. The Convention to frame a Federal Constitution was then in session in Philadelphia, and the members were invited to witness the experiment. The boat was tried near the place where it was built, and it was propelled by the power of steam. It went but slowly, however, the cylinder was only twelve inches in diameter, and the force of the machinery was not sufficient to move the boat at a rate of speed which would render it valuable for use on the Delaware as a packet-boat. Nevertheless, those who were present were satisfied that the trial had demonstrated that a boat might be moved by steam. In his journal, Fitch mentions that nearly all the members of the Convention were present, except General Washington. Governor Randolph, of Virginia, "was pleased to give the invention countenance," and Dr. Johnson, of Virginia, the next day sent the patient enthusiast the following note:

Dr. Johnson presents his compliments to Mr. Fitch, and assures him that the exhibition of yesterday gave the gentlemen present much satisfaction. He himself, and, he doubts not, the other gentlemen, will always be happy to give him every countenance and encouragement in their power which his ingenuity and industry entitles him to.

Thursday afternoon, 23d August, 1787.

In the diary of Rev. Ezra Stiles, of New Haven, Conn., under date 1787, August 27, is the following entry: "Judge Ellsworth, a member of the Federal Convention, just returned from Philadelphia, visited me, and tells me the Convention will not rise under three weeks. He there saw a Steam-Engine for rowing boats against the stream, invented by Mr. Fitch, of Windsor, in Connecticut. He was on board the boat, and saw the experiment succeed."

In the spring of 1790, the Steamboat Company began to put the works on board, some of which had been taken out when the boat was laid up in the previous winter. The alterations to the boiler were also in progress. The pleasant prosecution of the business was prevented by recriminations and quarrelsome scenes between Fitch and some of the Directors. The dispute at this time was in reference to the propriety of getting a new condenser. The Directors ordered a new one to be made, twice as large as any which had previously been tried. To this Fitch was opposed. The new article was finished, however, and placed in the "condensing tub," which had to be enlarged to hold it. Preparations were made to try the boat by Easter Monday. The engine would not work with any degree of force, and the little vessel scarcely stemmed the tide. Dr. Thornton was much discouraged. Already *seven* condensers had been tried, of different sorts and sizes, and all had failed. The five small ones were the most successful. That of 1787, a pipe-condenser without injection, was the best. Fitch, as usual when he desired to carry out any point, resorted to his pen, and placed his ideas upon paper. He declared that the defect so long observable in the manner in which the boat worked, the cause of which had so long puzzled them, could not be in the cylinder, air-pump or boiler, but must be in the condenser. This paper was shown to some of the Company, and they agreed to try the thing. Another condenser was ordered, and this, with other alterations, seems to have secured the long-sought result.

On Monday, the 12th of April, 1790, the machinery was tried; and it worked so forcibly that a pulley was broken.

They were compelled to come to anchor. A strong north-west wind was blowing. Several sail-boats passed them, but refused any help, jeering, at the same time, at their misfortune. There was now some hope of success; and a new and stronger pulley having been procured, the adventurers made a trial which was glorious in its consequences. In the simplicity and exultation of his heart, Fitch thus exclaims in his journal :

"On the 16th of April, got our work completed, and tried our boat again; and although the wind blew very fresh at the northeast, we reigned *Lord High Admirals of the Delaware*, and no boat in the river could hold its way with us, but all fell astern, although several sail-boats, which were very light, and heavy sails, that brought their gunwales well down to the water, came out to try us. We also passed many boats with oars, and strong manned, and no loading, and [they] seemed to stand still when we passed them. We also run round a vessel that was beating to windward in about two miles, which had half a mile start of us, and came in without any of our works failing."

The next day was appointed to make a trip with members of the Company. The wind blew very strong, and none came but Dr. Benjamin Say. They ventured out in the stream, and found that they could work very well. Before the wind they went "amazingly swift," and they returned well pleased, and with an idea that their troubles were nearly at an end. A short time afterward, David Rittenhouse and Dr. Robert Patterson were taken on a four-mile trip and returned, and subsequently Dr. Ewing, General James Irvine and Mr. Gray were favored with the novelty of a steam voyage. In the joy of his heart at this happy consummation, Fitch exclaims: "Thus has been effected, by little Johnny Fitch and Harry Voight, one of the greatest and most useful arts that has ever been introduced into the world; and although the world and my country do not thank me for it, yet it gives me heartfelt satisfaction."

For the first time since these persevering experiments commenced, the public journals condescended to notice their progress. The following paragraph, published in the *Gazette*

of the United States, May 15, was republished generally throughout the Union, in newspapers and magazines :

“ BURLINGTON, May 11, 1790.

“ The friends of science and the liberal arts will be gratified in hearing that we were favored, on Sunday last, with a visit from the ingenious Mr. Fitch, accompanied by several gentlemen of taste and knowledge in mechanics, in a steamboat constructed on an improved plan. From these gentlemen we learn that they came from Philadelphia in three hours and a quarter, with a head wind, the tide in their favor. On their return, by accurate observations, they proceeded down the river at the rate of upwards of seven miles an hour.”

On the 16th of June, Governor Thomas Mifflin and Messrs. Samuel Miles, Zebulon Potts, Amos Gregg, Christopher Kucher, Frederick Watts, Abraham Smith, William Findlay, John Hartzell and Charles Biddle, of the Council, were on board, and took a trip. They were highly pleased, and authorized Fitch to get a suit of colors at their expense. This was done. The bill amounted to £5 6s. 11d. There had been no flags on the steamboat before, and Fitch, naturally anxious for the *éclat* which such a gift would occasion, desired that it should be presented in form. The Governor and Council were too shrewd politicians thus publicly to commit themselves in favor of a scheme which had been the subject of popular derision for four years. Mr. Biddle, the Secretary, informed the inventor that the flags were given by private subscription among the members of the Council, and *not officially*.

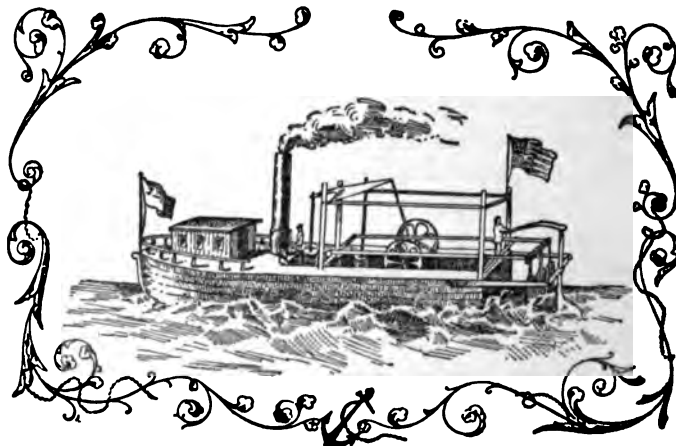
The boat was now ready for active service ; but it was necessary to make some accommodation for passengers. Dr. Thornton wanted the cabin high and stately. Fitch feared that such a structure would catch the wind, and prove an obstacle to the progress of the boat. There was a dispute about it, which finally resulted in the vanquishment of the projector and the triumph of his adversary.

It was probably about this time that the experiment took place which was described by Dr. Thornton in 1810 : “ The day was appointed, and the experiment made in the following

manner: A mile was measured in Front Street, or Water Street, Philadelphia, and the bounds projected at right angles, as exactly as could be, to the wharves, where a flag was placed at each end, and also a stop-watch. The boat was ordered under way at dead water, or when the tide was found to be without movement. As the boat passed one flag it was struck, and at the same instant the watches were set off; as the boat reached the other flag it was also struck, and the watches instantly stopped. Every precaution was taken before witnesses; the time was shown to all, the experiment declared to be fairly made, and the boat was found to go at the rate of eight miles an hour, or one mile within the eighth of an hour; on which the shares were signed over with great satisfaction by the rest of the Company. It afterwards went eighty miles in a day."

The great problem, it was now thought, was demonstrated. The boat was run to Burlington frequently, beating everything which sailed on the Delaware. There were occasional accidents; but they were easily repaired. It is said in the journal that the boat ran as much as five hundred miles between these various accidents; which would give an average of nearly fourteen uninterrupted trips. At this time the steamboat was run as a regular passenger boat.

—T. WESTCOTT.





ROBERT FULTON stands before the world the accredited author of the steamboat, and although his priority of invention has been successfully disputed, there can be no doubt that he was the first to impress upon the popular mind the practicability, convenience and necessity of the use of steam for journeys by inland waters. Robert Fulton was born at Little Britain, Lancaster County,

Pennsylvania, in 1765. His parents were immigrants from Kilkenny, Ireland. He received a plain education at the village school, and early displayed a fondness for mechanical pursuits and showed a great taste for drawing. When his mother complained to his teacher that the boy, then twelve years old, was making slow progress, the schoolmaster replied that he had done his best for the lad, and that Robert had told him that "his head was so full of new ideas that there was no room for the storage of the contents of dusty books." Ere long the boy furnished a gunmaker with excellent drawings of the stock, lock and barrel. At the age of fourteen he invented an air-gun. The events of the Revolutionary War naturally turned the mind of this young genius to the invention of implements of destruction. He was heart and soul with the Colonists in their struggle for liberty, and remained a true American to the day of his death.

In his eighteenth year Fulton removed to Philadelphia, and began to paint portraits and landscapes; he also proved himself a first-class mechanical draughtsman. So successful

was he that at the age of twenty-four he had saved sufficient money to purchase a small farm in Washington County, Pa. This property he deeded to his mother. Whilst in Philadelphia Fulton made the acquaintance of many influential men, amongst them being Benjamin Franklin. These friends proved to him in after life of great service.

In November, 1786, Robert Fulton sailed for England, and on his arrival in London was received as an inmate in the house of Benjamin West, a native of Pennsylvania, who had already become famous as an historical painter in England. Fulton continued to reside with him for some years and received instruction from him in his profession. After leaving West, painting was for some time his chief employment. The fine arts were destined, however, with Fulton to give place to the mechanical. In 1794 he was engaged by the Duke of Bridgewater in canal projects. He adopted and patented the system of inclined planes as a substitute for locks. He also wrote a treatise on canals, and now for the first time styled himself a civil engineer. About this time he invented a mill for sawing marble, and patented methods of spinning flax and making ropes. At the end of 1796 he went to Paris, on the invitation of Joel Barlow, the United States Minister to the French Government. Fulton resided with him for seven years.

While at Paris two projects appear to have occupied a large portion of Fulton's time and attention: one, a submarine torpedo, or as he called it a carcass; this was a box filled with combustibles, which was to be propelled under water and made to explode beneath the bottom of a vessel; the other, a submarine boat, intended to be used for a similar destructive purpose. The first was a failure; but of his submarine boat he made many trials and exhibitions, some of them at the expense of the French Government, with occasional failures and partial success, on the Seine, at Havre and at Rouen. But for all practical purposes this was as much a failure as the other. He appears, however, to have clung to it with great perseverance, and not long before his death exhibited its power by blowing up an old vessel in the neighborhood of New York.

At Paris Fulton studied the higher branches of science, and also made himself master of the modern languages. He projected the first panorama exhibited at Paris, and in conjunction with Robert Livingston, the American author and statesman, then United States Minister to France, began to make experiments on the Seine with small steamboats. The success was indifferent. Soon after this time he was invited to England by the ministry of that country, at the suggestion of Earl Stanhope, with whom Fulton had become acquainted about the time of his introduction to the Duke of Bridgewater. The object of the English ministry appears to have been to employ him in the construction of his submarine implements of war. On the 15th of October, 1805, off Walmar Castle, the home of William Pitt, Fulton gave an exhibition of his submarine apparatus. Seventy pounds of powder were used. The vessel to be blown up was a brig. "Exactly in fifteen minutes from the time of drawing the peg and throwing the carcass into the water, the explosion took place. It lifted the brig almost bodily and broke her completely in two. The ends sank immediately, and nothing was seen but floating fragments." The vessel "went to pieces like a shattered egg-shell." Fulton's negotiations with the British Government, however, fell through.

In 1806 Fulton arrived at New York, and soon after, with funds supplied by Livingston, commenced the construction of a steam-vessel of considerable size, which began to navigate the Hudson in 1807. He named his first boat the "Clermont," and in August of that year made his trial trip between New York and Albany and back. The whole distance of one hundred and fifty miles was covered at a rate equal to five miles an hour. No voyage is more memorable in the history of New York since that of Hudson, who first ascended this river in 1609.

Fulton's practical success afterwards enabled him to build other vessels of large dimensions: one of them, a frigate, the "Fulton the First," had a double hull, 156 feet long, 56 feet wide and 20 feet deep, measuring 2,475 tons. She made her trial trip to Sandy Hook and back, fifty-three miles, in eight hours and twenty minutes. The inventor's reputation was

fully established, and his fortune was rapidly increasing, until the patent for steam-vessels, which he had taken out in conjunction with Livingston, was disputed. His opponents were, in a considerable degree, successful. Anxiety and fretfulness, occasioned by the lawsuits about his patent rights, together with his enthusiasm, which led him to expose himself too much while directing his workmen, impaired his constitution, and he died at the early age of forty-nine, on the 24th of February, 1815. He was buried at Trinity Church, New York, in a vault belonging to the Livingston family.

Robert Fulton's highest distinction is that of having been the earliest to establish practically the propelling of vessels by steam. Poor John Fitch's experiments on the Delaware, and Millar's in Scotland, had already demonstrated the practicability of the principle; but Fulton's boat, which began to navigate the Hudson in 1807, was certainly the first practical success in the new application of the mighty power which was so soon to revolutionize the modes of travel and transportation.

Fulton was tall, and, though slender, was well-formed. In his social relations he was generous and affectionate, amiable and charitable. With the wise aid of wealthy patrons and possessed of wonderful perseverance, he overcame the obstacles which had frustrated the hopes and plans of earlier but less fortunate inventors. To his steamboat is due the first impulse which has eventually made New York the commercial metropolis of the New World.

THE FIRST STEAMBOAT ON THE HUDSON.

In the spring of 1807, the first Fulton boat built in this country, was launched from the ship-yards of Charles Brown, on the East River. The engine from England was put on board of her; in August she was completed, and was moved by her machinery from her birth-place to the Jersey shore. Mr. Livingston and Mr. Fulton had invited many of their friends to witness the first trial, among whom were our learned associates, Doctor Mitchill and Doctor M'Neven, to whom we are indebted for some account of what passed on this occasion. Nothing could exceed the surprise and admiration of all who witnessed the experiment. The minds of the most incredu-

lous were changed in a few minutes. Before the boat had made the progress of a quarter of a mile, the greatest unbeliever must have been converted. The man who, while he looked on the expensive machine, thanked his stars that he had more wisdom than to waste his money on such idle schemes, changed the expression of his features as the boat moved from the wharf and gained her speed; his complacent smile gradually stiffened into an expression of wonder. The jeers of the ignorant, who had neither sense nor feeling enough to suppress their contemptuous ridicule and rude jokes, were silenced for a moment by a vulgar astonishment, which deprived them of the power of utterance, till the triumph of genius extorted from the incredulous multitude which crowded the shores, shouts and acclamations of congratulation and applause.

The boat had not been long under way when Fulton ordered her engine to be stopped. Though her performance so far exceeded the expectations of every other person, and no one but himself thought she could be improved, he immediately perceived that there was an error in the construction of her water-wheels. He had their diameter lessened, so that the buckets took less hold of the water, and when they were again put in motion, it was manifest that the alteration had increased the speed of the boat. It may well be said that the man of genius and knowledge has senses beyond those which are common to others, or that he sees with different eyes. How many would have gazed on these ill-proportioned wheels without perceiving that they were imperfect!

This boat, which was called the "Clermont," soon after sailed from a dock near the state prison for Albany. It was announced in the newspapers of that date, that a boat built by Messrs. Livingston & Fulton, with a view to the navigation of the Mississippi River, from New Orleans upwards, would depart for Albany in the afternoon. Indeed, this was according to the general impression at the time. For though the performance of this boat had been witnessed in our harbor, yet it was not conceived that steamboats could be employed as packet-boats between this city and Albany. It is probable that the present success of this mode of navigation exceeds

what was the expectation of Fulton himself. For though, from the calculations made by him in Paris, he concluded that a steamboat might be made to run with a speed exceeding what had yet been attained; yet the experiment in France, and the velocity of the "Clermont," fell so far short of his estimates, that it is very probable he may have had doubts, after she was put in operation, as to the entire accuracy of his calculations. But every successive experiment showed him that the faults were in the fabrication of his machinery and not in his calculations.

From the time the first boat was put in motion till the death of Fulton, the art of navigating by steam was fast advancing to that perfection of which he believed it capable; for some time the boat performed each successive passage with increased speed, and every year improvements were made. The last boat built by him invariably was the best, the most convenient and the swiftest.

The "Clermont," on her first voyage, arrived at her destination without any accident. She excited the astonishment of the inhabitants of the shores of the Hudson, many of whom had not heard even of an engine, much less of a steamboat. There were many descriptions of the effects of her first appearance upon the people of the banks of the river: some of these were ridiculous, but some of them were of such a character as nothing but an object of real grandeur could have excited. She was described by some who had indistinctly seen her passing in the night, to those who had not had a view of her, as a monster moving on the waters, defying the winds and tide, and breathing flames and smoke.

She had the most terrific appearance from other vessels which were navigating the river when she was making her passage. The first steamboats, as others yet do, used dry pine wood for fuel, which sends forth a column of ignited vapor many feet above the flue, and whenever the fire is stirred, a galaxy of sparks fly off, and in the night have a very brilliant and beautiful appearance. This uncommon light first attracted the attention of the crews of the vessels. Notwithstanding the wind and tide were adverse to its approach, they saw with astonishment that it was rapidly coming towards

them; and when it approached so near that the noise of the machinery and paddles were heard, the crews (if what was said in the newspapers of the time be true), in some instances, shrunk beneath their decks from the terrific sight, and left their vessels to go on shore; while others prostrated themselves and besought Providence to protect them from the approaches of the horrible monster, which was marching on the tides and lighting its path by the fires which it vomited.

Mr. Fulton was himself a passenger on this voyage, and upon his return published an account of it, which deserves to be preserved. It is as follows:

"To the Editor of the American Citizen.

"SIR,

"I arrived this afternoon, at four o'clock, in the steam-boat from Albany. As the success of my experiment gives me great hopes that such boats may be rendered of great importance to my country, to prevent erroneous opinions and give some satisfaction to the friends of useful improvements, you will have the goodness to publish the following statement of facts.

"I left New York, on Monday, at one o'clock, and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at one o'clock on Tuesday—time twenty-four hours—distance one hundred and ten miles. On Wednesday I departed from the Chancellor's at nine in the morning, and arrived at Albany at five in the afternoon—distance forty miles—time eight hours. The sum is one hundred and fifty miles in thirty-two hours—equal to near five miles an hour.

"On Thursday, at nine o'clock in the morning, I left Albany, and arrived at the Chancellor's at six in the evening: I started from thence at seven, and arrived in New York at four in the afternoon—time thirty hours—space run through one hundred and fifty miles—equal to five miles an hour. Throughout my whole way, both going and returning, the wind was ahead; no advantage could be derived from my sails: the whole has therefore been performed by the power of the steam-engine.

"I am, sir, your obedient servant,

"ROBERT FULTON."

He gives the following account of the same voyage in a letter to his friend, Mr. Barlow :

"My steamboat voyage, to Albany and back, has turned out rather more favorable than I had calculated. The distance from New York to Albany is one hundred and fifty miles: I ran it up in thirty-two hours, and down in thirty. I had a light breeze against me the whole way, both going and coming, and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam-engine. I overtook many sloops and schooners beating to windward, and parted with them as if they had been at anchor.

"The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved. The morning I left New York, there were not perhaps thirty persons in the city who believed that the boat would ever move one mile an hour, or be of the least utility; and while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks. This is the way in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors.

"Having employed much time, money and zeal, in accomplishing this work, it gives me, as it will you, great pleasure to see it fully answer my expectations. It will give a cheap and quick conveyance to the merchandise on the Mississippi, Missouri and other great rivers, which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our countrymen; and although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting on the immense advantage that my country will derive from the invention," etc.

Soon after this successful voyage, the Hudson boat was advertised and established as a regular passenger-boat between New York and Albany. She, however, in the course of the season, met with several accidents; so many that those who had been forced to believe that she would succeed, began to return to their former incredulity. It was not wonderful that this first machine should have many imperfections; the greatest of which was having her water-wheel shafts of cast-iron, which was insufficient to sustain the great power applied to

them; the wheels also were hung without any support for the outward end of the shaft, which is now supplied by what are called the wheel-guards: it was obvious that the wheels were likely to give way for want of this simple addition. No one could have seen the operation of the boat without perceiving that this was a defect, and the remedy must immediately have suggested itself to any mechanic; yet many have claimed the invention of this improvement, and have really seemed to think it more meritorious than all Fulton had done.

His boat and works, and her performance, were open to the inspection of every one. It would have been extraordinary, if the machinery had been so complete as to admit of no improvement; if, like the men of Cadmus, it had been perfect at its birth; and it would have been as extraordinary, if the effects of the machine might not have been produced by an arrangement or combination of its parts, not precisely according to that which was adopted by Fulton in his first essay. Yet, without giving him time or opportunity to make improvements or alterations, men who were greedy of his profits, or envious of his fame, seized upon some trivial or obvious defect, for which they proposed a remedy, or suggested some slight variation in the arrangement of the machinery; and upon these grounds they contested his right as an inventor, took out patent after patent, and made the highest pretensions for the offsprings of their genius, although any common working mechanic might have been their patentee.

But it was not only to accidents arising from defects in the machinery that the boat was exposed; it was soon perceived that she would interfere with the interest of those who were engaged in the ordinary navigation of the river. By many of these Fulton was spoken of and treated as if he had introduced some project baneful to society. The boat became an object of their enmity. She was several times greatly damaged by vessels running foul of her, intentionally, if we may credit the testimony which was published in the newspapers of the time.

It is not unimportant to notice these facts; they illustrate the character of Fulton. They show what embarrassments are to be expected by those who introduce improvements in

the arts which interfere with established interests or prejudices, and they evince the perseverance and resolution which were necessary to surmount the physical and moral difficulties which Fulton encountered.

The Legislature of New York, however, could not be blind to the great advantages of this mode of navigation, nor insensible to the claims those who had introduced it had on the public patronage and protection. At the session of 1808, a law was passed to prolong, for five years, the exclusive privilege of Livingston and Fulton for each additional boat that they should establish; provided that the whole time should not exceed thirty years from the passing of the law. The spirit of hostility to the boat had so far manifested itself, that the Legislature thought it necessary by this act to declare combinations to destroy her, or wilful attempts to injure her, public offences punishable by fine and imprisonment.

Notwithstanding her misfortunes, the boat continued to run as a packet, always loaded with passengers, for the remainder of the summer. In the course of the ensuing winter she was enlarged; and in the spring of 1808, she again commenced her run as a packet-boat, and continued it through the summer.—C. D. COLDEN.





GEORGE STEPHENSON was the inventor of the locomotive which first applied steam successfully to transportation. His career was a steady series of successes from the humblest beginnings until his fame was established as the benefactor of England and of the world by his practical genius.

George Stephenson was born at the village of Wylam, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, in Durham, England, on June 9, 1781. He was the second of a family of six children. His father, Robert Stephenson, was a fireman of the old pumping engine at Wylam colliery. The family being very poor, George was first employed to tend the cows of a neighboring farmer to prevent their straying or trespassing, and for this he received two-pence a day. He next joined his elder brother James in working as a corf-bitter, or picker, in the colliery, where his daily earnings were six-pence, and he was shortly set to drive the gin-horse, for which he received eight-pence. When he was fifteen years of age he worked at Water-row pit as brakeman on the wagon-way between Wylam and Newburn. He, therefore, became early experienced in the working of wagons on railways. He often referred to this experience in later years, and recalled actual experiments made at that time. By dint of industry, sobriety and thrift, George Stephenson managed to save a small sum of money, and while working at Willington Quay as brakeman, he married Fanny Henderson on the 28th of November, 1802.

About 1805, Stephenson removed to Killingworth, the centre of the collieries worked by Lord Ravensworth and his partners. When he went to Killingworth it was still as a brakeman; but soon afterwards he got the charge of the steam-engine, an advancement which arose from his showing mechanical ingenuity in successfully repairing defects in the valve-gear of the engine, after several ineffectual attempts had been made to do so by Geordy Dod, who had a local fame as a mechanician. Stephenson had, before this, acquired some reputation among his fellow-workmen as a repairer of clocks and watches. Between 1807 and 1815, Stephenson's attention was drawn to the subject of locomotive engines, many attempts having been made during that period to introduce them on the tramways and edge-railways of the Northumberland and Durham coal districts, with but very partial success. After various trials and modifications of his designs, George Stephenson started a locomotive on the Killingworth railway on the 6th of March, 1815, which embodied every essential part of a locomotive of the present day, with the exception of the tubular boiler and expansion gear.

It was, however, as an inventor of the miners' safety lamp that Stephenson's pre-eminent merit was first recognized. It is used to this day, and is called the "Geordy Lamp" as contradistinguished from the "Davy." As an independent inventor of the "Geordy," depending on the same principles as that of Sir Humphry Davy's lamp, Stephenson was presented by a number of the leading coal owners with £1,000 and a silver tankard. The presentation took place at a public dinner given in the assembly-rooms at Newcastle, in the month of January, 1818. On that occasion, the chairman, Charles John Brandling, said: "A great deal of controversy, and he was sorry to say of animosity, had prevailed upon the subject of the safety lamp; but this he trusted, after the example of moderation that had been set by Mr. Stephenson's friends, would subside, and all personalities cease to be remembered. As to the claim of that individual to testify their gratitude to whom they were that day assembled, he thought every doubt must have been removed in the minds of unprejudiced persons by a perusal of the evidence recently laid

before the public." Stephenson, in acknowledging the gift, gave the following pledge, which was nobly redeemed during the subsequent part of his valuable life: "I shall ever reflect with pride and gratitude that my labors have been honored with the approbation of such a distinguished meeting; and you may rest assured that my time and any talent I possess shall hereafter be employed in such manner as not to give you, gentlemen, any cause to regret the countenance and support you have so generously afforded me."

The first locomotive railway, for the purposes of traveling according to the present principle of traction, was constructed between Stockton and Darlington. George Stephenson was the engineer. The safety lamp testimonial had enabled him, in partnership with certain capitalists and his only son, Robert, to establish what afterwards became his renowned engine factory in Newcastle. On the opening of the Darlington railway, in 1825, Stephenson's engines traveled at the rate of ten miles an hour; but his ideas and anticipations of the capabilities of this mode of transit, both as to speed and the effect it would produce when generally adopted, were such as he did not then even dare to express for fear of being pronounced insane. The directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway offered a prize of £500 for the best locomotive engine which, on a certain day, should be produced on the railway, and perform certain conditions in the most satisfactory manner. Five firms entered for the great competition. The trial was ultimately appointed to take place on the 6th of October, 1829. George Stephenson's engine, "The Rocket," won the prize; it started on its journey drawing about thirteen tons' weight in cars or wagons, and covered the run of thirty-five miles, including stoppages, in an hour and forty-eight minutes. The highest velocity attained by the "Rocket" during the trial trip was twenty-nine miles an hour, or about three times the speed that one of the judges of the competition had declared to be the limit of possibility.

With the engineering of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, Stephenson entered upon the field of his great fame; and from 1825 to 1847 he occupied the foremost position of all railway engineers. He amassed great wealth, partly from his

profession; but he was an extensive coal proprietor. Coal had before his time been uniformly carried from the Tyne to London by sea, and was familiarly called sea-coal. Stephenson, mainly on his own account, established the inland coal trade by rail to the metropolis. His health, comparatively enfeebled by an attack of pleurisy, could not resist the noxious atmosphere of his green-houses, where he spent much time in superintending the culture of his exotics. To this cause was attributed the attack of intermittent fever, which carried him off on the 12th of August, 1848, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He was buried in Trinity Church, Chesterfield. Ralph Waldo Emerson, who met him when in England in 1847, observed that he had the lives of many men in him.

George Stephenson was a man of iron frame of body and mind, of plain manners, ardent temperament, eminently social habits; too confident of his powers and too sure of his position to be ambitious. Sir Robert Peel made him the offer of knighthood more than once; but Stephenson preferred his sturdy independence to the precarious privileges of the titled class. He unflinchingly pursued his own ends, and seldom failed in accomplishing his objects.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.

When the project of connecting Liverpool and Manchester by a double line of railway was undertaken, it was not decided what moving power it might be most expedient to adopt as a means of transport on the proposed road: the choice lay between horse power, fixed steam engines, and locomotive engines; but the first, for many obvious reasons, was at once rejected in favor of one or other of the last two.

The steam engine may be applied, by two distinct methods, to move wagons either on a turnpike road or on a railway. By the one method the steam engine is fixed, and draws the train of carriages toward it by a chain extending the whole length of the road on which the engine works. By this method the line of road over which the transport is conducted is divided into a number of short intervals, at the extremity of each of which an engine is placed. The wagons or carriages, when drawn by an engine to its own station, are

detached, and connected with the extremity of the chain worked by the next stationary engine ; and thus the journey is performed, from station to station, by separate engines. By the other method, the same engine draws the load the whole journey, traveling with it.

The Directors of the Liverpool and Manchester Railroad, when the work was advanced towards its completion, employed in the spring of the year 1829 Messrs. Stephenson and Lock and Messrs. Walker and Rastrick, experienced engineers, to visit the different railways where practical information respecting the comparative effects of stationary and locomotive engines was likely to be obtained ; and from these gentlemen they received reports on the relative merits, according to their judgment, of the two methods. The result of the comparison of the two systems was, that the capital necessary to be advanced to establish a line of stationary engines was double that which was necessary to establish an equivalent power in locomotive engines ; that the annual expense by the stationary engines was likewise greater ; and that, consequently, the expense of transport by the latter was greater, in a like proportion.

On the score of economy, therefore, the system of locomotive engines was entitled to a preference ; but there were other considerations which conspired with this to decide the choice of the Directors in its favor. An accident occurring in any part of a road worked by stationary engines must necessarily produce a total suspension of work along the entire line. The most vigilant and active attention on the part of every workman, however employed, in every part of the line, would therefore be necessary ; but, independently of this, accidents arising from the fracture or derangement of any of the chains, or from the suspension of the working of any of the fixed engines, would be equally injurious, and would effectually stop the intercourse along the line. On the other hand, in locomotive engines an accident could only affect the particular train of carriages drawn by the engine to which the accident might occur ; and even then the difficulty could be remedied by having a supply of spare engines at convenient stations along the line.

The decision of the Directors was, therefore, in favor of locomotive engines ; and their next measure was to devise some means by which the inventive genius of the country might be stimulated to supply them with the best possible form of engines for this purpose. With this view it was proposed and carried into effect to offer a prize for the best locomotive engine, which might be produced under certain proposed conditions, and to appoint a time for a public trial of the claims of the candidates. A premium of £500 was accordingly offered for the best locomotive engine to run on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway ; under the condition that it should produce no smoke ; that the pressure of the steam should be limited to 50 lbs. on the inch ; and that it should draw at least three times its own weight, at the rate of not less than ten miles an hour ; that the engine should be supported on springs, and should not exceed fifteen feet in height. Precautions were also proposed against the consequences of the boiler bursting. This proposal was announced in the spring of 1829, and the time of trial was appointed in the following October.

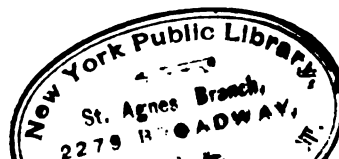
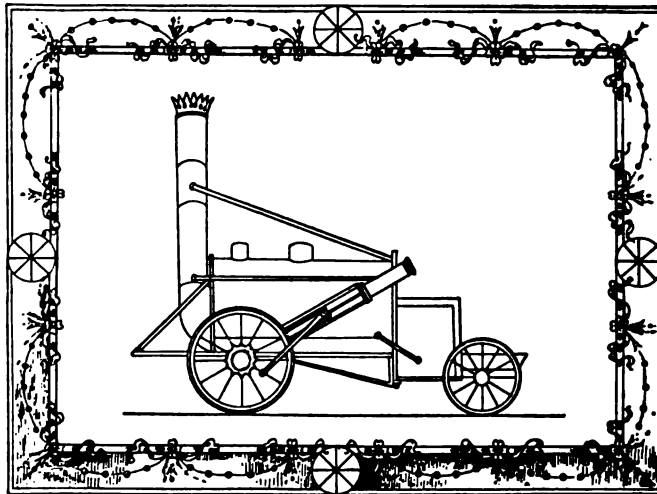
The engines which finally underwent the public trial were the Rocket, constructed by Mr. Stephenson ; the Sanspareil, by Hackworth ; and the Novelty, by Messrs. Braithwait and Ericson. A line of railway was selected for the trial, on a level piece of road about two miles in length, near a place called Rainhill, between Liverpool and Manchester ; the distance between the two stations was a mile and a half, and the engine had to travel this distance backward and forward ten times, which made altogether a journey of 30 miles. The Rocket performed this journey twice : the first time in 2 hours 14 minutes and 8 seconds ; and the second time in 2 hours 6 minutes and 49 seconds. Its speed at different parts of the journey varied : its greatest rate of motion was rather above 29 miles an hour ; and its least, about $11\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour. The average rate of the one journey was 13.4 miles an hour ; and of the other, 14.1 miles. This was the only engine which performed the complete journey proposed, the others having been stopped from accidents which occurred to them in the experiment. The Sanspareil performed the distance

between the stations eight times, traveling $22\frac{1}{2}$ miles in 1 hour, 37 minutes and 16 seconds. The greatest velocity to which this engine attained was something less than 23 miles per hour. The Novelty had only passed twice between the stations when the joints of the boiler gave way, and put an end to the experiment. The Rocket obtained the premium.

The great object to be attained in the construction of these engines was, to combine with sufficient lightness the greatest possible heating power. The fire necessarily acts on the water in two ways: first, by its radiant heat; and second, by the current of heated air which is carried by the draft through the fire, and finally passes into the chimney. To accomplish this object, therefore, it is necessary to expose to both these sources of heat the greatest possible quantity of surface in contact with the water. These ends were attained by the following arrangement in the Rocket. The engine is supported on four wheels; the principal part of the weight being thrown on one pair, which are worked by the engine. The boiler consists of a cylinder six feet in length, with flat ends; the chimney issues from one end, and to the other end is attached a square box, the bottom of which is furnished with the grate on which the fuel is placed. This box is composed of two casings of iron, one contained within the other, having between them a space about 3 inches in breadth; the magnitude of the box being 3 feet in length, 2 feet in width, and 3 feet in depth. The casing which surrounds the box communicates with the lower part of the boiler by a pipe; and the same casing at the top of the box communicates with the upper part of the boiler by another pipe. When water is admitted into the boiler, therefore, it flows freely through the pipe into the casing which surrounds the furnace or fire-box, and fills this casing to the same level as that which it has in the boiler. When the engine is at work, the boiler is kept about half filled with water; and, consequently, the casing surrounding the furnace is completely filled. The steam which is generated in the water contained in the casing finds its exit through a pipe, and escapes into the upper part of the boiler. Through the lower part of the boiler pass a number of copper tubes of small size, which communicate at one end

with the fire-box, and at the other with the chimney, and form a passage for the heated air from the furnace to the chimney. The ignited fuel spread on the grate at the bottom of the fire-box disperses its heat by radiation, and acts in this manner on the whole surface of the casing surrounding the fire-box; and thus raises the temperature of the thin shell of water contained in that casing. The chief part of the water in the casing, being lower in its position than the water in the boiler, acquires a tendency to ascend when heated, and passes into the boiler; so that a constant circulation of the heated water is maintained, and the water in the boiler must necessarily be kept at nearly the same temperature as the water in the casing. There are two cylinders, one of which works each wheel. The spokes which these cylinders work are placed at right angles on the wheels; the wheels being fixed on a common axle, with which they turn.

In this engine, the surface of water surrounding the fire box, exposed to the action of radiant heat, amounted to 20 square feet, which received heat from the surface of 6 square feet of burning fuel on the bars. The surface exposed to the action of the heated air amounted to 118 square feet. The engine drew after it another carriage, containing fuel and water; the fuel used was coke, for the purpose of avoiding the production of smoke.—D. LARDNER.







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